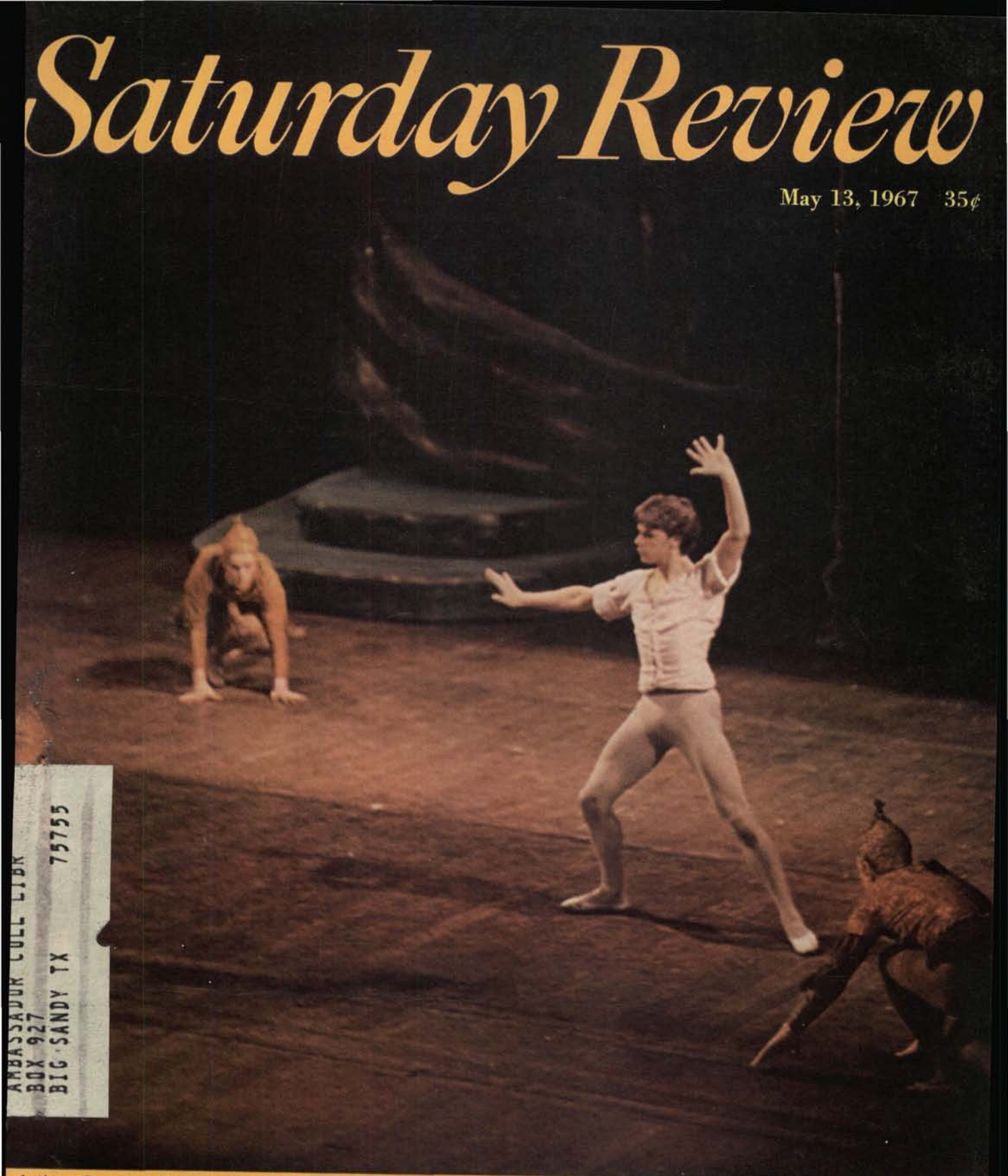
Saturday Review

May 13, 1967 35¢



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Anthony Dowell of the Royal Ballet as the Boy with Matted Hair in Antony Tudor's "Shadowplay" (See Mid-Month Recordings).

IS AMERICAN HISTORY A HAPPENING?

By Marshall Fishwick

Spring Books for Young People

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*Weatherproof (waterproof-dustproof with seals intact). Dateline A-582, $85. Hamilton Watches are available in Canada and more than 60 other countries. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

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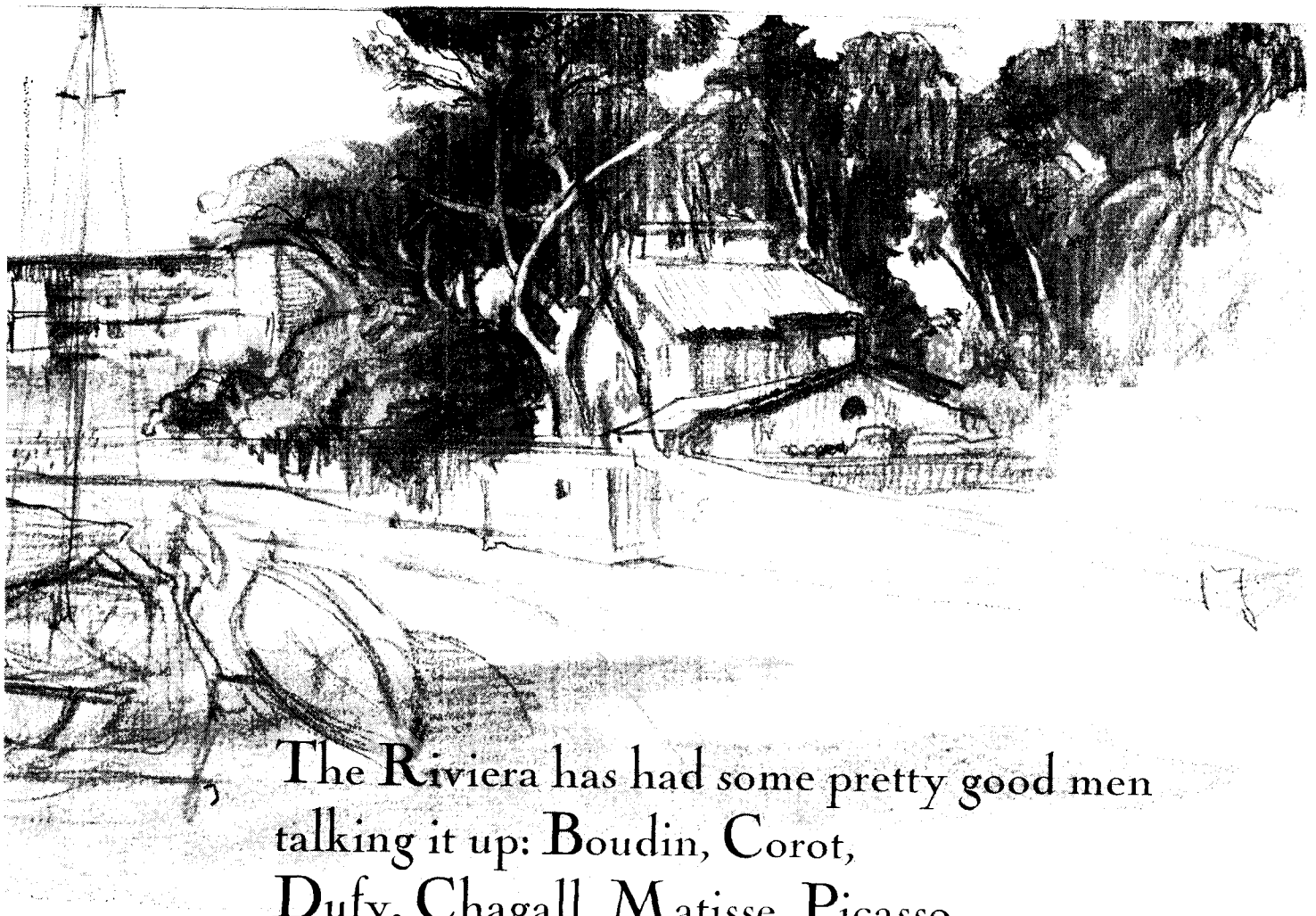

The Riviera has had some pretty good men talking it up: Boudin, Corot, Dufy, Chagall, Matisse, Picasso.

Publicity never was a problem for the Côte d'Azur.

Not since a certain Lord Brougham (obviously carriage trade) first put Cannes in the travel headlines in 1834. He did this by tasting a weird local concoction called *bouillabaisse*. He liked what he tasted so much, he decided to live there happily ever after.

Then there was the Russian Grand Duchess who took her daily dip *à la Russe*—but well screened by a cordon of Cossacks.

And there will always be, we suppose, those billionaire shipping magnates to subsidize the gambling tables. And some ex-king from the Near East to cavort in some night spot with his ex-harem.

Really though, these are not the best press agents for this international stretch of beach and boulevards. The best press agents are the painters—serious and Sunday—who have made this strip their atelier.

And with good reason.

Leave it to a painter, once you think of it, to find himself a nice warm, sunny spot where he can work outdoors any time of the year.

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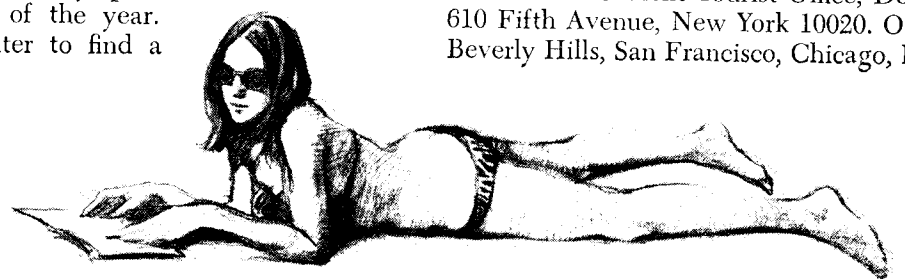
And a place, it should not be overlooked, where a man—painter or not—can live as luxuriously—or as penuriously—as his pride or his purse requires.

The Riviera, to be sure, is all these things to painters. And therefore to people. All kinds of people. Including people who want to get away from the Riviera.

Well, all right. Drive a few hours north and you're in the Alps, adding a snowburn to your sunburn. Drive a few hours west and you can take in a bullfight, almost as good as the Spanish version, in a Roman arena, almost as old as the Colosseum.

Whatever you come here for, it's here. Actually, the Riviera has so much going for it, even we French go for it. On *our* holidays.

(For all that's going for you on the Riviera, write French Government Tourist Office, Department R6, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)



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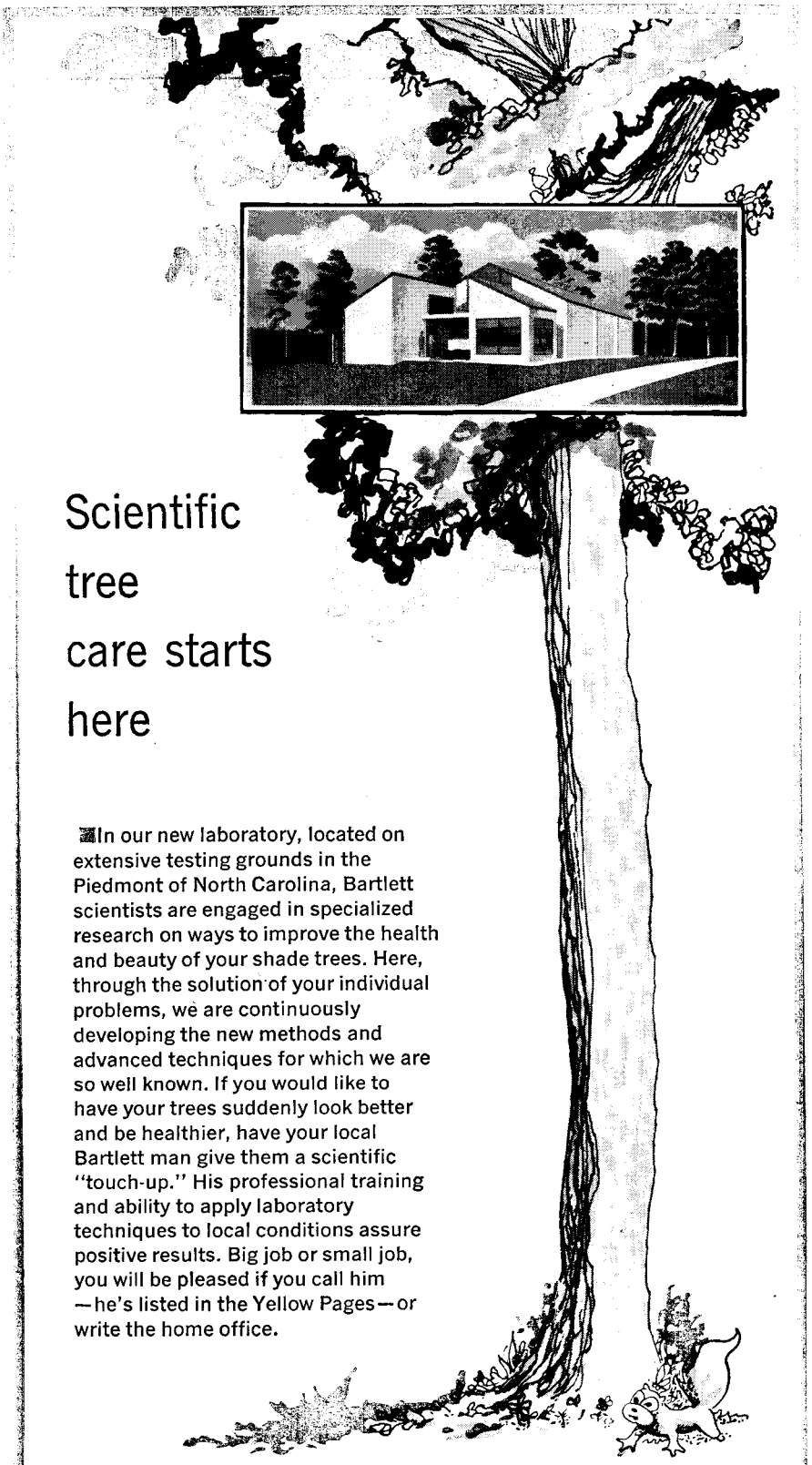

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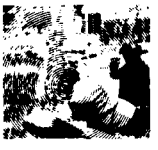

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The solitary huntsman
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But midnight black from cap to spur
Upon his midnight mare.
He drones a tuneless jingle
In lieu of tally-ho,
"I'll catch a fox
And put him in a box
And never let him go."

The solitary huntsman,
He follows silent hounds,
No horn proclaims his joyless sport,
And never a hoofbeat sounds.
His hundred hounds, his thousands,
Their master's will they know;
To catch a fox
And put him in a box
And never let him go.

For all the fox's doubling
They track him to his den.
The chase may fill a morning,
Or three score years and ten.
The huntsman never sated
Screaks to his saddlebow,
"I'll catch another fox
And put him in a box
And never let him go."

—OGDEN NASH.

The $100-Billion Character Gap

IT SAYS in the financial pages that consumer credit in this country will reach $100 billion this year. That means people have bought that much stuff and haven't paid for it yet.

When I was a boy it was considered very bad to be in debt for more than a nickel or two. "He owes money," people whispered of some reckless fellow. They didn't have to add that he was probably a rapscallion who would steal your lawn mower.

Of course, not everybody was in bad cess just because he was down on the books for a 6 per cent note. It depended. My people were in a country bank in the Midwest. If the debtor was a respectable citizen and a man of good character who kept his family and his hogs (or "collateral," as they called them around the bank) well fed, and didn't drink and gamble or talk crackpot socialist ideas, my people considered him just as good as anybody else, even if he was a Democrat.

In those days everybody knew what was meant by "good character." If a man said he was going to pay up on such-and-such a date, he would. You could count on him. Though at the bank they liked to get his John Henry on paper, just in case.

Uncle John would lean back in his swivel chair, which had a noisy creak, and hook his thumbs in his vest while he looked the customer over to see if his character was up to the mark. Uncle John had a white, Victorian-style mustache, and he would tug at it now and then while he studied the man for any sign of loose living or any tendency to exaggerate the extent of his collateral.

After preliminary negotiations, Uncle John would snap open the cover on his gold watch and, after checking the time, he would get into his Buick and drive out to the customer's place. There he would look over the fence a long while, studying the hogs or the cows for signs of incipient weakness that might carry them off before the note was paid.

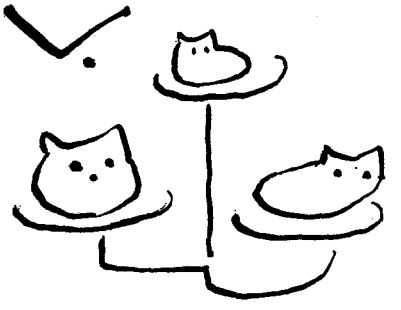
A customer was expected to make his loan good on time, and any request for extension of credit for reasons other than fire, flood, drought, tornado, hog cholera, hoof-and-mouth disease, or disastrously falling corn prices was at least a possible mark against a man's character.

Calvin Coolidge—or maybe by then Herbert Hoover — was in the White House. Both of them were against debt in all its character-destroying forms.

One hundred billion! Whoo-ey!

—ROBERT S. ALDRICH.

On Borrowed Time



Let's All Be Cute

NOT LONG AGO I had occasion to call up the County Drain Commissioner. He seemed like a pretty nice fellow and the conversation was cordial at both ends; not effusive, perhaps, and certainly not brilliant, but sensible and adult. I found out what I wanted to know and I thought I was terminating my share of the dialogue in these commonplace words:

"Well, thank you very much, Commissioner. Good-bye."

"Bye-bye," said the County Drain Commissioner.

I said to myself, "Look, Scotch-boy. You ought to be as good at that kind of

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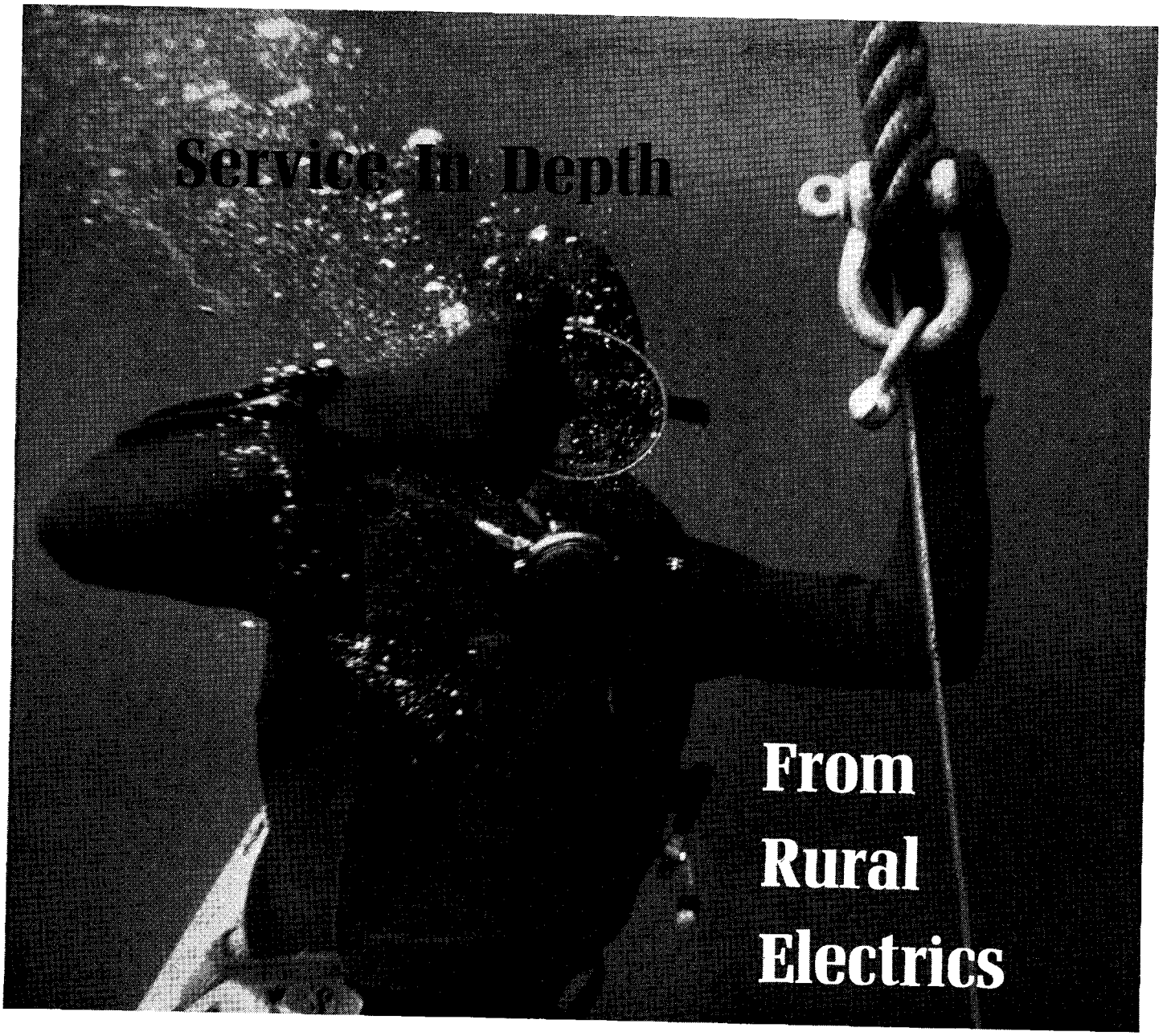

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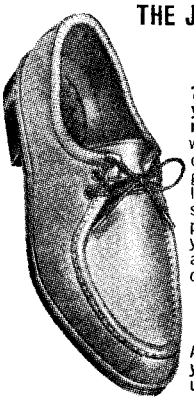

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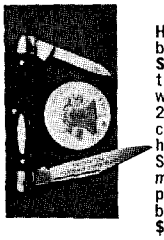

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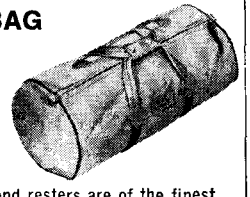

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cuteness as any politician in the trade." So I said:

"Drey bid mans say bye-bye. Me say bye-bye, too."

"What's that? What did you say?"

"Said bye-bye."

"Yeah. Sure. But what was that other stuff?"

"Me coot. Tommissioner awsul coot."

"Now just a minute. Are you some sort of a nut?"

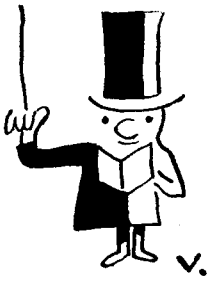
"Torse I is. We bofe nuts. Oo dray bid nut."

"I'm a what?"

"Dray bid coot nut."

I heard some strangling noises coming over the wire and then the Commissioner seems to have hung up.

You see, when I was a boy, the only times I ever heard the expression "bye-bye" was when a mother said to her offspring, "Now, darling, say bye-bye to the nice gentleman," and in the title and refrain of a song which achieved what I must call unmerited popularity. "Bye-Bye, Blackbird" is the way it went. But nowadays it is spreading like—how many



plagues was it the ancient Egyptians had to put up with? This "bye-bye" business is spreading like every one of them. It is not too much to call it a Developing Social Phenomenon. If you think not, try calling up the County Drain Commissioner.

So I decided to make a little investigation. I made notes of all my dealings with everybody for a month or so and I ascertained that "bye-bye" is the usual way of ending a telephone conversation among these individuals and groups:

My broker, my wife's female relatives without exception, a retired major-league shortstop, 90 per cent of the people who have anything to do with the theater, amateur and professional, the great majority of parking-lot attendants, and the man who comes twice a month to cut the grass.

I am not on what you'd call telephone terms with the White House or members of the Cabinet. But I'll bet a dollar that it's spreading up there, too.

It might be argued that all this is making a mountain out of a molehill—that the "bye-bye" situation is a pretty small affair compared with, say, the incidence of unmarried motherhood in our secondary schools. I suppose I agree.

—RUSSELL MCLAUCHLIN.

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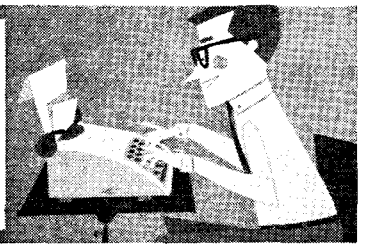
Top of My Head



A Peaceful Negotiation

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA
NEW YORK,
U.S.A.

DEAR SVETLANA:

I SEE by the papers that you have been looking for a secluded place where newspapermen can't find you and where you can write a book of memoirs of your life with father, Mr. Stalin. From your photos you seem to be a fine figure of a woman, and I would be honored if you'd consider a free offer to share my office with me.

The office, located in mid-Manhattan, is small, but most uncomfortable. Which for a good writer is as it should be, because if you're too comfortable you may fall asleep. And that, Svetlana, shows up in one's writing.

The office is divided into two parts. There's a small office in front of a partition, and one in back. I sit in back. There are two desks. Well, not quite. The desk in front is a bridge table with a cute little portable typewriter on it. That'll be yours. One thing though—every time you swing the carriage back to start another line, the cute little portable kind of flies off the table, so you have to be alert to catch it in flight. It makes writing a challenge. Which, you will agree, good writing should be.

As small as the portable is, it eats up ribbons like mad. But I'll change the ribbons for you if you don't want to get smeared, Svetlana. I like changing ribbons. It keeps me from typing. Anything that delays writing—changing the ceiling light, resetting the air conditioner, giving myself a manicure, sharpening pencils, applying iodine to my manicure—I have all the distraction paraphernalia a writer could hope for.

And talk about seclusion! There hasn't been a newspaperman here in ages. It's not that I'm hard to get. I suspect it's that I'm hard to take. They always interview me on the arts. I'm more interested in global affairs.

I have at hand some information from highly peachable sources who have some highly misinformed facts. For instance, when our flag was set afire in France (Are you friendly with them now? I forget), I said to one newsman that I thought it was a despicable act to burn a country's flag. If they had burned only a star or two—Mississippi or Alabama—but not a whole flag. . .

Well, anyway, Svetlana, you'll enjoy all the seclusion in this office that you could want. Oh, yes, the boy from the drugstore across the street does come up with sandwiches. They have quite a selection. There are tuna, meat loaf, pot roast, and on Wednesdays they have delicious meatball sandwiches.

I could have the boy drop off the sandwiches in front of our closed door. (Are you in favor of closed doors? I forget.) This will save us the tip I usually give the boy. I say "us" because I've always had the rule here with collaborating writers that each pays the cost of what he orders. It was getting out of hand. Some of the boys, along with the sandwiches, were ordering aspirin, pep pills, tranquilizers, electric pads, Pepto Bismol, and other writers' accessories.

So the rule is, Svetlana, that we each pay for our own. Oh, by the way, I hope you're using American money. The drugstore man is a little peculiar about rubles. Nothing personal, you understand. What can you expect from peasants? (Are you friendly with them now? I forget.)

There's one thing, though: Your publisher is Harper & Row. Aren't these the people who had all that unpleasantness about some book or other with figures like $500,000 and serial rights? Well, the incongruity of this small office with that kind of big talk is too overwhelming even to contemplate. If you have business lunches with Harper and/or Row please have them at the drugstore. There are inconspicuous counters in back, near the phone booths.

I hope you will favor my offer, Svetlana. In a world where Peace is suspect, and Collaboration treasonable, we could well become that tiny spark that sets the flame of Brotherhood.

You with your book, and me with my musical. Oh, I didn't tell you, I'm writing a musical based on Elia Kazan's book, *The Arrangement*. It's called *Elia, Darling*. Now do you see why you'll have the seclusion you want?

I do hope your answer will be *da*. Notice? I know a little Russian myself. So how about it—uh—Lana? (Do you mind?)

Ya tebia lyublyu. (Is that in or out? I forget.) —GOODMAN ACE.

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By HENRY J. ABRAHAM. Where must a democratic society draw the line between the rights of the individual and the rights of the community as a whole? In examining this question Professor Abraham investigates the role that the judiciary has played in the evolution and implementation of essential civil rights and liberties. $7.50

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By ALAN P. GRIMES. The woman suffrage movement in America has usually been seen as a progressive force; this book reveals another, generally ignored, side of the movement. Professor Grimes shows how it actually became a major weapon in the hands of the nativist forces that were organizing against the large blocs of foreign immigrants. "One of the few studies of women and woman suffrage which advance beyond guesswork and anecdote to real historical analysis."
— CHRISTOPHER LASCH, Northwestern University $4.75

Jean Giraudoux: Plays

AMPHITRYON, INTERMEZZO, ONDINE

Translated by ROGER GELLERT. With the publication in 1963 of Giraudoux's plays, translated by Christopher Fry, a belated start was made in introducing the work of one of France's greatest playwrights to the English reader. The contents of this volume show Giraudoux's mastery over three quite different kinds of play. $5.75

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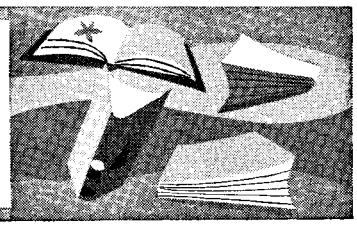
Trade Winds



Only a few days before he died, while we were sitting in his Hotel Plaza apartment where I was negotiating for publication rights to a portion of his art collection, I asked Chester Dale how I might emulate him and acquire a collection of my own. "It's easy," he said, "first you accumulate $40,000,000."

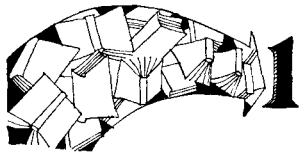
On an earlier occasion I asked Sinclair Lewis how, if I wanted to write a novel, I could be sure of its becoming a best seller. "First," said Lewis, "you publish a lot of other best sellers."

In the nineteenth century Charles Reade gave advice to would-be writers of successful serials. He said simply, "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait."

This train of thought got started, I suppose, because last night I was rereading bits of *Arrowsmith* and realized with a start that, were he alive now, Lewis would be in his eighties. That's not easy for somebody to comprehend who knew him in his prime, when he drank a great deal, and sometimes thought he was an actor, and had an uncontrollable temper, and wrote the longest list of best sellers in modern history. Though even some of his better work seems a little tired now, that man was a storyteller.

Just think of his best sellers! One right after another, though I don't recall their exact order: *Babbitt*, *Main Street*, *Dodsworth*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Cass Timberlane*, *Ann Vickers*, *Work of Art*, *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, and *It Can't Happen Here*. I think every one of them, at least for a while, was No. 1. Of course some of Lewis's writing was downright terrible (*Elmer Gantry*, for example), but it was my misfortune to have been stuck with the very worst of it. I think it was in 1944 that Lewis presented me, by contract, with a serial that was sheer horror. Happily for everybody, it never got between hard covers.

Excluding the Bible and volumes dealing with etiquette, child care, cookery, diet, bridge, and crossword puzzles, whose books have been almost always certain of the public's high regard? Edna Ferber's, for one. *Cimarron*, *Giant*, *Come and Get It*, *So Big*, *Saratoga Trunk*, and *American Beauty* were all smashes. I'm sure John Marquand's books invariably hit the jackpot. And probably Lloyd Douglas's, though offhand I can remember only *The Robe*, which stayed longer on a best seller list than perhaps any other book this century. Or could it have been Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men*? Or Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, or Margaret Mitchell's *Gone*



with the Wind? All of a sudden I begin to think of other sure-fire authors, Zane Grey being one of them, and H. G. Wells another. And, good God, suddenly also I remember *Pollyanna*, from the year 2, which must have been when I read it, at something like age fifteen. And should one say something about Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*? *That* must have been around, as a sort of best seller, for a decade. *Some*body must know. I only get paid to write this column, not to do the research.

Anyway—and I think that's how I got under way on this whole subject—I see that Mr. Manchester's *The Death of a President* went smack to the top of the best sellers practically the first week it appeared. For all I know, *that's* some kind of record. And something that goes along with that record, I guess, is news that Josef Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, has been signed to write her memoirs for Harper & Row, the publisher of Manchester's book. It's nice to know that the Harper house is headed—at least he's now chairman of the executive committee, having previously been president and then chairman of the board—by Cass Canfield, one of the absolute greats of the world of books. I wish this column had appeared a couple of weeks ago. It would have been nice, on April 26, to have said Happy Seventieth Birthday to Mr. Canfield.

"They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano, but When I Started to Play—!" The other day I rediscovered that old ad and wondered whatever happened to the U.S. School of Music, which sponsored it. Then I unearthed one of the ads for Packard cars, which are no more, and one for the Jordan cars (whose "Somewhere West of Laramie" was considered a masterpiece), and some Holeproof Hosiery ads, which featured paintings by Coles Phillips,

Freedom
Summer is a sense of freedom, a friendliness of air, an easiness of movement. Summer is clothes that run outside and play. The roll-sleeved cotton shirt in a small gay print of leaves and golf clubs, sizes 8 to 16. The wrap-around skirt in Fortrel polyester and cotton, sizes 6 to 16. Both, Peach Fuzz, True Blue, Fresh Green, Clover Pink.
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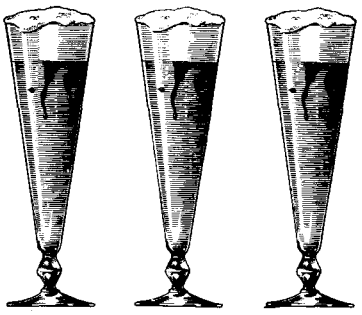

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- *All three glasses* have the same distinctive Miller High Life flavor.
- So, if you are confused about beers today . . . join the millions more who are asking for Miller High Life.
- In cans, on draft or in the familiar crystal clear bottle, you'll find the same unequaled quality and hearty goodness everytime.
- *How* you wish to buy our beer is up to you!

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

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and Woodbury Soap ads ("The Skin You Love to Touch"), and the Fisk Rubber ads (with the yawning boy who never stopped asking, "Time to Re-Tire?"), and Fels-Naphtha soap ads (the soap was so ugly but smelled so clean), and I decided to call all of those products, together with a hundred others, to the attention of Mr. Donald Turner, the gentleman in the government's antitrust division of the Department of Justice who believes that heavily advertised products are hard to compete against.

When I recall that even the Ford company, with its multimillion-dollar-expenditures, couldn't put over the Edsel, and the dozens of record companies that have come to contend with the once-monopolistic Victor, and the fact that today's best-selling soap isn't made by either Procter & Gamble *or* Lever Brothers, my faith in our existing free enterprise system remains not merely unshaken but stronger than ever.

Mrs. Robert F. Dean of Raleigh, North Carolina, who was interested in attending Easter services conducted by the local White Memorial Presbyterian Church, received an announcement that said "Sunrise has been set by the committee at 6:11 a.m. EST." Some committee! But then didn't somebody once command the sun to stand still?

Elizabeth D. Eksten reads the Chicago *Tribune*. In it recently was an item about a project being undertaken by the Brookfield Zoo. "The farm," says the report, "would be used to breed animals already extinct in the world."

My favorite newspaper now is the La Grande, Oregon, *Evening Observer*. Some of its recent headlines: CONSTITUTION REVISION GROUP TURNS OPTOMISTIC. VANDERBUILT COACH REBUILDS TEAM. REGAN'S ECONOMY SAID TO BE PHONY. REPUBLICIAN SENATOR KUCHEL FIGHTS PARTY RIGHT WINGERS. MARRIAGE SHOULD BE ANNULED.

"There is a pause between every word." Isn't *that* a pretty silly phrase? Somebody just called it to my attention. It appeared in TRADE WINDS [*SR*, Apr. 15], and was written by . . .

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1726)

CORNELIA (OTIS) SKINNER:

MADAME SARAH

Her gestures, at times so extravagant that in any other actress they would have been dismissed as utter ham, with her became the joy, the wrath, or the anguish of Greek sculpture. She gave an impression of weightlessness.

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Chess Corner—No. 113

THE TIME element has been mercilessly lampooned in the chess game. The norm of clock play is a little over five hours, and speed skittles range over ten seconds per move to ten minutes per game.

But little is known of the critical role of the time factor between games. Outstanding is the example of the twin brilliancies, Emanuel Lasker and Harry Nelson Pillsbury, at St. Petersburg, 1896, and Cambridge Springs, 1904.

In their first encounter, world champion Lasker won by a combination considered one of the greatest feats of the human imagination. In their second set-to, Pillsbury reversed the score in a manner worthy of the first prodigious effort.

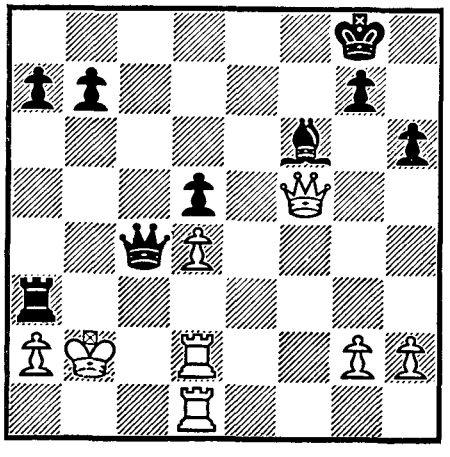
And here is the point: In game No. 1, Pillsbury discovered an improvement on his seventh turn. And he waited eight long years to spring it.

Here is the first game.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Pillsbury White	Lasker Black	Pillsbury White	Lasker Black
1 P-Q4	P-Q4	14 Q-R5	NxN
2 P-QB4	P-K3	15 PxN	B-K3
3 N-QB3	N-KB3	16 P-B4	QR-B1
4 N-B3	P-B4	17 P-B5	RxN
5 B-N5	BPxP	18 PxB	R-QR6!
6 QxP	N-B3	19 PxPch	RxP
7 Q-R4	B-K2	20 PxR	Q-N3ch
8 O-O-O	Q-R4	21 B-N5	QxBch
9 P-K3	B-Q2	22 K-R1	R-B2
10 K-N1	P-KR3	23 R-Q2	R-B5
11 PxP	PxP	24 KR-Q1	R-B6
12 N-Q4	O-O	25 Q-B5	Q-B5
13 BxN	BxB	26 K-N2	RxP

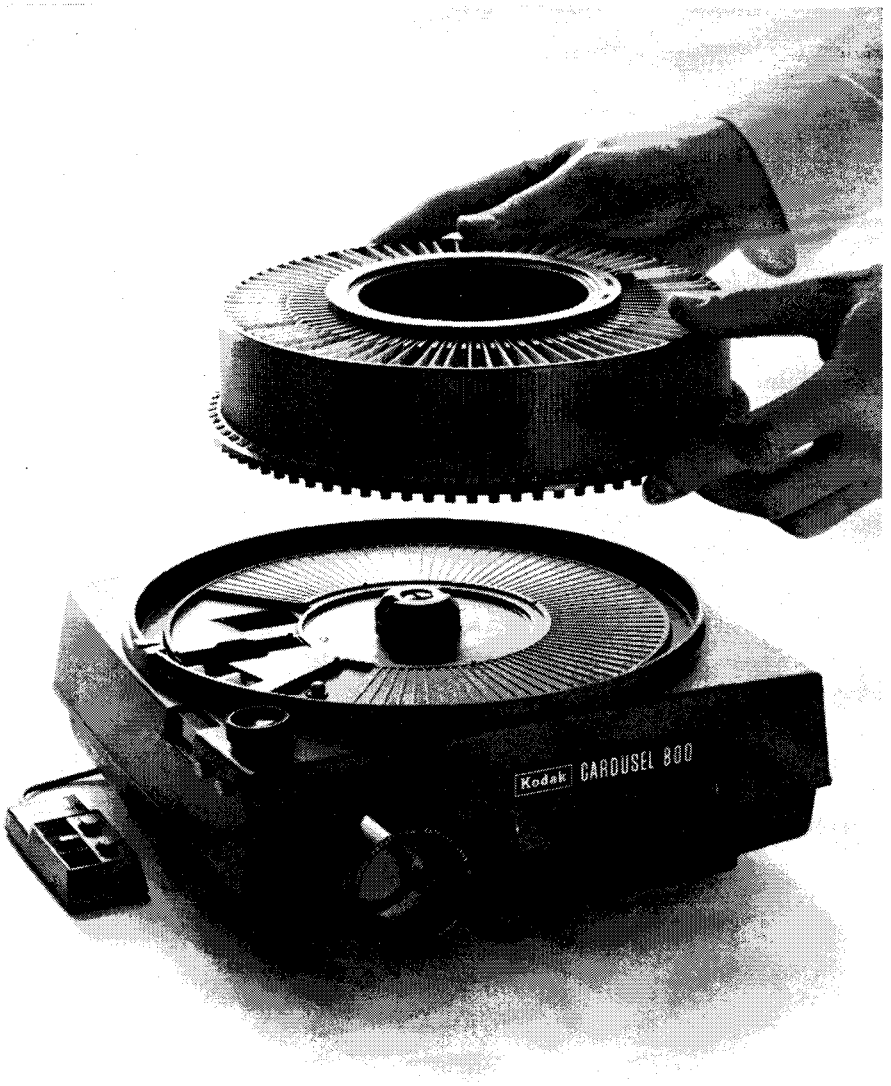
LASKER



PILLSBURY

27 Q-K6ch	K-R2	30 KxP	Q-B5ch
28 KxR	Q-B6ch	31 K-R5	B-Q1ch
29 K-R4	P-N4ch	32 Q-N6	PxQ mate

—AL HOROWITZ.



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Kodak Carousel Projectors

Kodak TRADEMARK

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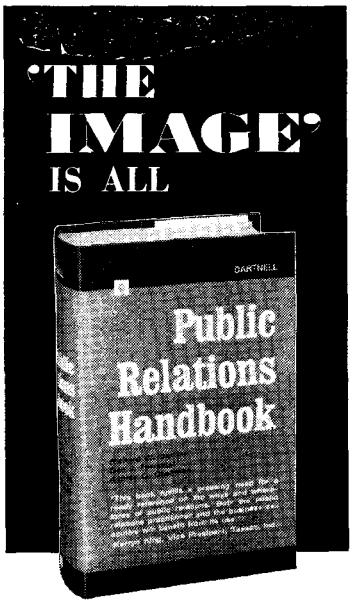

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CLASSICS REVISITED—XLVI

"Huckleberry Finn"

By KENNETH REXROTH

AT THE VERY beginning of Western literature stands an epic and a romance of travel which have never been bettered. Greece is only a tiny lighted area in a vast darkness peopled with monsters, monstrous humans, and malignant personified forces of nature. Odysseus travels through their hostile world, carrying with him on his little boat (and finally only with his own sea-tossed body) the Greek community of reason, order, and ingenuity—Odysseus of many devices, the symbolic embodiment of thousands of merchant adventurers who wandered from the Atlantic coasts of Morocco and Spain to the shores of the Caucasus and returned to the marketplaces of their bright little city-states; Odysseus, the adventurer, moving like a tiny dot of light over the dark map of the Mediterranean; the representative of civilization, reason, and order, confronting the irrationality and disorder of the world: hostile, valueless, strangely decadent.

Circe, Calypso, Polyphemus — we are always conscious of the fact that these creatures, as personifications of an older world, know secretly, instinctively, that their day is done. They are the old order, ultimately powerless against the craftiness of this agile representative of a new world, who eventually conquers even Poseidon and the chaotic, many-voiced sea.

Twenty-five hundred years later an American was to write a kind of anti-Odyssey, the story of two comrades drifting on a flood without motor or sail, past civilization—a civilization hostile, haunted, valueless, and early decadent. Except for a sweep that uses the current to avoid snags and whirlpools, they are at the mercy of flowing water—like the water that flows through the *Tao Te Ching*. Odysseus fights Poseidon with oar and sail; Jim and Huckleberry Finn cooperate with the Mississippi or yield to it passively. The enemy lurks ashore in the towns of the frontier in a way of life not very unlike that of the city-states of Homeric Greece; Mark Twain's judgment of that life is very different from Homer's and not unlike that of St. Paul in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles—if St. Paul had been an atheist.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn is not modeled on *The Odyssey* the way Joyce's *Ulysses* is, but it would have been quite impossible for Mark Twain not to have had Homer constantly in mind, as he must also have had *Robinson Crusoe*, the travels of Peter and Paul, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of dozens of others, not the least Marco Polo. He carefully contradicts them all.

Huck and Jim are obviously Crusoe and Friday reborn, but it is Jim who is sane, knowledgeable, always resourceful, and guided by a simply defined, incorruptible morality—not a "system" but the result of a natural aptitude and a lifelong habitude. The raft is a passive vehicle of natural forces carrying the integrity of unalienated comradeship; each member is himself, the embodiment of the integrity of selfhood—and the raft carries them through a universe of moral chaos—if not safe and sound, at least undestroyed. Beyond the all-dissolving flood on which they float, man is invariably wolf to man.

EACH episode of the *Odyssey* is a triumph of reason; each episode of the odyssey of Huck and Jim is another perspective into chaos—"the best lack all conviction and the worst are full of passionate intensity." Honor is a pretext for mass murder in the feud between the Grangerfords and Shepherdsons. History is a cruel hoax—all dukes and dauphins are like the frauds who invade the raft. The King and Duke capture the raft but they never, in any way, ever penetrate its little community of two. When they are gone, in spite of the damage they have done, it is as though they had never been. Past kings and dukes and murdering gentlemen of honor sweep the mob swirling like maggots in the belly of a dead dog.

Twain yields one point to his enemy, Sir Walter Scott. Above the chaos, like peaks above an icefield, rise a few pure and noble women—logical flaws in Mark Twain's sociology of relentless alienation, his weakness in actual life, and the doom of his full achievement as an artist. Stendhal had no such illusions. They are the good fairies and princesses in Mark Twain's fairy tale, the relief in an otherwise unrelieved nightmare of violence and fraud and hypocrisy. All passes—the characters of the epic fade like figures of nightmare—the great River, the stream of Tao, is reality; the rest is dream. "He had a dream and it shot him," says Huck. "Singular dream," says the voice of civilization.

In the end the dream prevails. Huck

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and Jim become dislocated from their community of mutual aid and stumble unawares into the world of Tom Sawyer, the world of the business ethic tricked out in the romantic gods of public relations fantasy. It is remarkable how much Mark Twain's analysis of the predatory society resembles Thorstein Veblen's. Tom is free enterprise as defined by Veblen, disguised as a little boy, and a horrible thing he is.

Unperceptive critics have objected to the ending of the novel—but it is the capture of Huck and Jim by the world from which they fled that turns the novel into Black Comedy, into the theater of cruelty. The social lie wins again against the brotherhood of man. The King and Duke, the bloody feud of the Grangerfords and Shepherdsons are gone like evil dreams, but Tom Sawyer and Aunt Sally are not dreams, they are "reality," and they will abide. They may be more unreal than the naked, obscenely painted Dauphin, but they will never go away. "A book for children" indeed—like *Gulliver's Travels*! But maybe it is. Perhaps every American child should read it and ponder its lesson. To judge by the papers, many children have.

We tend to assume that a work which involves the deepest symbolic levels of the human mind must be learned, intellectual, obscure—but quite the opposite should be true. The voyage of Huck and Jim is a simple tale of the adventures of simple people—yet it has been compared to the underworld journey of Osiris—but Osiris was everyman. Likewise we forget, misled by contemporary practice, that Black Comedy is broad comedy, and has usually been as hilariously funny as the fraudulent universe which Tom Sawyer constructs around Huck and Jim in their final captivity. The basic comedy —as has so often been true—lies in the contrast between an individual with no individuality, no personal center, and two people who cling to their integrity in spite of all.

There is something quite commonplace American in all this. Twain's novel occupies the same symbolic universe as Whitman's *Passage to India*. Huck's reveries in the illimitable night on the boundless flux are those of the boy in *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*. The son of a lawyer and a judge, migratory worker and adventurer in early youth, unsuccessful businessman in middle age, raconteur, political cynic, in love with his work, man of the world—there have been millions of Americans like Mark Twain, and their dreams, too, have echoed Lao-Tse, or Osiris, or Don Quixote, unaware. That is his power. Power—Waley translated *Tao Te Ching* as "The Way and Its Power," and it could well be the title of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN. By Lilian Jackson Braun. Dutton. $3.95.

DEATH IS A FRIEND. By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE KNOCK AT MIDNIGHT. By Charity Blackstock. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

LET'S CHOOSE EXECUTORS. By Sara Woods. Harper & Row. $4.95.

VULCAN'S HAMMER. By Daniel de Cruz. New American Library. $4.95.

WEAVE A WICKED WEB. By Paul Kruger. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Essays

THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR: And Other Essays. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $5.95. (Reissue.)

Fiction

AN AMERICAN CASUALTY. By Roy Graves. Frederick Fell. $5.95.

ESPERIE. By Frederic Bradlee. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

FAHRENHEIT 451. By Ray Bradbury. Simon & Schuster. $4.95. (New edition.)

FERDYDURKE. By Witold Gombrowicz. Grove. $5.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY. By Tim Jeal. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

THE GLADIATORS. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $5.95. (Reissue.)

THE LABYRINTH. By Thomas Duncan. Doubleday. $5.95.

MR. AND MRS. BO JO JONES. By Ann Head. Putnam. $4.95.

THE PHEASANT-LINED VEST OF CHARLIE FREEMAN. By John D. Spooner. Little, Brown. $5.95.

PORNOGRAPHIA. By Witold Gombrowicz. Grove. $5.

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History

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AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS: The Exploration and Settlement of the Trans-Mississippi West. By John A. Hawgood. Knopf. $10.

A MAN CALLED LUCY. By Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet. Coward-McCann. $5.

TEN YEARS AFTER: The Hungarian Revolution in the Perspective of History. Edited by Tamas Aczel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

WARRANT FOR GENOCIDE: The Myth of the Jewish World-Conspiracy and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. By Norman Cohn. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Law

TREATISE ON JUSTICE. By Edgar Bodenheimer. Philosophical Library. $10.

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THE EARLY ENGLISH AND CELTIC LYRIC. By P. L. Henry. Barnes & Noble. $12.50.

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. By Henry Hatfield. St. Martin's. $6.95.

THE TRADITION OF SMOLLETT. By Robert Giddings. Barnes & Noble. $5.50.

Miscellany

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Personal History

AMBROSE BIERCE: A Biography. By Richard O'Connor. Little, Brown. $6.95.

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PARTICULARLY CATS. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

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COLLECTED POEMS OF HUGH MACDIARMID. Prepared by John C. Weston. Macmillan. $7.95. (Revised edition.)

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Theater

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. By Walter Kerr. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

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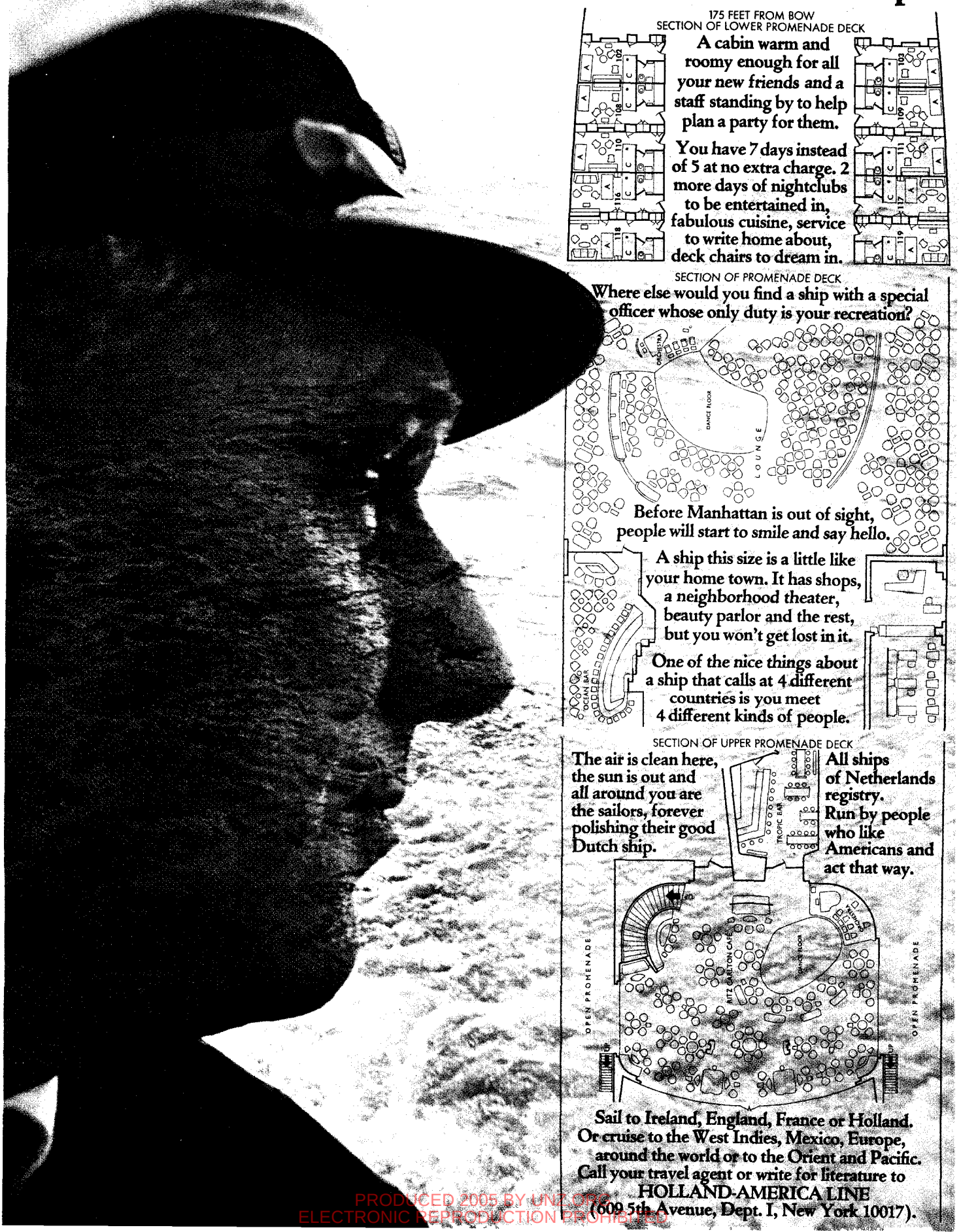

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Saturday Review
May 13, 1967

Is American History a Happening?

"Zam! Pow! Crunch!" This is the lexicon of the "now-pop-fluid-action-accidental-cool" generation. How do such phenomena relate to our past—and to the future?

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

Everything descends upon us from everywhere all at once.
—Marshall McLuhan.

Now, the world is neither meaningful nor absurd. It simply is.
—Alain Robbe-Grillet.

FIRST IT WAS Brave New World; then Seedbed of Empire; then the Promised Land. That promise, attracting millions of tempest-tossed immigrants, created the Melting Pot. As it bubbled and boiled, politicians kept throwing in fresh labels: New Freedom, New Deal, New Frontier. For many growing up today, America means none of these things. It is a happening.

They refuse to endorse "onward and upward," as did Granddad in Bull Moose days, or "downward and out," as did Dad during Depression and Doom Boom. News—coming from everywhere instantly—is neither logical nor illogical, but alogical. Politics is a kind of pop art form, the planet a king-size art-object. Half a dozen words sum it up best: *now, pop, fluid, action, accidental, cool.* "The present instant," writes George Kubler, "is the plane upon which the signals of all being are projected."

"They are simply shallow and ignorant," the antique and learned complain. Lack of historical perspective and the telescoping of time have been alarming human failings for centuries. Unwilling or unable to reach valid conclusions from inconclusive evidence, men have long preferred to be hysterical to historical. But the term hysterical does not characterize the current youthful attitude. Rather than being hot and involved, they are cool and detached. They do not despair; they tune in.

First popularized by Allan Kaprow in 1959, the term "happening" involves a spontaneous, unrehearsed, and often unconnected cluster of events; a sequence of unstructured and largely unrelated paradoxes that will not resolve, dilemmas that will not dissolve. Richard Schechner, editor of the avant-garde *Tulane Drama Review,* says happenings are rooted in two seemingly unrelated interests: 1) an attempt to bring into a celebratory space the full "message-complexity" of a downtown street, and 2) a playing with modes of perception.

Built on "chance" techniques, happenings relieve everyone of the burden of choosing when to do something. They stress a multi-focus, noncharacterized (the new term is non-matrixed), nondefinite relationship between play and audience. If a circus were a work of art, it would be the perfect example of a happening. No information structure is implied. Every act in each ring is a thing in itself. Yet taken together, the events make a total performance which is more than the sum of its parts.

One errs, says Schechner, in equating happenings with such historical predecessors as the Theater of the Absurd, Artaud, Surrealism, and Dada, which concentrated on the message received, the thing done. Happenings are vitally concerned with those who do and those who witness. Hence they can never be predicated, repeated, or evaluated on paper. Artists can no longer work in isolation, since they confront a group on either side of their message. Everything is interdependent. In some instances audience and performer merge. Who is what in a Theater Game or an Activity? Where will Claes Oldenburg's Ray Gun Theater, Carolee Schneemann's Kinetic Theater, Ken Dewey's Action Theater, and Ann Halprin's Once Group take us? Their Now World was undreamed of even ten years ago.

Eugene Ionesco writes in *Theatre Arts:* "Free action; pure game; disinterested knowledge; dreams, or if you prefer, architecture of dreams . . . the universe becoming spectacle, viewed as a spectacle, man becoming at once spectacle and spectator—all that is theater." And what spectacles we have! The President of the United States shot by an ex-marine with a mail-order rifle; then the man who shot him shot on the television screen; then the revelation that "certainties" about the assassination are dubious. America, the most powerful nation on earth, waging war on one of the smallest nations, is unable to find any formula or strategy for victory. Capsules in orbit, theologians preaching the death of God, the earth shrunk to a global village: Happenings!

Questioning patterns and systems is an old game in America. Pluralistic, even atomistic, from the first, ours has long been a culture without a capital, centered everywhere because it is nowhere. Our strong anti-formal attitudes made coonskinism (Harold Rosenberg's word) prevail for generations. The agony of identification has led American writers either to a chest-thumping optimism (Emerson's "I also am a man!" or Whitman's "barbaric yawp") or a black despair ("Though I write the Gospel of St. Paul in this country," Melville writes, "I would die in the gutter.").

SUCH pessimism and optimism were standard equipment for modern man, who assumed that purpose (or lack of it) was built into the fabric of the world. Where purpose could not be perceived, it was assumed. Mind and feeling, percept and concept had to be accounted for. Whether they painted the world

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around them in budding greens or dead blacks, both schools plotted life on Cartesian coordinates, with sequence, cause, and effect. Happenings are post-modern. The elimination of these elements—of interior logic and standards of analysis—helped turn history into a multitude of happenings.

Nowhere is the change seen more clearly than in the plastic arts. Pop art and various camp followers (op, minimal, systematic, kinetic) burst on the scene in the 1960s before the culture shock of earlier abstract art had been absorbed by the public. In part, Pop was a realistic reaction to the ultraromanticism of the drip, splatter, and fling schools. Instead of inner frustrations and nonobjective patterns, artists depicted giant hamburgers, filling stations, and cans of soup—labels and all. Here was banality, raised to the nth degree, scandalizing the grand tradition which had produced Giotto, Michelangelo, El Greco, and "modern" art.

Worse yet: spilling over into clothing, television, comics, music, sculpture, journalism, literature, design. Zam! A seemingly intelligent young scholar with a Ph.D.—from Yale, no less—wrote a book called *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*. Tom Wolfe's prose was enough to make old Eli's turn in their beer mugs and class letters. At Fair Harvard, the undergraduates were no longer anxious to be "Sons of Kennedy" and the L.L.D. Their aim was to be "Sons of Leary" and L.S.D. When happenings become hallucinations, the outer and inner man are adrift in the same bottomless, measureless sea.

POP art is *pop*ular, prankish, visceral. Fad, fraud, and kitsch are intertwined, no doubt, and time will deal severely with many aspects of it. We may not even get used to Super-Hero, Captain Nice, and Mr. Terrific before they fly off our television screens forever. Still, we should ponder their fleeting presence. "Zam! Pow! Crunch!" are cries of human beings protesting against the dehumanized environment of Tyrannapolis. Pilgrim makes his torturous progress in today's world not with a staff but with a batmobile. The journey is still a perilous one.

Whatever else the new super-realistic art has done, it has opened our eyes to the junkyards, supermarkets, and toilets that are the hallmarks of our age. The automobile, especially, dominates the New Art, just as it dominates our lives. Programmatic and philosophical intent are gone, but essential meaning remains.

As with painting, so with the dance. "Down with Choreography!" shouts Paul Taylor, one of the young artists who work, to quote critic Clive Barnes, "by chipping off fragments of their consciousness, so that they and their thoughts are found in their works almost by accident, to be valued or not valued as the finder thinks fit."

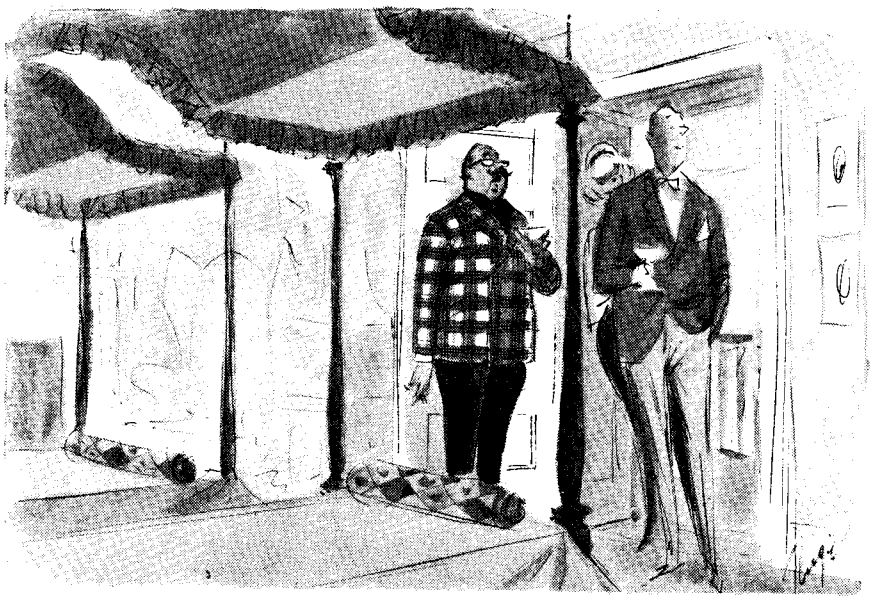
All of which is pretty cool, like John Cage's music (filled with "silences") and Andy Warhol's films (parodies of soap operas). Cool media—cartoon, telephone, television—present a minimum of data and make maximum demands of the viewers. An artist like Ad Reinhardt has kept chipping away until a whole series of "black" paintings have come into being, with minimal content. With little difference of shape or tone (hence almost unreproducible), his six-foot square canvases bring art close to the zero point. Reinhardt describes one of his paintings as pure, abstract, nonobjective, timeless, spaceless, changeless, relationless, disinterested—"an object that is self-conscious (non-unconsciousness), ideal, transcendent, aware of no thing but Art (absolutely no anti-art)." Here is painting that is—or almost isn't. Tradition, image-making, color schemes, pattern-making, begone! Reinhardt invites us to the edge of invisibility and unintelligibility.

YET it might not be fair to describe such art merely as wholly depersonalized or dehumanized. Getting "inside" the new forms, we find the creator deeply committed to individual experience and a probing of the environment. The innate pessimism of existentialism has been rejected; but the search for authenticity has been intensified. Reality merges not so much from objective thoughts as accidental encounter; not by speculating but by sensing; not by *knowing about* something but by *being in* something. Do not ask for whom the happening happens: it happens for thee.

This kind of thinking rejects the negative premises of such writers as Sartre and Camus. Rocquentin, hero of Sartre's first novel, *Nausea*, sums up a generation already "old-fashioned." Rocquentin's ex-mistress thinks of herself as a paste-like substance stretching out farther and farther, which is "always so much the same that you wonder how people ever got the idea of inventing names and making distinctions." Making distinctions is the favorite indoor sport of today's "in" artist. Unless he be making merry. Hedonism is definitely in, along with the pill, the party, and *Playboy*.

This is the realm of Hugh Hefner, *Playboy* editor and absolute master of 700 bunnies. He is the Lenin of the fast-spreading Sex Revolution, the mortal enemy of bourgeois hypocrisy, timidity, and virginity. To Hefner's throne at 1340 North State Parkway in Chicago go ambassadors and courtiers from the whole Mod World, anxious to watch bunnies swim nude in the great glass pool. All the new key words apply in Hefnerland: now, pop, action, accidental. But clock and calendar are redundant. Night can be day, Tuesday can be Friday, once one has the money and the courage to control his environment. Bunnies can play by night or by day. Come see Tom Swift and his Electronic Keyboard.

Clock and calendar: surely *time* is a major factor in the new cultural equation. America operates on a thin time-crust. In fact, we might already have broken through. Time and space have been fused into space-time, and bent like a pretzel around the world. Beginning and end-points of actions are indeterminate; the intervals between actions are infinitely varied in content and duration. The web of happenings that is spun out between and among the intervals is



"Everything in here except the air-conditioner, the fiberglass curtains, and the light-dimmers goes way the hell back to the Revolution."

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all we know of earth—and need to know of heaven. In light of our current philosophy, time is not knowable as such. We know it, George Kubler writes in *The Shape of Time*, "only directly by what happens in it: by observing change and permanence; by marking the succession of events among stable settings; and by noting the contrast of varying rates of change." *By what happens*—contemporary history as a happening.

Or more accurately, happenings; for the present is *plural*. Information comes in not item by item but in an electronic cascade. Meet the Plugged-In Generation. Such data bombardment emphasizes that electric circuitry is creating a total environment, which will in turn engender a new world. In it pattern recognition, not data collection, will be of primary importance. Men will have roles, not jobs. The disappearing Mechanical Age, with its fragmentary and specialist patterns, suppressed folk and tribal awareness in favor of private and individualistic outlooks. We are about to be retribalized—what a happening *that* will be! Electronic media are creating new myths and stereotypes, providing a new mental and emotional framework in which to live. The balance of human senses will be changed, emphasizing some at the expense of others. We will re-focus on reality.

THE emerging pattern, put on canvas, film, or stage, tends to alarm us. Man in pop art seems to be either a robot reading to the Consumer's Index, or a sentimentalized parody of outmoded values. The film hero—if he be Paul Newman, named successively Hustler, Hud, Harper, or Hombre—is carved out of steel; or if he is a Secret Agent type, out of ice. Is man surrendering his humanity? Why does Andy Warhol say he wants to be a machine?

Because machines are beautiful, efficient, honest, integral. And they need humans, since man must start the dynamos and program the computers. They are the agents which save human toil, pain, despair—putting the lie to C. P. Snow's simplistic theory about "Two Cultures." In truth there is only one culture—and machines power it. Democracy can be defined not only in political and philosophic, but also in technological terms, as the unending mechanical drive to give people all the things they want to make a good life.

The best symbol of this new symbiosis is the computer. Storing information, processing data, translating languages, computers give our horsepower wings. We have come so quickly to take computers for granted that it comes as a surprise to recall that the first one (a clumsy monster called Univac) was not functioning until World War II; and that Sputnik, the Russian satellite which opened the space age, went aloft on October 4, 1957.

"What did you do during the Great Hedonistic Collapse of the Sixties, Dad?"

The unprecedented rate of change encourages us to telescope time and forget the many centuries during which the Old Order prevailed. The high priest of the New Order—he was hard at work before Sputnik but didn't go into orbit until his book *Understanding Media* caught fire in 1965—is Marshall McLuhan. His initial book, *The Mechanical Bride*, was largely ignored. *The Gutenberg Galaxy* was viewed as the work of a learned eccentric. But *Understanding Media* created the greatest stampede to Bigthink since Toynbee hit the cover of *Time*. During the winter of 1966-67, highlighted by McLuhan's post-Christmas speech to the Modern Language Association in New York, almost every major magazine had him on the cover and his gospel inside.

Critical reactions were decidedly mixed. Scholars and other Bigthinkers were skeptical, scolding, or scathing. Humbler humans found in him much to ponder, while the young found in him a Cult Deity. Even prestigious Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., who knows much about Cult Deities himself, has found it necessary to define McLuhanism: "a chaotic combination of bland assertion, astute guesswork, fake analogy, dazzling insight, hopeless nonsense, shockmanship, showmanship, wisecracks, and oracular mystification." Yet even Mr. Schlesinger finds in him "a deeply serious argument," since electric circuitry is indeed a kind of extension of the central nervous system. He still insists on "consecutive reason and systematic analysis," but in or out of the White House, Schlesinger should be able to see that the oncoming generation, shucking off the rational-visual past, is already far down a different path.

McLuhanism and other varieties of Bigthink encourage us to throw away the old yardsticks and criteria; to telescope or eradicate past influences and sequences. We were so intrigued with our Action painters of the 1950s that we forgot that the Chinese had a similar art tradition that dated back to the ninth century. A decade later critics are so fascinated by Andrew Wyeth's "magic realism" that they decline to notice that his technique was equalled (perhaps surpassed) by earlier American artists like William M. Harnett (1848-1892) and John F. Peto (1854-1907).

IN Now Time, as in every past epoch, most people live by borrowed ideas and upon accumulated traditions, whether or not they know or admit it. To them life is an infinity of present instants. Nevertheless we continue to weave a new pattern to replace the old. At certain critical, cataclysmic moments the whole pattern twists and quivers, settling into new shapes and figures. That is what is going on here, now. Wow!

The faint of heart will dismiss such an assertion as poppycock, and curl up with the time-tested monographs of Frederick Jackson Turner, Charles Beard, and Douglas Southall Freeman. They prefer their time in slices, like well-cured bologna, and their history concocted of acceptable elements. Life in their classrooms and towns will go on as usual. Not so in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, where citizens recently decided to make a cultural center from a converted railroad water tank and pumping station. Culture flowing from a water tank? Why not? That's how it is today.

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO EUROPE?

While we concentrate on Asia, Europeans are charting profound changes; a new design is emerging.

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN

A NEW AMERICAN image, three years in the making, has emerged to baffle, amuse, and annoy Europe. The Old World swiveled for a generation to energetic composite pictures, exercised through U.S. policies, of the ugly or angry, amiable or able and affluent American. But few, least of all Europeans, anticipated what exists now: the Indifferent American. For all the substantive impact he can make on Europe today, he might as well be a Vanishing American.

We still dispose of great military strength and alliances and vast investments and dividend interests, to be sure. But to a Europe once bitterly divided against itself, the United States never played more than a passive hand in a complex program of reconciliation which was launched in earnest in 1964. Europe was gripped by impatience in its own quest for a future. Instead of joining and sharing the mood for change we simply stood aside. So Europe plunged ahead on its own, seeking to place self-interests above traditional hostilities.

These winds of change and the appearance of newer personalities in Europe provoked high-sounding studies in Washington. They were sonorously circulated—and fell flat. Our pose seemed to be contemplative; actually, it was just confused. Settlement and adjustment in Asia were our No. 1 concerns, and while we were embattled there and at home with tortuous command decisions, the old posture toward Europe seemed to be the safest. Our do-nothing policy was actually hailed by some of the more notable commentators at home. By doing nothing in Europe, their argument ran, we didn't exacerbate neuralgic relations with General de Gaulle nor did we upset the prevalent conditions in East Europe. Europeans, unfettered from considering American persuasions and interests, would continuously rearrange life and living on their own.

At the same time—again approved by proponents of do-nothingism—President Johnson launched an American form of coexistence with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Under the advertised heading of "bridge-building" we are able to conduct a dialogue with the East in Europe—a dialogue which, despite Vietnam, has acquired more urgency since convulsions started shaking Communist China. Thus, there is the inclination to assume that the cold war is melting away; actually, it is in cold storage at this time.

Traditionally, U.S. concentration has been on Europe. This was especially emphasized in World War II, even when we dispersed vast forces and treasures to both sides of the world. The Marshall Plan and NATO were tangible evidences that the U.S. presence in Europe was there to stay. Through the last generation, the Americanization of European habits—East European, too—was simple to spot. It suffused daily life, from film forms, clothes, pop music, and supermarkets to the compulsion for cars, a relatively affluent home life, and calculated leisure.

But accompanying this proliferation of American customs in Western Europe was the restoration of prosperity. The "economic miracle" that made West Germany one of the world's most potent economic powers was followed by the formation of the Common Market. It is in this grouping of six Continental industrial and agriculturally developed nations that Britain seeks once more to become a club member. From the wreck of postwar Europe, we had long urged togetherness of Europeans to diversify their potential and thereby make them strong financially and independent politically. It worked out that way—but hardly as we had imagined. General de Gaulle, extricating himself from Algeria, contrived his own Gaullist terms for coequality in Europe. The Common Market, like NATO, cannot endure and thrive without France. De Gaulle, grasping the innate significance of both organizations, calmly exercised his veto powers. By this time we had become immersed in Vietnam and later with the cataclysm in China.

THE swiveling of American sights away from an already healthy Western Europe coincided with shifting policies in Eastern Europe. Rumania, for several years rid of the Red Army, began to sound like the Titoists of 1948. Maintaining its Communist party primacy without modification, the Rumanian regime balked at remaining a Soviet economic vassal. The Russian economic answer to the Common Market, COMECON, was outdated. Rumania moved toward trade and credit deals with Western Europe. It was followed swiftly by other Eastern regimes—mainly Bulgaria and Hungary and, to some extent, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

There were historic associations, some of them unhappy, that not even Communist regimes could excise from East European traditions. The economic morass into which East European regimes had plunged prompted many of their overtures to the West, especially those toward West Germany. But it was the respectability of European nationalism provided by General de Gaulle that provided substantive momentum. His has been, for lesser states as he sees them, a sort of do-it-yourself program.

Interestingly enough, the government of the German Federal Republic, so often shrouded by the mist on the banks of the Rhine flowing past Bonn, has been the most circumspect. The General's personal *grande strategie* for rapprochement with Eastern Europe plunged West Germany into domestic political division. Despite the overtures for Franco-German reconciliation between the late Chancellor Adenauer and de Gaulle, West Germany has been the most steadfast of NATO allies. There are, however, so-called German Gaullists, namely, the articulate personality of Franz-Josef Strauss. But men like Strauss, it must be remembered, are not in the practice of politics to permit Germany to play second fiddle to de Gaulle. There was also the emergence of an ultranationalist and minority party that managed to elect members to provincial legislatures. The neo-Nazi-tinged National Democratic Party (NDP) became a mote in the eye of the world as Dr. Adenauer's successor, the professorial Ludwig Erhard, was eased out of office. West German affairs of state—and concomitant shudders in the economy—gave the NDP a lopsided and unwarranted importance to the outside world.

Last December, in the turbulence of shifting alignments in Europe with American concentration a world away and the Continental search for a future wide open, a coalition government came to

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Germany. It is directed by an arrangement between former ruling Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats. In total votes, they represent 90 per cent-plus of West Germany in the Bundestag, Bonn's Parliament. Kurt Kiesinger was installed in place of Erhard. His coming was greeted by distaste at first because he had served the Nazi Administration. The situation was balanced by the Socialists, who are led by former Communist agent Herbert Wehner, and an ex-exile, West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, who fought the Nazis as a Norwegian officer. Brandt, twice the losing candidate for Chancellor, became Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister. His colleague, Wehner, entered the inner workings of government, where he prefers to exercise power and persuasion away from the glare of the limelight. The Socialists had not been in power in Germany since World War II, and coalition provided an immediate step upward.

Ironically, at the tail end of the late Dr. Adenauer's rule Americans had often suggested and sometimes recommended a "grand coalition." The idea sprang from the Austrian experience that lasted for twenty years after the end of World War II, helping Austria gain total sovereignty and keeping the two big parties—as in West Germany—from undermining each other. True, a grand coalition can also sustain a conspiracy of silence, virtually muzzling opposition voices or keeping them to a whisper. Inside a conservative-socialist coalition, however, the partners are frequently at loggerheads over policy and the issues receive thorough, and often noisy, public airing.

When the German political partnership came into being the United States approved. There wasn't anything else we could do. Through the years the Federal Republic, eager to prove its return to the world of sanity and acceptance-at-large, had been most loyal to the Atlantic community. It still is, immeasurably, when compared to France. Germany remains the center of gravity in Europe, something both superpowers have long recognized. In a divided state but possessing great economic potential and aspiration, Germany and its effect on world affairs are bound to preoccupy those same competing powers sooner than later.

In 1964, long before coalition became a fact, West Germany began to shift its East European sights; they had been restricted by the Hallstein Doctrine, which forbade any recognition of a regime, except for the Soviet Union, that gave diplomatic recognition to East Germany. The new flexibility in West German gestures to Eastern Europe had the pragmatic effect of outflanking East Germany's regime. Trade deals, on a large scale, were swiftly contracted. The East German ruler and Soviet proconsul, Walter Ulbricht, complained bitterly, but the hard *deutsche mark* of the Federal Republic and the muddle of East Europe's economy swept away Ulbricht's appeals.

The West Germans, by themselves, expanded their commercial links with traditional German outlets now run by Communist regimes. Within three years the Hallstein doctrine was breached. Rumania, having refused to become a raw material center for the U.S.S.R. and wheeling-dealing its own way in international affairs, recently agreed to exchange ambassadors with West Germany. The United States, even if it so desired, which is dubious, could do nothing but approve. In December NATO met in Paris, for the last time in that city, and agreed to explore ways and means of bridge-building to the East.

The alteration in German official attitudes with active overtures to match may well be the most dramatic change in Europe; it certainly has had the most profound impact since de Gaulle returned to power. When Bonn began to probe into Eastern Europe in 1964, its relations with de Gaulle were extremely poor. The coalition, putting pride of place in fresh rapport with France, nevertheless rarely consulted the French on how de Gaulle arranged relations with the East. It simply accelerated policies and plans, with cash proposals to back them up.

The East Europeans also no longer feel compelled to fall in line as docile subjects every time Soviet leadership whistles. The constant trips that party official No. 1, Leonid I. Brezhnev, makes to East European capitals these days are in the nature of semi-public persuasion. It doesn't mean that the U.S.S.R. has lost all primary influence in Eastern Europe. Far from it. The difference between today and, say, Khrushchev's time, compels the Russians to undertake the role of special and powerful advocate.

THE Soviet alliance, the Warsaw Pact, crumbles around the edges of what had once been a common ideology. Differences in self-interested attitudes toward the outside world, the cornerstone of foreign policy, are ventilated and heard frequently abroad. Where Europe's Common Market flourishes, the Soviet COMECON atrophies. European nation-states are beginning to reach out and contrive their own contacts. The Eastern countries, while reviling the American role in Vietnam, confide that they want no part of involvement. Moreover, they debate and shun any Soviet maneuver for a decisive conference of comrades. They agree to a meeting of Communist parties—in and out of power— to debate European security. The accent is on "European." Most parties, led by the rambunctious Rumanians and by the off-again, on-again heretical Yugoslavs,

"Not only did I give you the correct change, Monsieur, but I did it with a quaint Gallic shrug!"

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don't want a solemn conclave to drum out Red China from the international comity of comrades. Their attitudes stem from concern that the U.S.S.R. might seek again to impose hegemony on all of them in the name of unity.

The changes in probing for variegated accommodations outside the Communist world are naturally slower and more cautious in East than in West Europe. Regimes installed since the end of World War II extend their lines of approach so that party rule cannot be brought into the dispute. But they also want to extricate themselves from economic systems that patently cannot work, and this accounts for some reforms. At the same time, the parties that rule are not in the business of joyous self-liquidation through wholesome reform.

MANY old East European fears about West Germany still prevail (in a practical sense East Germany is ignored). Eastern critics grasp at opportunities to blame West Germany for delays in reaching agreement on a treaty on nonproliferation of nuclear weapons. But seeing new menaces in Germany does not hinder any of them from rushing into fresh commercial accommodations with Bonn on a long-range basis. At the Geneva conference itself, nearly all concerned (including neutrals) are also suspicious of the U.S.-Soviet-British nuclear club's intentions. France, which abstains from participating, leads the Continental nations in stated misgivings. An atmosphere is created to try to prove that the top atomic powers are essentially uninterested in Europe.

On the sidelines, our experts in government, or those accepted publicly through their published views, have usually glanced at Europe and its dichotomy only when something dramatic occurs. The decision of de Gaulle to send NATO packing is a prime example. But only casual note is made of the constant reshuffle of ideas, policies, and even personalities. We return to our seemingly sole interest in foreign affairs—the war in Vietnam. This is precisely how it has looked on the other side of the Atlantic, where massive, tortuous, and fundamental practices have been shifted, altered, or abandoned.

In Britain a recommendation by Senator Jacob Javits was most welcome; it proposed a special Anglo-American trade arrangement should Britain again be barred from the Common Market. The plan, which would be called the Atlantic Free Trade Area, was endorsed by glittering American names and immediately raised hopes that our interest in Europe had not been kissed off except for expedient gestures. But a skeptical chill set in quickly. Britain's Labor government is primarily eager to join Europe, first through the Common Market. In the interests of European unity—as we have long declared—the United States supports British efforts.

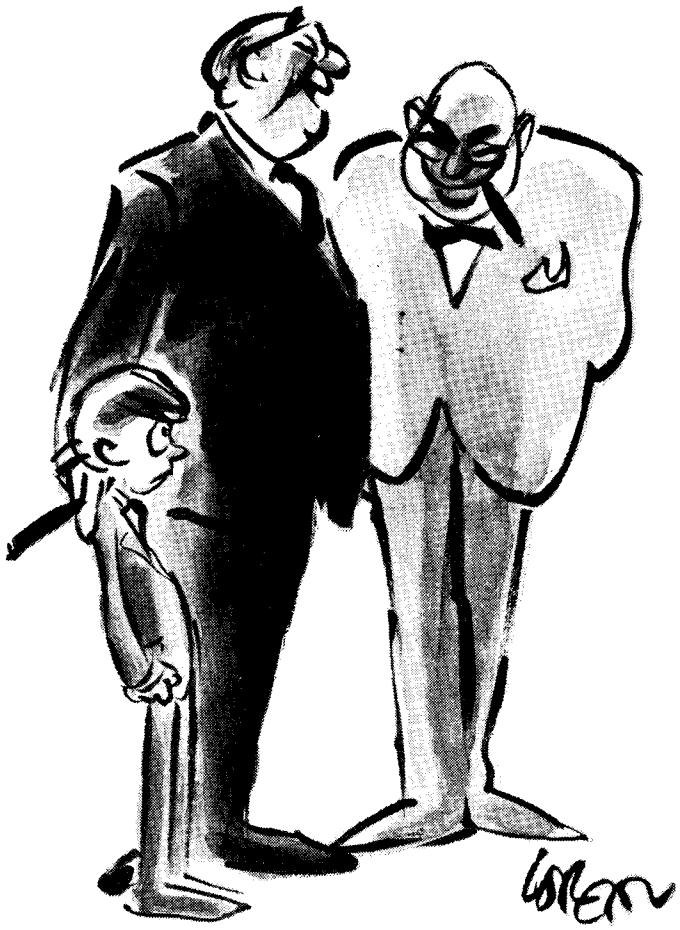
Prime Minister Wilson and Foreign Secretary Brown completed their soundings and found the outlook uncertain. General de Gaulle didn't say no absolutely, as he did four years ago. It was a sort of maybe, sometime in the future. The proposal by Javits, who also hopes Britain may make the Common Market, can provide a breathing spell for a Britain rejected by de Gaulle and for Europeans fearful of a head-on clash with de Gaulle. Wilson's rather recent interest in joining Europe is not shared by at least 100 MPs of his own party. Many of them would also recoil from the Javits alternative.

A shrewd, if abrasive, politician, Wilson remains resolved to enter the Common Market no matter what setbacks he suffers now. The immediate future for Britain is in Europe, as far as he is concerned. He regards a proposal like that of Senator Javits as a feeling and a mood. There is little likelihood, it seems here, that the alternative would obtain official support in Washington. Moreover, Wilson apparently believes that economic and political momentum for his country has shifted to Europe, a point that is not generally grasped in the United States.

REASONED arguments and debates mushroom in Britain on the amicable alternative offered by friendly Americans. It may have been most concisely, if lugubriously, stated by Lord Gladwyn. For years, as Gladwyn Jebb, he had been one of Britain's most experienced diplomatists. He saw a "second best" result in the Javits idea. Such a grouping, predicted Lord Gladwyn, would make mere offshore islands out of Britain.

"If the French and the Germans are determined to exclude us from Europe they can," he wrote. "But what will be their own future when the 'Anglo-Saxon' bloc really emerges and they carry on with the Europe of States. Like us, they will be satellites of a superpower. Their only choice will be which." His preference, as is Wilson's, is clear.

Whatever happened to Europe? It is very much on the move—its own movement in quest of a future. We can accommodate ourselves to Europe when our interest reawakens in earnest. Until then, it is simply a matter of our consent, not advice.



"He's exactly what I was at that age, Ira—a song on his lips, a dream in his heart, and a pocket full of rainbows."

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WEIGHING THE EVIDENCE

Two prize-winning books give man a clearer look at himself.

By JAMES F. FIXX

OF THOSE books that change men's minds in significant ways, the most visible and volatile are, of course, the polemics — works that argue and rage against something or in favor of it. But there is another kind of mind-changing book, too: quieter, less immediately dazzling, but equally capable of altering men and their institutions. These are the books that do their job through sheer weight of persuasive evidence, through a force of logic so strong it is impossible to resist.

Two such volumes have just emerged as the winners of this year's SR-Anisfield-Wolf Awards, of $1,500 each, presented annually to those books that are judged to have made the most significant contribution to intergroup relations. The awards committee, headed by anthropologist Ashley Montagu, selected as the 1967 winners Oscar Lewis's *La Vida* (Random House) and David Brion Davis's *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* (Cornell University Press). Though the two works differ profoundly in subject, treatment, and style, they are closely akin in their clear conviction, first, that accurate knowledge has a value of its own, and, second, that no valid change is likely to come about without such knowledge.

Consider *La Vida,* a massive, 669-page record of conversations with scores of Puerto Ricans in both San Juan and New York. Written by a distinguished professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois (and author of the celebrated study of a Mexican family, *The Children of Sanchez*), *La Vida* explores what its author calls "the culture of poverty," a culture characterized by an incredibly low level of aspiration and a pervasive sense of fatalism: one's life is not really in one's own hands anyhow, so why try? Using a tape-recorder, Lewis talked with and explored the histories, the thoughts, and the hopes of whole families in all their tangled relationships. What emerges is a story of almost unrelieved squalor, with leitmotifs of prostitution, violence, and humor.

In the introduction to *La Vida* Lewis tells something of his methods as a student of poverty. Awesomely thorough, his techniques were devised to uncover the subtlest nuances of his subjects' lives. Listen, for example, as he describes the purpose to which he puts an inventory of a person's possessions:

> The study of the material possessions of the poor may give us another important dimension for the definition of poverty. It can tell us about their buying and spending habits, their definition of luxury items, the relationship between income and material wealth, the proportion of goods bought in stores, markets, street stands, or from hawkers; the extent of trade or exchange of goods within slum settlements or neighborhoods, and the social consequences and concomitants thereof; the distances which they go to make purchases; the periods of economic crisis within the family, as revealed by the history of pawned objects; the range and variation in the distribution of "wealth" among families who seem desperately poor; and, finally, the values of the people as reflected in the relative amount of their income spent on various types of objects—for example, religious items versus modern appliances.

Is it any wonder that the reader feels as if he knows these people better than he knows some of his closest friends?

This year's other winner, *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture,* might have been little more than another ordinary work of social history had it not sprung from an interest in a special facet of the subject. The author describes it this way: "Above all, I was interested in a problem of moral perception. Why was it that at a certain moment of history a small number of men not only saw the full horror of a social evil to which mankind has been blind for centuries, but felt impelled to attack it through personal testimony and cooperative action?"

It is, needless to say, a slippery and elusive question, but Davis, a professor of history at Cornell, offers some impressive — and impressively readable — answers. Reaching back to antiquity to trace the roots of slavery, he finds it a tenaciously entrenched institution in Western culture. Yet at the same time, every now and then a voice speaks out with all the clarity that is found in today's most articulate champions of civil rights. We find, for example, Emerson hailing the emancipation of slaves in the British West Indies as "an event singular in the history of civilization; a day of reason; of the clear light; of that which makes us better than . . . beasts. . . ."

What made it possible for some men to see so much so soon? Perhaps the answer must always remain something of a puzzlement, but *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* is a firm first step toward finding out.

"Listen, Bud, I'm telling you once and for all I'm not watching a Western!"

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Saturday Review

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Patriotism and Vietnam

TWO WEEKS AGO in this space we commented on the absurd accusations made by some speakers at peace rallies. These speakers charged that the United States was engaged in the deliberate and systematic extermination of colored races, citing the Vietnam war as a prime example. They also asserted that U.S. actions in Vietnam were indistinguishable from the actions of Nazi Germany. The point we tried to make was that there were ample grounds for criticism of American policies in Vietnam without recourse to lamentable nonsense.

Now comes dangerous nonsense from the opposite direction. General William C. Westmoreland has used the blanket adjective "unpatriotic" to characterize American critics of U.S. policy in Vietnam. The General did not particularize. We are left to assume that the more severe the criticism of the war, the more open to question is one's love for country. Whom did the General mean to include in his indictment? Did he have in mind, for example, observers like Mr. Walter Lippmann? No one has written more severely or effectively about the war in Vietnam, nor has any analyst of U.S. foreign policy served the American people with greater distinction over so long a period of time. Did the General mean the editors of *The New York Times?* No publication has questioned more sharply or knowledgeably the dangers of escalation. No journalist has pointed more insistently to the inconsistencies and contradictions in U.S. statements about Vietnam than has James B. Reston of the *Times*.

Did the General mean military men like Marine General David M. Shoup, commander of all U.S. Marine forces in Vietnam from 1960 to 1963, who has described as "shallow and narrow" the official arguments used to justify U.S. policies in Vietnam?

Did the General mean private citizens like the late Grenville Clark, distinguished advocate of world law and adviser to five Presidents? Shortly before his death last year, Mr. Clark said the U.S. Government had not told the American people the truth about specific opportunities for getting into negotiations—despite the President's own emphatic statement that the only rational way to end the war was through a negotiated settlement. Did the General mean historians like Mr. Henry Steele Commager, Pulitzer Prize winner, who has not hesitated to apply the yardstick of American history and traditions to American policy in Vietnam?

Did the General mean United States Senators like J. William Fulbright, Ernest Gruening, George McGovern, Vance Hartke, Joseph S. Clark, and Robert F. Kennedy, who have consistently called attention to actions and policies that are alienating the United States from a large part of the world, quite apart from the specific danger of a generalized world conflict?

Did the General mean the hundreds of thousands of Americans who came to the peace rallies in New York and San Francisco and who responded most strongly, not to extreme statements by a few speakers, but to reasonable arguments by speakers like the Reverend Martin Luther King, who called on the United States and all parties concerned to accept the proposals of U.N. Secretary General U Thant for ending the war?

General Westmoreland says he is opposed to a cease-fire. How can there be a negotiated settlement without a cease-fire? President Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk have called for a negotiated settlement. Does General Westmoreland see any implications of unpatriotism in a military leader who runs counter to the proclaimed policies of his Commander-in-Chief?

To what degree is Washington policy being vetoed or modified on the spot by the U.S. military in Vietnam? In mid-November, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge approached representatives of a central European nation and requested that they use their good offices to persuade Hanoi to come to the negotiating table. On November 29, the United States received word that Hanoi was ready to begin secret exploratory talks. While arrangements for such talks were going forward, Hanoi was bombed and the talks were cancelled. The United States sent a private message to Hanoi saying the bombing was accidental and urged Hanoi to proceed with the arrangements for exploratory talks. While this approach was being pursued, Hanoi was bombed again. That was the end of the exploratory talks. In all, there were four bombings of Hanoi during that critical period. Who authorized the bombings? Who is making U.S. policy in Vietnam? If the essential question is how best to preserve American institutions, then one of the most important of those institutions—control of foreign policy by the Chief Executive and not by the military—may now be in jeopardy.

Why does General Westmoreland believe that his critics are any less concerned than he is about stopping aggression or containing Communism? Does he not find it strange that his distaste for a cease-fire is shared by the Com-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gun Control Laws

CARL BAKAL and your magazine are to be commended for the excellent article on Philadelphia's gun control ordinance, "Do Gun Control Laws Really Work?" [*SR*, Apr. 22]. It clearly articulates how a large city can enact legislation purely in the public interest in the face of overwhelming pressure by special interests.

The results of the law are clearly beneficial to the public at large. Attacks on the law should not obscure the fact that it is constructive and it is working.

DAVID BERGER,
Attorney, Former City Solicitor
of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.

CARL BAKAL'S "Philadelphia story" has shown how effective voluntary civic organizations can be in forcing the enactment of a gun control law. And who is hurt? Dealers in guns? Is it wrong to stop indiscriminate sale of instruments of violence and death? Druggists, too, may be hurt by laws which prevent indiscriminate sale of drugs.

What Philadelphia has done is not enough. Other cities must follow suit. Congress must help in the enactment of strict laws against interstate shipment of guns.

NOCHEM S. WINNET,
Chairman, Executive
Committee, Crime
Prevention Association.

Philadelphia, Pa.

I WAS SHOCKED to read Carl Bakal's analysis of the crime statistics relating to the gun control legislation in Philadelphia.

Mr. Bakal states that the total number of murders decreased significantly from 1965 to 1966. But the gun law was in effect for nine months of 1965 and despite this the number of murders in Philadelphia increased from 1964 to 1965. In fact, according to police statistics, more murders by guns have been committed since the legislation went into effect (62 in 1964, 89 in 1965, and 69 in 1966). Of all the murders committed in Philadelphia in 1964, 33 per cent involved guns; the percentage in 1965 was 43 per cent and in 1966, 39 per cent.

I do agree that some legislation on guns should be adopted. Couldn't we require that to purchase a gun a person must prove his proficiency with and knowledge of its operations? Tests could be given through local gun clubs.

J. MARLENE STROSKE.

Westville, N.J.

I AGREE, as does every responsible person, that something must be done to check the spread of crime. But tightening up gun laws isn't the answer. If a criminal wants a gun, he usually does not bother to buy it; he steals it, just as he steals an automobile. You do not advocate that the sale of automobiles should be curbed to prevent a crime. Why, then, pick on guns?

MRS. G. E. HELM.

Kneeland, Calif.

"We're a proud old Canaanite family and don't go in for publicity. I'd like you to keep our name out of the Bible."

THE SWISS GOVERNMENT, after careful study, has found no increment of crime resulting from widespread availability of guns. Except in certain border cantons, anyone of sound mind, nonalcoholic, and without a prison record can obtain pistol permit in about ten days. The police refuse only for cause. Yet accidents are extremely infrequent due to universal safety training, and there is gun trouble only with foreigners.

A gun bill is long overdue, but no bill is to be preferred to an unwisely drawn one.

STERLING COMSTOCK.

Playa del Rey, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Bakal comments on these letters below.*

THE NUMBER of murders increased from 1964 to 1965 because 1965 was particularly bloody in the nation as a whole. The important question is how many more homicides—and suicides and fatal accidents—there would have been in Philadelphia in 1965 and 1966 in the absence of the new law. I don't see how an ordinance that has prevented 191 criminals and other undesirables from buying guns (as of December 31, 1966) could have anything but a salutary effect on reducing firearms fatalities.

As for the myth that a criminal would rather steal a gun than buy one, why should he take the risk of stealing a gun when buying one is so easy everywhere? In Massachusetts, it was found recently that of 4,506 weapons confiscated from criminals, only six had been stolen. And, it is important to remember, automobiles, though not deliberately designed as lethal weapons, are registered and regulated as to use and user.

Although Mr. Comstock does not mention it, virtually every gun in Switzerland is registered. He seems to endorse the Swiss system. So, too, does the President's Commission on Crime, made up of nineteen of our most distinguished citizens—Democratic and Republican—including two Attorneys General who served under Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson. In fact, the Commission's recent report recommending a law requiring registration of all guns calls for far more stringent controls than those now embodied in the Philadelphia and New Jersey laws.

CARL BAKAL.

New York, N.Y.

Language and Misunderstanding

N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The Environment of Language" [*SR*, Apr. 8], points clearly to the need for precise use of language in translation as well as in other lingual situations.

The International Committee for Breaking the Language Barrier is compiling data concerning misunderstandings which grow from communication in one's own language as well as in other languages. We would be

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Recital by London—Unofficial Mahler Week

A CONCERT HALL appearance by a singer who is best known for operatic impersonations is always something to be described as touch and go—how far he will touch more than the surface of recital material, to what extent he will go on to something more fundamental. With George London, who made his first major appearance in the Philharmonic Hall's "Great Performers" series after many months' inactivity, the words had double application.

It was, in short, touch and go whether this venture would contribute to his return to artistic respectability or whether it would go against him. In his opening Handel selections ("Defend Her Heaven" from *Theodora* and "Dove sei, amato bene?" from *Rodelinda*) and the following series of Schubert songs (beginning with "Der Atlas" and concluding with "Der Doppelgänger") London was moving upstream against a tide of trouble. The vocal response was none too easy, the quality somewhat constricted, the upper range less accessible than either singer or listener would prefer.

Minutes later, London was much more in command of his problem, securely on pitch, squarely adjusted to the dramatic as well as the musical requirements. It was too abrupt a transition for the offstage interval to be responsible. It related, more than anything else, to a change of scene from the England of Handel and the Germany of Schubert to the Russia of Mussorgsky, specifically to the death of his most clearly defined character, Boris Godunov.

This is terrain as familiar to London as the palm of his hand, and he held it up to almost visual scrutiny as he outlined with sure, bold strokes the personality of the individual with whom he was involved. Performed in Russian, the text had a savor and flavor that permeated the tonal fabric in an evocation of purpose that canceled out all the unsuitable deterrents—piano accompaniment, concert dress—to dramatic truth. The truth was in the sound as London recreated it.

When one side of the equation was matched with the other, the issue that emerged could be phrased as follows: Did London's lack of ease, his less than full flow of tone in the Handel and Schubert relate to a vocal problem or to an artistic one? Relating the question to the evidence, the judgment would have to be that it was some of each, but probably more of the second than the first.

Given a further period of progress there appears to me no audible reason why London should not eventually be working, productively and profitably, at his operatic trade again. Certainly artistry of his order, purchased at the price of the effort that went into its achievement, is too valuable to be downgraded, least of all written off, without a full period of exposure and adjustment to whatever new situation exists. John Newmark, at the piano, was a steady reliance whether in Handel, Schubert, and Mussorgsky, or in the Poulenc (*Chansons Gaillardes*) and British folk songs that followed.

It was, otherwise, an unofficial Mahler week in Lincoln Center. In the Metropolitan Opera House, the Royal Ballet presented Kenneth MacMillan's staging of *Das Lied von der Erde* for the first time; across the plaza, Leonard Bernstein completed his personal tour of the composer's major orchestral works by conducting the Sixth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Judgments of the balletic Mahler (are there any two words which go together more uneasily than these?) were sharply divided between: 1) those prepared to accept it largely in terms of the way it was visualized; and 2) those who could not, for good musical reasons, separate what they were seeing from what they were hearing. To a degree, those in the latter category were penalized by the perhaps irrelevant consideration that neither John Lanchbery's conducting nor the solo singing of John Lankston or Inci Basarir came close to satisfying a minimal standard of fidelity to Mahler's score.

In purely visual terms, it did not strike me that MacMillan has really affiliated himself with the essence of Mahler's expression. At the outset Anthony Dowell is identified as a Messenger of Death, with Donald MacLeary as his predestined victim, and Georgina Parkinson as the one powerless to prevent the ultimate, sorrowful leave-taking. But the fifty-eight minutes in between are only occasionally related to the musical motivation. There is an ingenious pattern of action and interaction involving some of the company's best performers—Jennifer Penney, Ann Jenner, Vyvyan Lorrayne, Michael Coleman, Petrus Bosman, and David Drew—but it digresses as often as it complements.

MacMillan's greatest liability as well as his strongest asset is fluency. He is never at a loss to do something to keep his people moving, to spin out a web of action from a seemingly inexhaustible skein of idea. Too often, however, the new thrust, the fresh departure are none too surely connected to what has preceded. Taken together, it may be described as a beautiful spectacle for those with the good fortune—or lack of indoctrination—to isolate themselves from the consideration that *Das Lied von der Erde* is the most consummately "Mahler" of all his works.

Bernstein's performance of the Sixth Symphony was one of the most perceptive he has ever given, not only of Mahler but of anything in the orchestral literature. As has been remarked on other occasions, he has a kind of clairvoyance where Mahler is concerned; he is able to look beyond the notes to a perception of what the composer meant but did not fully realize. This takes in a brisker pace for the opening than is common, a highlighting of some episodes, a suppression of others, in a way that creates more internal relationship of idea than most conductors find in this least-played of Mahler symphonies. In the aggregate, however, it remains a work more indicative of things to come in Symphonies Nos. 7 and 8 than a fulfillment of artistic purpose of, and in, itself.

The opening moments of the program were given over to a piece dreamed up by Lukas Foss in response to a commission from the Association of Women's Committees for Symphony Orchestras. The descriptive phrase is literally fact, for Foss has said that the idea of reducing "torrents of Baroque sixteenth notes washed ashore by ocean waves, sucked in again, returning, *ad infinitum*" to an orchestral expression, came to him while asleep.

Whatever the merit of the idea, Foss made a mockery of taste or musical fitness in affiliating it with the familiar prelude to Bach's E-major Partita (for unaccompanied violin). What he does, in effect, is to derive strength from Bach's cascading invention, while indulging his vanity in subjecting it to any distortion, intrusion—eventually commotion—that occurs to him. An alleviating touch of humor is that Foss has titled his piece *Phorion*, defined as Greek for "stolen goods." The other orchestras which have agreed to perform the AWCSO commission should reject it on the usual grounds that trafficking in stolen goods makes one party to a swindle.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Art Lost in Analysis

WHEN I began taking courses in English literature—and, for that matter, when I began teaching such courses—it was customary for the instructor to spend much of his time in talking about the life of the writer under consideration, the social background of his life and work, and the writers by whom he might have been influenced. I still think these may be valid ways of approaching the work of a man or a period. If some professors went astray by paying more attention to Shelley's character than to his poems, there is nevertheless a significant relationship between the two. We know little about the events of Shakespeare's life, which may be a good thing; but what we know about the Elizabethan theater is relevant to our understanding of some of his plays, and though he towered above it he did belong to a particular period of English history.

The trouble was, of course, that the individual work of literature was often lost from sight. It was comparatively easy for a teacher to talk about Dr. Johnson and his circle, say, and he could go on almost indefinitely about the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution or the enlargement of the franchise. Moreover, most students liked this sort of thing: they filled their notebooks with facts, and in examinations the bright ones brought forth the facts as requested. "Discuss Wordsworth's attitude towards the French Revolution" was a cinch for any industrious student. But the same student groaned if he found on his examination paper: "Do you think that 'Tintern Abbey' is a good poem? Why or why not?"

Even in the Twenties there were beginnings of rebellion against the emphasis on biography and history in the teaching of literature, but in the turmoil of the Thirties the upsurge of Marxism encouraged a preoccupation with social background. By the end of the war, however, Marxist criticism was dead, and there was a vigorous demand for change. It was in 1941 that John Crowe Ransom published *The New Criticism*, which provided a name for what had developed. The New Criticism, which looked back to Caroline Spurgeon, T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, and various others, insisted that the literary work should be considered strictly as a thing by itself, without reference to the author's personality or to the age in which he lived. The New Critics moved in several different directions, but they agreed that what mattered was the individual poem or play or novel.

There is no doubt in my mind that on the whole the New Criticism has had a salutary effect on the teaching of literature. By always asking what a writer is trying to say, it helps the student to learn to read intelligently, and it opens his mind to literary virtues of which he may have been oblivious. It teaches him to concentrate on words, images, and symbols, the stuff out of which literature is made.

But this minute textual analysis has its disadvantages as a pedagogical method. When I was in high school and was impressed by Milton's "Lycidas," my teacher gave me John Ruskin's analysis of the poem, an early and excellent example of what the French call *explication du texte*. For a long time it spoiled "Lycidas" for me, making it all trees and no wood. Later, when I took George Lyman Kittredge's course in Shakespeare and spent three months in a word-by-word analysis of *Macbeth*, I was wise enough to know that in time I should be able to put the play back together again and enjoy it more than ever. Of course this proved to be true; but for a time I couldn't bear to read or even see the play. I recently heard of a teacher in a private preparatory school who devoted a whole year to an analysis of *Moby Dick*. I am sure that he spoiled the novel forever for most of his students, and he probably discouraged whatever interest in reading fiction they might have had.

But there is another and graver danger: in the hands of many teachers the New Criticism has become the New Pedantry. Just as in the old days it was easier to teach biography and history than to teach poetry or fiction, so now it is easier to teach images and symbols. The teacher says that in *The Red Badge of Courage* the red sun "pasted in the sky like a wafer" alludes to the Communion bread—an idea he borrowed from Robert Stallman—and the student dutifully writes it down. The teacher reports that Miss Lonelyhearts in Nathanael West's novel is a Christ symbol—which is probably true as far as it goes—and the student thinks he knows what *Miss Lonelyhearts* is all about.

I am not criticizing the analysis of imagery and symbols as such; I am not even attacking those critics whose ingenuity seems to me to outrun their judgment; what I am objecting to is a mechanical use of this particular tool in the classroom. Just as truly as the discussion of historical background, it becomes a way of avoiding the contemplation of literature itself.

The trouble, as William Arrowsmith pointed out in *Harper's Magazine* a year or so ago, goes back to the way the

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humanities are mishandled in the graduate schools. "For most of a century now," he writes, "academic humanists have been greedily domesticating and assimilating scientific procedures." As a result, they have "managed to interpose between us and the texts we study a barrier of knowledge more lush and impenetrable than our earlier ignorance." He is not attacking science or the scientific method, but he believes that there are crucial differences between the sciences and the humanities. "If humanists do not have the courage to speak out for the imagination and the humanistic intelligence (which means, among other things, making intelligent statements about value), then they are not humanists at all, but merely technicians of dead and living languages."

If I can judge from the scholarly books and articles I read, many teachers of literature have never discovered that reading a poem or short story or novel ought to be an experience, disturbing and at the same time richly satisfying. Though they pride themselves on being "deep" readers, they really don't know how to read and will never be able to teach anyone else.

As a remedy, Arrowsmith suggests that the colleges and graduate schools should make more use of the creative artist as an indispensable partner in the educational process. It's an idea: I have known four or five writers who taught literature courses without benefit of graduate degrees—one of them, indeed, without a B.A.—and they have all been far better than average teachers. At any rate Arrowsmith is right in saying that we've got to do something.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1240

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1240 will be found in the next issue.

G WGZ KP KŻ JIZIBGY QICCIB

AYIGPIR NTIZ TI TGP G JVVR

RKZZIB OAVZ TKP CGQYI CTGZ

NTIZ TKP NKSI CGYLP JBIIL.

—PGWOIY XVTZPVZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1239

There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.

—William Shakespeare.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Not So

Curt Leviant's perceptive review of *The Bridal Canopy*, by S. Y. Agnon [*SR*, Apr. 22], is marred by an inaccuracy. He writes that "each Jew is expected to know the biblical verse wherein the first letters of each word form the acrostic of his name." This is not quite so. The biblical verse which is assigned to each Hebrew name begins and ends with the same letters with which the name begins and ends. Thus, very early in life, I was taught the verse for my name, which is Zachariah. That verse, taken from Psalm 132:14, begins with the Hebrew equivalent for Z and ends with the Hebrew H.

Sidney Greenberg,
Rabbi,
Temple Sinai.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Shmuel Yosef Agnon better not bet that Edmund Wilson doesn't know Hebrew!

Paul Douglas,
Pastor,
The United Church of Christ.

Mineral City and Ruslin Hills, O.

Educated View

Bravo to the fine article "The Media Crisis in the Classroom," by Granville Hicks [*SR*, Apr. 15]. It was refreshing to read an educated view of literature for the high school students' consumption. May there be many more fine articles such as this.

Russell Meadows.

Garden Grove, Calif.

Realism a Point of View

I've been admiring Zena Sutherland's courageous and much needed support of honest, realistic literature for children [*SR*, Apr. 22] and assumed, apparently wrongly, that intelligent people with children's best interests at heart agreed with her. Perhaps such people do.

I wonder how much fiction for children, published in the last ten or fifteen years, Mr. Brown has read. I also wonder if he comprehends that realism is a point of view and does not have to mean sordidness, violence or whatever.

Martha C. Forstrom.

Detroit, Mich.

LSD Defenders

Nancy Wilson Ross's review of *The Private Sea* [*SR*, Apr. 22] strikes me as being a reasonably good criticism of a book that you and I might well consider worth reviewing. The thing that shakes me to the core is your childish placatory effort to redeem yourself from that which you too obviously think may be a move not wholly acceptable to your conservative audience. "LSD—A Medical Overview," by Dr. Donald B. Louria, is a sad bit in a literate if no longer wholly literary publication. Dr. Louria, being a Doctor of Medicine, may be excused for bad writing and illogical thinking. This does not excuse you for publishing bad writing and illogical thinking.

Still more appalling is the box in which *SR*'s science editor, John Lear, comments on both articles, obviously while sitting in the doctor's lap. He leaps with even more reckless abandon from dubious premise to overt abuse, showing a total lack of respect for the thinking subscriber.

Dale F. Harrah.

San Francisco, Calif.

Dr. Louria has drawn a number of extremely biased, highly questionable conclusions from the considerable body of research literature on LSD. However, I was particularly repelled by his advocacy of laws against the possession of the drug. When will those who are forever seeking to establish more and more classifications of criminals realize what they are doing?

Stan Sadava.

Boulder, Colo.

Borrowings Blurred

I must commend David Poling on the article "Powell in the Pulpit" [*SR*, Apr. 22]. But the quotations lose something in the translation.

Joseph A. D. Onofri.

Brighton, Mass.

Wilder Joy

At last! Thornton Wilder brings back the lost art of storytelling in *The Eighth Day* [*SR*, Apr. 1]. One reads every word. No skipping of paragraphs or pages. No sense of letdown or disillusionment at the end. Just eyesight-straining, page-turning, sandwich-eating, midnight-oil-burning *joy*.

After the drought, must we wait another twenty years for another such to appear?

A. Aarons.

Trenton, N.J.

LBJ Best Since Madison

Walter Johnson's account of *The Accidental President*, by Robert Sherrill [*SR*, Apr. 8], has persuaded me that this is an outrageous piece of libel, at least in title and quotes presented.

Lyndon Johnson has come closer to earning the Presidency than any other since Madison. He has worked closely with four other Presidents in many of the major crises of this critical century. For many of his thirty years in Washington he was the leader of his party in the Senate.

I consider the liberals-gone-sour who are attacking the President are damaging both their country and their cause.

Leslie Barber.

East Lansing, Mich.

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Limited Editions, Unlimited Prices

PAINTINGS are bought to be enjoyed, and sometimes the enjoyment comes from selling them for more than they cost. Price appreciation in a work by an artist whose reputation is growing is virtually taken for granted. Can a book's value be enhanced by the same method?

An Alphabestiary, a collection of twenty-six poems by SR's Poetry Editor John Ciardi, illustrated with signed original lithographs by Milton Heald, was recently issued by Touchstone Publishers, Ltd. The price? Three hundred and fifty dollars. We know a book collector who promptly bought three copies, one to keep and two to resell at a later date, hopefully at a higher figure.

Although books are never the one-of-a-kind that makes a print or painting valuable, they can achieve their own brand of rarity. To take the example of *An Alphabestiary*: only 100 copies were run off, and these are numbered. If there are 200 persons in the world who want the book, it will obviously increase in price. This reflects the economics of limited-edition publishing as it operates today. Mr. Edward Lazare, editor of the annual *American Book Prices Current*, bible of the antiquarian book trade, puts it this way. There are two classes of bibliophiles: 1) those who know and appreciate good books but don't have the money to buy them; 2) those who know and appreciate good books and do have the money. There are more of No. 2 around today than ever before, and prices are skyrocketing. Meanwhile the editions remain limited.

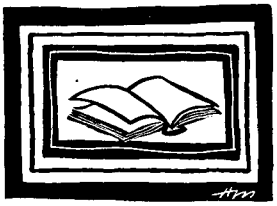
If $350 seems like a high figure—and it works out to $13.46 for each of Mr. Ciardi's poems, illustrated—it is really quite a modest sum as the business goes, or grows. A few years ago the Trois Anges Publishing Co. in New York brought out the Book of Exodus at $2,500 the volume. It wasn't, of course, the text that mattered, or even the fine printing, but the illustrations by Marc Chagall. Like a stock offering, almost the entire edition of this book was bought up by the "trade," including some art dealers, at least one of whom held the book off sale for a year in an effort to make it "scarce." The price rose to $3,700 at its high, and has now settled down to a comfortable $3,500.

Ben Shahn's Ecclesiastes, due from the Trianon Press (Paris and London) this summer, will consist of 200 numbered copies, each containing an original lithograph drawing signed by the artist. It will sell for $260 before publication, $300 after. If you want the deluxe model (two original lithographs instead of one, with a second set of illustrations from the book separately portfolioed, plus other extras), the price is $700. This edition will be limited to twenty-six copies numbered A to Z. In the meantime, there is a poor man's *Ecclesiastes* by Shahn, put out by another press in 1965, that can be had for $50.

The bibliophile has an even greater choice with Shahn's *Haggadah,* which came out last year. This arrived in four separate editions to suit almost every (big) collector's pocketbook. The principal edition of 228 copies was catalogued at $550. Three special editions of twenty copies each were priced at $800, $900, and $2,000. Interestingly, the "cheapest" of these three is the one generally available.

WE should point out that the presses themselves do not cynically limit production in order to create an artificial shortage. Yet the peculiarities of the business tend to produce this result. These are handicrafted books, expensive to manufacture, and publishers are careful not to overprint. Moreover, there is a physical limit on the number of copies that can be reproduced from the same set of color plates without deterioration of quality. And, finally, the market is beginning to outrun the ability of the small presses to met the demand for new titles. Book collectors are coming into the field who know little about books and nothing about collecting. "They'll pay the premium," one dealer said, "if they think they're getting something valuable. Of course, they complain at the prices—the rich always complain—but they do pay."

As a result, limited editions are not quite as limited as they used to be. George Braziller, one of the few American trade publishers to involve himself in the sale of fine editions, is arranging to import 1,200 facsimile copies of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, translated by William Caxton in 1480. This is a "new" book in the sense that the original manuscript had been divided, and the first two-thirds of it were only recently recovered from among the papers of a nineteenth-century bibliophile, Sir Thomas Phillipps. Published in collaboration with Magdalene College, Cambridge, this mammoth, two-volume, 960-page work has a projected price of $308.



Braziller thinks that the interest in medieval illuminated manuscripts is particularly strong, and he plans to publish the twelfth-century Lorsch Gospels, restored after centuries of dispersion among four different libraries and museums, in an edition of 1,000. This is a large printing, and there are some bookmen who consider Braziller a "spoiler" whose action will have a depressing effect on prices.

Facsimiles may be expensive, but they are bargains if you can't afford the original. William Blake's *America,* republished in 1963 at $95, could cost $15,000 to $20,000 if you were lucky enough to locate an early nineteenth-century first edition. Even facsimiles go out of print. *The Book of Kells,* with Codex, came out in an edition of 500 several years ago at $375. Virtually unobtainable today, it is worth about $2,400. These are dealer's prices, quoted by the small group of specialists who buy for libraries and private collectors. The best known of these is Philip C. Duschnes of New York City, who has graciously supplied us with much of the factual information for this report.

Originally a collector himself, Duschnes got into the rare-book business in 1931. An early purchase was an edition of *The Four Gospels,* published by the Golden Cockerel Press in England and remaindered by a man who has since distinguished himself as a trade publisher. Made to sell for $60, the books went to Duschnes for $10 a piece, and were resold at the time for less than $20. Copies of *The Four Gospels* have recently fetched as much as $500.

Does a fine edition ever lose its value? Seldom, assuming that it is well preserved. There are more book collectors, more libraries, more museums and, as we have noted, more money. The whole field is undergoing an agreeable inflation. Fine bookmaking is an expensive art that finds its market among those who buy an object not only for its beauty but because it is expensive, which may be the ultimate cachet. Limited editions presses are the lapidarists of the publishing world—they print, bind, and illustrate by hand, on handmade paper—yet it is a strangely arcane and unventilated world, in which the books remain under glass in libraries or in collector's locked cabinets. Not for reading, they are for owning, cherishing—and reselling.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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Nazi War Victims on Trial

***Treblinka,** by Jean-François Steiner, translated from the French by Helen Weaver (Simon & Schuster. 415 pp. $5.95), attempts to explain the Polish death camp in terms of a mystical interpretation of Jewish personality. Alexander Donat, a survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto and five concentration camps, is the author of "The Holocaust Kingdom."*

By ALEXANDER DONAT

THERE is an old Yiddish joke that goes: "Have you heard that Rabinovich made 100,000 rubles in furs?" "Yes, I have, but the story has a few minor inaccuracies: first of all, it was not Rabinovich at all but Levin; second, it was not 100,000 rubles but only 20,000; third, the transaction was in timber, not in furs; and lastly, the money was not made but lost." This perhaps typical unfunny joke is all too applicable to Jean-François Steiner's *Treblinka*, both in its factual accuracy and in its interpretive bias.

Jean-François Steiner, born near Paris in 1938, is the son of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother. His father, Kadmi Cohen, was deported during the war and died in a concentration camp. After the war Jean-François's mother married a Jewish physician, Ozias Steiner, who adopted the boy and raised him as a Jew. Like many other youngsters who knew little of the true history of the Holocaust, the boy was haunted into manhood by the question "Why did Jews let themselves be killed without resistance? Why did they go like sheep to slaughter?" Steiner turned to the literature of the Holocaust, interviewed survivors in France and in Israel (where he spent some time on a *kibbutz*), and in the process "discovered" Treblinka. There, seventy-five miles northeast of Warsaw, 700,000 – perhaps 800,000 – Jews were gassed and cremated.

Treblinka was also the scene of one of the most heroic acts of resistance against the Nazis. On August 2, 1943, the terrorized inmates rose in an armed revolt, set the death camp aflame, and escaped to the nearby forests. Of the thousand participating prisoners, only 600 managed to escape; a mere forty of those survived the war. One was Yankel Wiernik, a carpenter by trade, whose eyewitness testimony was printed by the underground during the war under the title *A Year in Treblinka*. It is a classic account of Jewish martyrdom and heroism.

Steiner chose Treblinka as a symbol, and his book is intended as "reportage," a *biographie romancée* of a revolt in a death camp. He pieced together the scanty documentation, interviewed some of the few survivors, and wrote his account. For this, and in deserving if belated recognition of the heroes of the Jewish resistance, *Treblinka* was awarded the French literary *Prix de la Résistance*.

But Steiner was trapped in the concentration camp of his own traumatic obsession: In bondage to his self-hatred and feeling of inferiority, he turned his book into a caricature of the reality that was Treblinka. In trying to prove a thesis he was entirely unprepared to cope with, and to explain the events at Treblinka in terms of a mystical interpretation of the Jewish personality and its historical context as if they were separate from general human traits or history at large, Steiner went far out of his depth. Alien to the world of the East European Jew, only superficially informed of the facts of Jewish life, Steiner reshaped events and personages to fit his thesis and his obsession. As one French-Jewish professor wrote: "The book no longer describes historical persons. It becomes a sort of theater of shadows where we see the reflection in the mind of a young Jew of 1966 of events which took place more than twenty years before, events he did not witness and which he interprets in terms of his own individual problems. This is less a document about concentration camps than a documentation of its author's psychology."

The first fifty-five pages of Treblinka are devoted to the history of the Vilna Ghetto, which Steiner elevates to the role of "pilot ghetto" in "pretreatment" of Jews. Yet not one Vilna Jew was sent to Treblinka, and not one fact supports the relevance of the Vilna Ghetto events to the meaning of Treblinka.

Treblinka was, indeed, a symbol; but it was only one link in the chain of Jewish resistance to Nazi terror and extermination. In addition to the Warsaw Ghetto rising, the most famous, there were resistance actions in Vilna, Bialystok, Minsk, Cracow, and virtually every other ghetto. There were revolts as well in the Sobibor and Auschwitz death camps. There were partisan groups in the forests of Lithuania, Byelorussia, and the Ukraine, not to mention Jews in all the Allied armies and the *maquis* and other underground organizations. And there were innumerable individual acts of resistance, most of them without witness or testimony and hence unsung.

The truth of Treblinka is simple and gripping. Out of the depths of human degradation the Jews, terrorized, starving, dying daily a thousand deaths, forsaken by both God and man, rebelled with incredible heroism and perseverance. Far from identifying himself with these victims of the Nazis, Steiner has only scorn and disparagement for them. In one of the passages deleted from the American edition—a point I shall take up shortly—Steiner wrote: "The people the Bible calls the 'people of priests' became

—Jerry Bauer.

Jean-François Steiner—charm.

PARIS.

The Author: Jean-François Steiner, the twenty-seven-year-old author of the percussive concentration camp novel *Treblinka*, is on first acquaintance a disconcerting personality, lively, insouciant to the verge of impertinence, with much of the harlequin charm of the French film star Jean-Pierre Cassel and none of the tortured mien readers of his book might expect. When told this he laughs and says, "Physically miscast for the part."

When *Treblinka* was published in France last year it quickly became a best-seller, but outraged readers who thought that it showed Jewish victims collaborating with their Nazi murderers by going to their deaths passively as sacrificial scapegoats. What *Treblinka* does reveal, it seems to me, is a dramatically mature understanding of the diabolical way in which the camps were so organized as to leave the prisoners no alternative but to be to a certain extent each others' executioners. (I say "dramatically mature" because Steiner was only a year old when the war broke out, yet his book is more profound than those

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of some who survived the camps.) Although he is Jewish and a devout student of the Talmud, he does not stress the Germans' guilt; Steiner is strongly but not morbidly interested in Germany.

His father was murdered in a concentration camp, but he himself has not, he says, been traumatically affected by the war, which he spent with his non-Jewish mother's family in comparative safety. It was preoccupation with history rather than with the martyrdom of his own people that drove Steiner into the monumental work of research that resulted in a nonfiction novel comparable with *In Cold Blood.*

The writers who have influenced him most are Céline, Hemingway (a revelation to him), Sartre, Balzac, Tolstoy, and Simone de Beauvoir, whom he considers morally "*une grande bonne femme.*" Unlike most of his generation, Steiner is not interested in the cinema, certainly not in the *Nouvelle Vague,* though he enjoys well-made American films. He is equally intransigent about the theater; *Marat-Sade* he enjoyed for the unusual reason that he thought it had "no message." Antagonistic to both the extreme Left and the extreme Right in politics, he quotes the Jewish prophetic saying "The day that everyone is capable of assuming his true identity there will be no more problems."

The author of the harrowing *Treblinka* is an extraordinarily well-adjusted young man, devoted to his mother and stepfather, his brother, who is a professor of English, and his sister, an actress, who played the part of Margot Frank in the late Marguerite Jamois's magnificent French production of *The Diary of Anne Frank.* His next work will be a novel about a French officer who decides not to resist the Germans in 1940 and is killed by a French soldier—which suggests that the war, after all, had a more traumatic effect on Steiner than he believes. —MONICA STERLING.

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a flock of animals bleating before the gas chamber doors and howling at the quarry. The diabolic machine defeated God's people."

For his lack of sympathy for Jews, Steiner compensates by a morbid fascination with their German murderers. Even Simone de Beauvoir—one of the book's supporters, who contributed the preface—remarked on a television panel that she was shocked by Steiner's *fascination par les bourreaux.* In Steiner's eyes, the Nazis are astute, farsighted, intelligent; like ingenious chess players they plan with unerring knowledge of the psychology of their human pawns: they pull the strings and the Jewish sheep behave predictably in the classic Pavlovian fashion.

There is something obscene in Steiner's treatment of the murderers whom he calls "Technicians." Who says these men had no human feelings? "The SS men would sit under the window, leaning against the walls of the barracks, lost in nostalgic dreams, they would listen, deeply moved, to the songs of death and hope that wafted into the glowing night." Steiner describes Treblinka's sadistic camp commandant, Kurt Franz, lovingly: "Tall, very blond, graceful and muscular, his round fallen-angel face gave him an aspect that was fascinating and disturbing at the same time."

The eyewitness account Wiernik gives of Franz is quite different. "He [Franz] was the vilest of them all. Human life meant nothing to him. To inflict death and untold torment was his supreme delight." That "fascinating" monster used to unleash his dog, Bari, urging him to bite and tear the flesh of the emaciated prisoners, calling, "Man, this dog doesn't want to work." But "Man" meant the dog, and "dog" meant the human prisoner.

A JEWISH child who had arrived in a convoy recognized his father among the camp inmates. Such scenes did happen, and no human pen can adequately treat their horror. Steiner deals with it by having the father let the boy go to the gas chamber, telling him that though he was busy he would see him later. "The child had gone away," Steiner writes. "The father bent down, gathered the pile of clothing, seemed to hesitate for a fraction of a second, then suddenly pulled in his head and left on the run. *The SS man thought about his son and told himself that the Jews were a strange kind of animal.*" (The italicized sentence was deleted from the English translation as part of the general cosmetic revision of the French original, on which I shall comment more fully.)

Where eyewitness Wiernik remembers that "Macabre notions were never lacking and when the German garrison suddenly felt the urge for diversion and amusement, since they had no other problems, they accordingly organized compulsory theatrical performances, concerts, dancing, etc." Steiner fails to recognize that these performances were coerced; instead, he sees the Jews enjoying them.

> Nearby their brothers are being buried, a few months earlier their parents were buried, while they chose [!] to live. They became accomplices to the extermination. Even the slightest shame would have made them keep quiet, the slightest humanity would call on them to mourn their dead incessantly. One would want them to cry, to mourn, to wail. . . . What did they do instead? They went to watch the boxing . . . to yell encouragement to their favorites and invectives at his adversary. [Page 272 of the French original, also deleted from the English edition.]

While the "technicians" were the master race, here is how Steiner describes their victims:

> . . . a completely undifferentiated subhumanity that has lost all notion of family, social life, time, and even of space. . . . They were told to run and they ran, to dance and they danced, sing and they sang. . . . They were incapable of performing slightly complicated actions. If they were ordered to march, they marched; but as soon as the order was complicated by a second action, their minds ceased to register. It was impossible, for example, to order them to a certain place, get a certain object and take it to another place. To get such a simple action performed it was necessary to give three orders: "Go there!" then "Pick that up!" then "Take it over there!" And even then it was necessary to point to the object and not merely to name it, for the prisoners were incapable of the slightest judgment.

How such a bunch of imbeciles was able to carry out a revolt requiring coordination, caution, and intelligence is again a mystery.

On page 374 we have another product of morbid masochistic imagination: "It was July; Treblinka was one year old. . . . Eight hundred thousand men, women, children and old people, sane and mad, beautiful and ugly, short and tall, had been exterminated. Their bodies were almost all burned. The curtain was falling on the next-to-the-last act of the drama. As in ancient tales, the *adversaries were fraternizing* before the showdown." (Italics mine.)

ONE more illustration. On page 373 Steiner makes one of the prisoners declare: "Some complain a little, but they are forgetting that every people must think first of itself. What Germans are doing is in the interest of Germany. Who can say that another people, our own even, placed in similar circumstances, would not have done the same?"

Steiner is a classic example of doublethink and double-standard mentality. He is not ashamed of the murderers who slaughtered six million Jews and six million non-Jews in extermination camps that are the visible proof of the ultimate bankruptcy of our Western ethical values—the very bottom of humanity's fall. But he is ashamed of the victims. Their helplessness he calls passivity; their succumbing to Nazi terror under unbelievable duress is "collaboration in self-destruction." Yet Steiner should know that such responses are neither specifically Jewish nor confined to Jews. Soviet prisoners-of-war, militant card-carrying Communists, the victims of Lidice, Oradour, or Malmedy, all went to their

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deaths "like sheep to the slaughter." And perhaps this is only *homo sapiens*'s natural way of meeting death by terror and extermination.

Resistance was not the rule in the Nazi reality for either Jew or Gentile; it was the rare exception, and the Jewish share in that exception was more than adequate. Steiner need not have been ashamed. As a Frenchman, was he ashamed to be part of a nation that after the liberation killed more than 100,000 Nazi collaborators? Is he ashamed of the 800 martyrs of Oradour-sur-Glan, burned alive in a church like "sheep"? And was he ashamed when the perpetrators of that crime got away with murder because so many of them turned out to be Alsatians (*i.e.*, Frenchmen) mobilized into the *Wehrmacht* and shooting and burning their fellow Frenchmen "under duress"?

The American edition of *Treblinka* underwent a thorough face-lifting operation. Full pages of drastic and irresponsible comment were deleted and many factual errors corrected; but numerous errors remain. To mention only a few: in the original "a convoy arrived from Mezritch near Smolensk." This was corrected in the American edition to "Mezritch near Bialystok." Mezritch was a town, famous for its Jewish bristle workers and brushmakers, in the Lublin district. Such a correction amounts to changing "Yonkers near Chicago" to "Yonkers near Washington, D.C."

Steiner writes: "At the beginning of the Warsaw ghetto . . . Meir had seen Ukrainian soldiers . . ." There were no Ukrainian soldiers in the Warsaw Ghetto until the big resettlement in July 1942. The author states that "eighty thousand Jews were left in the Warsaw ghetto" after the resettlement; but every student of the Holocaust knows the number to have been closer to fifty thousand.

Another item, which shows not only Steiner's curiously sympathetic attitude toward the Germans but also his profound ignorance of Jewish life and tradition, is most revealing. In the French version he writes: "There was another folk song, which they liked very much. It was a long complaint to the prophet Elie who forsook his people. The song asked: 'Elie, Elie, why hast thou forsaken us?' The nostalgic SS officers listened with emotion . . . long into the night . . . moved almost to compassion. . . ." How ill-informed an author and how inauthentic a Jew must a man be who doesn't even know the *Eli, Eli,* who doesn't even know that it means "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken us," and who also, and equally grievous and perhaps additionally revealing, does not know that those are the words attributed to Christ on the cross.

Part of the surgery performed on the American edition has changed the names of all living survivors. Thus, Dr. Marc Dvorjetsky, author of the well-known Vilna volume *Jerusalem of Lithuania,* has been renamed Dr. David Ginsberg; the Vilna resistance leader, Abba Kovner, has become Dan Azriel; Abraham Lindwasser is now Sholek Blumenthal. Ruszcka Korzack, a noted resistance member and author of *Flames in Ash,* lost both name and sex, and turned into David Rosen. This panicky mass-baptism has simple and pedestrian causes: the survivors Steiner interviewed were so outraged by his use of their stories for a work which so falsified the meaning of their experiences that they started a lawsuit against him.

Treblinka has stirred a lively controversy in France. The book's critics are led by David Rousset, himself an old concentration-camp inmate, whose *Les Jours de notre mort* and *l'Univers concentrationnaire* are landmarks of the literature. Of Steiner, Rousset wrote briefly and devastatingly in *Candide*: "He understood nothing of what the concentration-camp society was really like. He doesn't know the depth of the camps. And of the horror he knows only the theatrical side." The Gentile Rousset further accuses Steiner of being "either an anti-Semite or a Jewish racist."

And there is ample evidence in the book for Rousset's contentions. There is no room in Steiner's imaginary world for decent, brave Jews. If one of them does impress him, as the character called Djielo does, Steiner denies his Jewishness: "He [Djielo] was only waiting for the death of the last anti-Semite to stop being a Jew." Even those Jews who did revolt at Treblinka are neither forgiven nor rehabilitated by Steiner. "They are heroes beyond compare whom circumstances snatched from anonymity, but there is no essential difference between them and the mass of prisoners. Like the rest they allowed themselves to be led to the slaughter, like the rest they became accomplices of extermination."

Steiner describes the feelings of Adolf, a member of the resistance, on the eve of the revolt: "He, the little despicable Jew, the little ghetto Jew, the vermin, the subhuman was on his way to undermine the beautiful edifice of the tall officer, blond and handsome and black who considered himself God." (page 283 of the French original, also deleted from the American edition.)

This, then, is *Treblinka,* by Jean-François Steiner—but this is not the way Treblinka was. For at heart of the book is the canker of Steiner's self-hatred and inexperience, turning his literary looking glass into a distorting mirror.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

HAIRDOS

Would you recognize the literary and legendary characters in Column Two from the descriptions of their hairdos given by Catherine N. Lay of Newport, R.I.? If not, phone the beauty parlor on page 39.

Her long yellow hair proved to be her undoing when her lover wound it three times around her throat and strangled her. ( )	1. Belinda
The locks of this young bachelor were as curly as if they'd been in a press. ( )	2. Bess
Her serpentine coiffure was so repellent that the only remedy was decapitation. ( )	3. Helen
He wore his hair in seven locks, which he lost during an involuntary session with a lady barber. ( )	4. Lancelot
Her hairdo was spoiled when a practical joker cut off one of the two curls "which graceful hung behind." ( )	5. The Lorelei
Her lover praised her "hyacinth" hair. ( )	6. Medusa
Her hair was as fine as spun gold, but it was strong enough for a handsome prince to climb it to her tower. ( )	7. Porphyria
He sang "Tirra lirra" as he rode, and his coal-black curls were visible from underneath his helmet. ( )	8. Rapunzel
The sight of this maiden combing her golden hair was fatal to many a boatman. ( )	9. Samson
She plaited a dark red love-knot into her long black hair. ( )	10. The Squire

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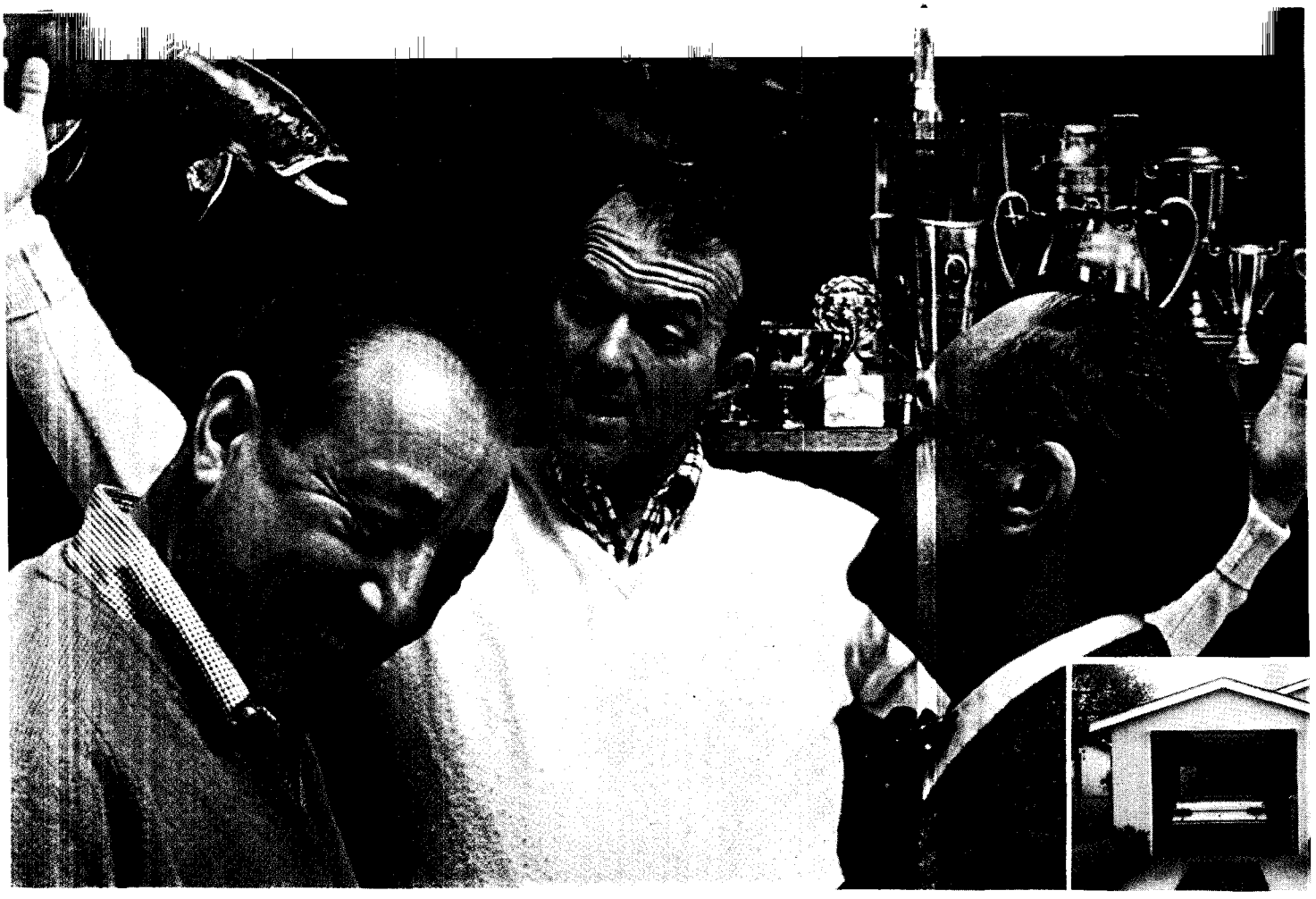

Charlie Smathers drove 250 miles on his vacation. (*His car was never out of the garage.*)

When you want trout, you go where the trout hang out. And no scheduled airline can take you right to the edge of that remote mountain stream.

But Charlie untangled that snag. He simply asked his Travel Agent to handle the whole trip.

First they put him aboard a big United Jet (charged the ticket on his United Personal Travel Credit Card). Then he polished off a six-course sirloin steak lunch. He took a short nap.

When he awoke at his destination, there was the rent-a-car his Travel Agent had reserved for him (charged that, too). Charlie just piled his gear in the car and headed for that stream.

Now he's home, proud as punch, after discovering a new part of America... without backing his own car out of the garage. All thanks to the airline which flies to more of America, more often, with more jets, than any other.

Charlie loves to brag about United. Between fish stories, that is.

fly the friendly skies of United.

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Does he really hear a different drummer or is he just missing out because he can't keep up?

What do you do when your child becomes a sideliner?

Do you make excuses? "Well, not every boy is cut out for sports." That's true, of course, but is that really the problem? Perhaps your youngster, like this one, is missing out on the games and fun because he's missing out at meals.

Active youngsters are big energy burners and need the vitality boost they get from well-planned meals balanced with plenty of milk and other dairy foods. Adults, too, need milk's vitality. So don't let summer's flood of activities play havoc with your family's eating habits.

Make sure you're giving your family all the nourishment they need by planning each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups. Get a *free* copy of "Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun," which describes the Basic Four Food Groups and explains how to use them to create more nutritious meals.

Write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

A "Milk A La Mode" promotion, sponsored by the American Dairy Association, will appear in supermarkets all summer long. Its purpose is to show children and teenagers exciting new ways to cool off with milk on hot summer days. Tasty milk drinks made with fruits, juices, syrups and ice cream provide them with the vitality they need to stay with the fun. Look for "Milk A La Mode" ideas at food stores near you or ask your dairy routeman.

a message from dairy farmer members of **american dairy association**

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A Fixed Resolve Not to Quit

The Anatomy of Courage, *by Lord Moran (Houghton Mifflin. 202 pp. $4.95), adds to the first edition of the book, published shortly after the Armistice of 1918, what the author learned concerning men suffering battle stress during the Second World War. Dr. Francis J. Braceland, Rear Admiral (Ret.) USNR, now editor of the American Journal of Psychiatry, was Chief of Navy Psychiatry in World War II.*

By FRANCIS J. BRACELAND

"IN THOSE early days of the first German War," Lord Moran observes, "we, the Company officers and I, did not bother about men's minds, we did what we could for their bodies. We did not ask whether a man was wearing well or if he would last. Of course he would last, why shouldn't he?" After a few tragedies, Moran was not so certain, and this volume is a compilation of his thoughts on the reactions of men under stress and upon courage, fear, and cowardice and how courage is dissipated on the battlefield.

Later the distinguished author became Sir Winston Churchill's personal physician, and the book in which he discussed his famous patient's illness brought down the wrath of his medical colleagues upon him, for they felt he had violated the code of professional secrecy. He will get into no trouble over *The Anatomy of Courage*, for it is a fascinating description of his vigil as medical officer of a battalion of Royal Fusiliers in France from 1914 to 1917, to which in this second edition of the book he has added what he learned from World War II RAF pilots.

Lord Moran's purpose first is to determine how courage is born and then how fear is engendered. "Courage is a moral quality; . . . it is a cold choice between two alternatives, the fixed resolve not to quit . . ." "Fear is the response of the instinct of self-preservation to danger . . . but even when morbid it is not cowardice." Cowardice "is a label we reserve for something that a man does. What passes through his mind is his own affair."

The section entitled "The Care and Management of Fear" consists of observations on the prevention of emotional crack-up and is concerned with the selection of men, the support of numbers, the necessity for discipline, and the importance of leadership in military life. What Lord Moran said fifty years ago is valid today. Had we paid more attention to what was learned about men's emotions under stress in World War I, we might have handled our Second World War casualties more intelligently. Instead, the reports were carefully entombed and reposed on library shelves in Volume X of the Surgeon General's Reports.

This book, remarks Moran, is one of changing moods. Fresh from personal loss, he writes as though he were a pacifist. Again, he sees war as the supreme test of manhood. But sometimes it is ridiculous, as at the Christmas truce, when men stopped shooting and fraternized with one another. Our troops in Vietnam were not that fortunate in their lunar New Year effort.

THERE apparently even was a "credibility gap" in the English forces when in the winter of 1916-17 "the garbled accounts of the correspondents in France had done incalculable harm. Men, knowing the facts, rose up against that fancy literature. 'You can't believe a thing you read,' they said." This sounds vaguely familiar.

Throughout the work many poignant comments are made. A German soldier wrote of the Somme battle: "The best soldiers, the stoutest-hearted men were lost; their numbers were replaceable, their spiritual worth never could be." The British forces were no better off. "Most of those who were meant by nature to lead men had been struck down by two years of war."

Lord Moran is in favor of eliminating the unstable soldier early, by selection, for the misfits of all wars are pushed from unit to unit, "as in some card games we hurry to pass on the joker the moment we find it in our hand."

He has some sharp things to say about shell shock, for he thought the term gave fear a respectable name. No happier about gas casualties, he said, "This army of gassed men, more than a hundred thousand strong, with their disorders of the mind, was at the bottom an expression of trench fatigue. These vapours had set them free from the bondage of the line, for which they were not designed by nature. . . . The doctors behind the line had missed the true meaning of this glut of gassed men; their failure weakened the purpose of the army in France."

The author noted — and time has proved him correct — that once shell-shocked or gassed men were sent away from their units and got into a base hospital their careers as soldiers were over. This was true also in World War II. It was not until the Korean espisode that psychiatric casualties were treated near the front, and thus fewer men were lost to the service.

Fortunately, in Vietnam there is a paucity of psychiatric casualties. The men are treated immediately at the front, they know the date when they will return home, they are well trained, and they gather strength from their numbers, leadership, and equipment. With his native psychological insight Lord Moran foresaw the necessity for much of this, and in *The Anatomy of Courage* he wrote about it vividly, with an aptness of phrase that savors of a nearness to Winston Churchill.

—*Afdeling Fotografie Nasionale Koerante, Bpk.*

Lord Moran and Lady Moran—"a cold choice between two alternatives."

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They Tried to Topple the Tsar

The Fortress, *by Robert Payne (Simon & Schuster. 448 pp. $7.95), tells the story of the great Russian revolutionaries from the Decembrist uprising in 1825 to the Revolution of 1917. Max Nomad, once active in the revolutionary underground of Western and Eastern Europe, wrote "Rebels and Renegades" and "Dreamers, Dynamiters, and Demagogues."*

By MAX NOMAD

THE RECORDING of historical events lends itself to a variety of techniques. The easiest and simplest of them is reporting the sensational details without referring to the class or group interests and without analyzing the motives propelling the leading personalities, or interpreting the ideas professed or the slogans launched by them. If the author using this technique is a gifted journalist, he will produce a book that appeals to a wide circle of readers.

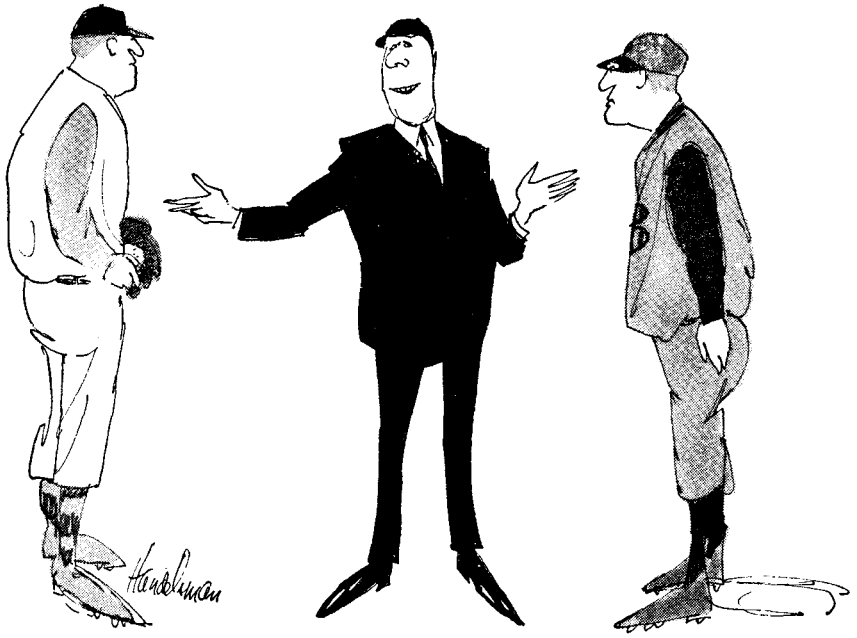
A book of this kind is Robert Payne's *The Fortress.* It deals with the history of Russia's revolutionary movements from the military insurrection of December 1825 to the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in November 1917. It is well written and contains an enormous wealth of interesting information. Yet it seems that the author chose to abide by the advice given a young writer by a popular French playwright: "Never depart from superficiality." The very first chapter confirms this suspicion.

The title of the book refers to the Peter and Paul Fortress in St. Petersburg (now renamed Leningrad), which from 1713 until 1918 was the capital of Russia. Since its construction in the early years of the eighteenth century the Fortress (which the Bolsheviks converted into a museum) served as a place of detention for those dissenters and rebels whom the régime considered particularly dangerous. Ironically, one of the first prisoners held in that dreadful place was the son and presumptive successor of Peter the Great, the founder of St. Petersburg and of the Fortress adorning it. Aleksei—this was the name of the hapless prince—was a rebel of sorts and conspired to have his father dethroned. The book is full of the most gruesome details about the doomed prisoner's ordeal and the bestiality of his father, who had him tortured to death.

Yet one would look here in vain for the essential aspect of Aleksei's revolt. For it was not simply the case of a young man in a hurry and of a few malcontent aristocrats who supported him. Every serious historian knows that the tsarevitch was under the spiritual influence of the Orthodox Church hierarchy, which hated the tsar because of his, for that time, ultra-modern, ultra-"progressive," Western-inspired reforms. These reforms aimed at weakening the power of the Church and at curtailing the independence of the feudal lords—thus strengthening the foundations of the Empire and consolidating the absolute power of the tsar. There is no hint about this in Mr. Payne's book.

The next following chapter, entitled "The Decembrists," is a brilliant piece of historical reportage. It deals with the abortive military insurrection directed against the succession of Nicholas (later Nicholas I) to the throne of his childless brother, Alexander I. The revolt, which occurred on December 14, 1825, was ineptly staged by a number of liberal army officers, all belonging to the highest aristocracy. The reader is moved to the quick by the tragic fate of their leaders, five of whom were hanged. Yet for all his lavish details, the author fails to present the widely divergent ideas of the initiators of the movement that preceded the uprising. They were all for the abolition of serfdom; but some favored a constitutional monarchy with the vote restricted to the wealthy, while others, such as Paul Pestel, their outstanding personality, advocated a republic with eventual universal suffrage but with a military dictatorship during the transition period. It is understood that, aside from the progressive ideas of an enlightened élite, the driving motive behind the uprising was the realization that the country needed a thorough reorganization on the British or American model if it was to survive as a great power in the no longer feudal post-Napoleonic world. Was Mr. Payne afraid that the presentation of these aspects of the uprising might bore his readers?

Following the Decembrists, the next prominent victims of the Fortress were the members of what is called the Petrashevsky circle. This was a group of intellectuals that included the novelist Dostoevsky. In 1849 they were meeting in the apartment of Mikhail Petrashevsky, a clerk in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who was interested in the ideas of the French Socialist writer Charles Fourier. The members of the Petrashevsky circle had no revolutionary plans, even though at heart they were all enemies of the régime; but to the tsar these sentiments alone were tantamount to a capital crime. For he knew that they were shared by many educated members of the middle class, who were stirring under the impact of the events of 1848. As a result twenty men, including Dostoevsky, were condemned to death. After being subjected to an elaborate ceremony preparatory to execution, they were all "pardoned" at the very last



"Please see my predicament. Whichever way I decide, one of you is bound to take exception."

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moment and their sentences commuted to penal servitude in Siberia. Petrashevsky, an eccentric but a man of character and strong convictions, died in Siberia in 1866, his hatred of tsarist tyranny unabated to the last; while Dostoevsky, his fellow-"conspirator," as it were, was to become one of the most abject apologists for the tsarist system. Mr. Payne tactfully prefers not to mention this blot on the escutcheon of one of the world's greatest writers.

Mr. Payne deals mercilessly with two of the most famous victims of the Fortress: Mikhail Bakunin and Sergey Nechayev. Bakunin achieved lasting fame as the founder of the now extinct anarchist movement, even though his anarchism was not exactly the simon-pure article; while his wayward disciple Nechayev, the super-Machiavellian "tiger cub" who would shrink from absolutely nothing, was to attain an unenviable immortality as the younger Verkhovensky in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed.*

To be sure, Bakunin was a man of appalling contradictions and other failings. But, for all that, he was one of the greatest revolutionary heroes of the last century. It is generally believed that Richard Wagner, who knew Bakunin personally, had him in mind when he composed his *Siegfried.* Yet Mr. Payne presents him chiefly at his lowest by quoting extensively from his *Confession,* which he wrote under incredible duress in the Peter and Paul Fortress. Mr. Payne is obviously not at all interested in Bakunin's views, which in many respects proved prophetic, as when he predicted that Marx's "dictatorship of the proletariat" would in reality be a dictatorship of office-holders and engineers. The author is more interested in the fact that Bakunin was a "sponger"—forgetting that at the time many active revolutionists (including Marx) had to live off the bounty of their friends, and that there was nothing dishonorable about it.

On the other hand, Mr. Payne to a certain extent defends Bakunin's reputation by giving Nechayev all the undeserved "credit" for the authorship of the famous—or rather infamous—*Catechism of the Revolutionary.* For it is now definitely established that it was Bakunin who wrote that horrible document, apparently in a mood of super-Machiavellian, ultrarevolutionary excitement. Mr. Payne hints that there may have been a Verlaine-Rimbaud relationship (he does not use that expression) between the old hero and the "tiger cub." He apparently culled that "information" from E. H. Carr's gossipy *Romantic Exiles,* unaware that the author subsequently retracted the insinuation.

It is odd that, while devoting more

(*Continued on page* 62)

Kingcraft in the Middle Ages

Seven Medieval Kings, *by Joseph Dahmus (Doubleday. 332 pp. $5.95), contains short biographies of able and interesting men who profoundly influenced their times. Orville Prescott was formerly book critic for The New York Times.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

GIBBON's celebrated definition of history as "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind" is much too limited to apply to many kinds of history being written today. Nevertheless, I was reminded of it when reading *Seven Medieval Kings,* by Joseph Dahmus. This learned and enlightening book discusses a lot of matters not covered by Gibbon's disillusioned aphorism; but its pages are so full of slaughter, destruction, ferocity, and fanaticism that it does inspire a mood similar to his.

Presumably this was not Mr. Dahmus's intention. A professor of medieval history at Pennsylvania State University, he has chosen to write a survey of the nature and use of royal power during the Middle Ages in terms of the reigns of seven kings who lived from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries. All are greatly celebrated. One, however, seems an intruder: he is Harun al-Rashid, fifth caliph of the Abbassid dynasty in Baghdad. In time he is eligible for inclusion; but the word "medieval" is nearly always used in a geographical sense also and refers to Europe.

The other monarchs present are Justinian, the Eastern Roman emperor who built Santa Sophia, codified the laws, and waged a series of interminable wars; Charlemagne, conqueror, religious leader and reformer, and first Holy Roman emperor; Frederick II, "the wonder of the world," the most brilliant, learned, versatile, and enigmatic of monarchs, and one of the most cruel and tyrannical; Henry II, "England's greatest king"; Louis IX, who was a good man and a saint, and Louis XI, who was cruel, treacherous, vindictive, and devout in a naïvely superstitious way.

In writing about these men Mr. Dahmus has quoted copiously from contemporary chroniclers, has told many good stories, and has crowded his pages with masses of interesting information. He is particularly good at explaining complicated political, economic, social, and religious matters briefly. So *Seven Medieval Kings* must be considered a thoroughly sound and capable work. But it is not a "popular" history, and readers who might mistake it for one will find it heavy going.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Louis XI—"vindictive."

This is chiefly caused by an oscillation in Mr. Dahmus's method of writing. At his best he is bright, lively, and full of surprises. At his worst he sinks into laborious, textbook exposition. And his prose itself alternates between the pleasantly crisp and the awkward and clumsy. Some sentences seem almost like literal translations from German or Latin: "Possession of the kingdom he came no closer to achieving."

Seven Medieval Kings can be read as an introduction to the Middle Ages, as a book about kingship itself, and as a collection of short biographies of seven able and interesting men who profoundly influenced the history of their times and who themselves expressed typical attitudes of those times.

One useless map is included. Several good maps are badly needed.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7 (Browning: *Porphyria's Lover*), 10 (*Canterbury Tales*), 6, 9, 1 (Pope: *Rape of the Lock*), 3 (Poe: *To Helen*), 8 (Grimm), 4 (Tennyson: *Lady of Shalott*), 5 (Heine), 2 (Noyes: *Highwayman*).

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Dona and Water Madonna

Mother and Son: A Brazilian Tale, *by Gilberto Freyre, translated from the Portuguese by Barbara Shelby (Knopf. 233 pp. $4.95), concerns an aristocratic, devoutly religious widow, a frail boy destined for the priesthood, and other inhabitants of their provincial world. William L. Grossman is a member of the faculty of New York University.*

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

THIS little book is a literary curiosity. Gilberto Freyre, the eminent Brazilian sociologist whose *The Masters and the Slaves* and other works influenced much of his country's best modern fiction, here turns fictionist himself. He calls his product a semi-novel, and the term is apt, for the plot serves as little more than a frame for an affectionate picture of his people and their warm, provincial world.

The principal characters are Dona Sinhá, an aristocratic, devoutly religious lady of the old Brazil; her coddled, effeminate son, José Maria, who is destined for the priesthood; her brother, a hearty man who tries in vain to give the boy's life a more worldly direction, and a young half-French Brazilian who transfers his affection from son to mother. They are memorable probably because —being part of the Brazilian Northeast, which the author knows and loves—he obviously feels close to them all. By the sheer depth of his sympathy he gives life to them and their environment.

Freyre immerses us in the manners and conflicts of late nineteenth-century Brazil. As in some of his sociological works, he provides an almost palpable reality through a wealth of detail and observation, ranging here from the daily removal of chiggers from the children's feet to the significance, practical and mystical, of water. So that we may know for sure when he is shifting from fiction, however realistic, to fact, he italicizes the historically authentic passages. Among these the ones about the contention between Catholicism and Freemasonry are especially absorbing.

The craftsmanship leaves something to be desired, particularly the repetitiousness; but the flaws are minor compared to the feeling the book gives of intimacy with the period. One senses, for example, a sort of polymorphous sexuality that permeates the emotional life of the time. Still more pervasive, and not always wholly distinct from the sexual element, is religious sentiment and the influence of the clergy, who are both respected and criticized. The cult of virginity is explicit and implicit; but here, as almost everywhere, the presence of the Negro is felt: "In Iemanjá, the Mother of Waters, Dona Sinhá recognized a rival . . . to herself and even to the Virgin."

Also characteristic are the conflicting attitudes toward the French and other Europeans. Many Brazilian families read, or at least subscribed to, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Dona Sinhá was educated by French nuns and writes a French hand. But her brother hates everything foreign, especially the European clergy in Brazil, whose corruption he contrasts with the courage and purity of the martyred Brazilian bishop Dom Vital. The great statesman Joaquim Nabuco, who enters as a minor character, is called a "bloody Englishman" when he shakes hands with un-Brazilian vigor. And some Northeasterners have the curious notion, ostensibly based on experience, that Frenchmen's feces smell much worse than Brazilians'.

There is a special charm in this book, in its combination of the earthy and the spiritual, of warmth and intellectuality. Everyone interested in its subject owes a debt to Alfred Knopf, who once again has manifested a high sense of responsibility in bringing to American readers a work which, although doubtless a poor commercial gamble, will enrich their understanding of a fascinating civilization.

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September War in '39

The Thousand Hour Day, *by W. S. Kuniczak (Dial. 628 pp. $7.95), a novel of Poland during the Nazi invasion, depicts war at the fighting level. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, wrote the recently published "Twentieth-Century German Literature."*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE EXTENDED "day" of this book's title refers to the "September War" of 1939, when Hitler's forces smashed Poland in four horrible weeks while most of the world looked on helplessly. As the novel shows, the Poles didn't have time to mobilize fully, but they fought the invaders with a fierce stubbornness.

The book is panoramic, with a gallery of characters. Unfortunately, the blurb writer couldn't resist the word "Tolstoyan," which places a heavy burden on W. S. Kuniczak, a new writer who as a child of nine escaped from Poland to the West during the *Blitzkrieg*. He is only partly Tolstoyan in his pictures of army life; but he is far more graphically realistic in his combat scenes than Tolstoy ever was. Kuniczak more closely resembles the recent German novelist Theodor Plievier, author of *Stalingrad*, *Moscow*, and *Berlin*. There is a distinct echo of the ending of Plievier's *Stalingrad* at the close of Kuniczak's book, when the general and the corporal walk away together from defeat on virtually equal terms.

The general, Janusz Prus, who in an earlier conflict had lost his left arm, is the central character in *The Thousand Hour Day*. Several of his relatives appear in the story, as well as his mistress; but it is not a family novel. There are also some peasant soldiers, an American war correspondent, and a few Nazis. The story as it swings back and forth among them usually sustains its in-

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—Christian Von Plessen.

W. S. Kuniczak—"graphically realistic."

terest. The few flat scenes are more than overbalanced by compelling episodes. An un-Tolstoyan brutality dominates the action: the battle pieces are all too hideously convincing. One of the novel's characters presented in a rather sympathetic light is the simple-minded young trooper, Antos Mocny, who commits murders (not just battlefield killing of the enemy) without seeming to know quite what he is doing.

General Prus is somewhat of a humanist besides being a stern man of duty. But regrettably for the story, which leans so heavily on him, he is not always believable. He can be impossibly sententious, as when he delivers a moral lecture, full of schoolmasterish clichés, to a nephew who has just had a leg amputated. Again, Prus philosophizes to a ragged band of officers in burning Warsaw: "There will be people who will blame specific men and particular events for starting the war. They'll say it was the animal greed of the Germans or the incapacity of the English or, for that matter, that it was part of an international conspiracy of bankers"—and so on and on throughout the bombardment.

Fortunately *The Thousand Hour Day* contains much that helps overcome rhetoric like this, which other characters besides the general are capable of, too. There are the vivid battle scenes and, squeezed among them, a love affair between the general's mistress and the American correspondent in besieged Warsaw. We also see a good deal of the countryside, with its peasants and hunters and wandering armies. W. S. Kuniczak knows war, if not from his childhood memories, certainly as a former American foot soldier in Korea. He knows war at the fighting level, and writes of it forcibly.

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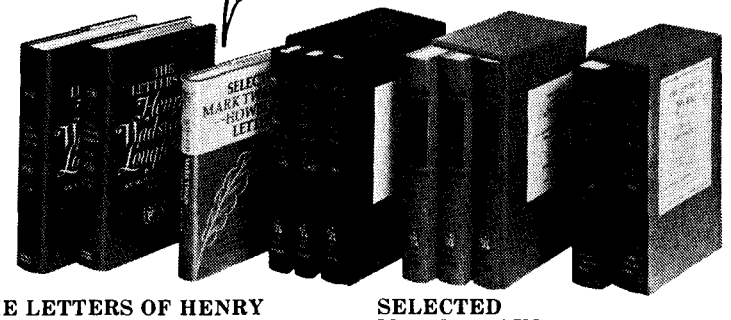

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On the Dole Without Doldrums

Diary of an Old Man, *by Chaim Bermant (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 191 pp. $3.95), is an octogenarian's account of an ordinary month in an average London winter. Books by Nicholas Samstag include "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

"THE MORE time we have,/The less time we have,/And the less time we have,/The more . . ." That quatrain might well have been the epigraph of this book. It also seems to be a bafflingly true statement once we get the two sets of time straightened out. The young (or, rather, the non-old), with much of their lives ahead of them, race around at their work or play as if their time is very little and getting less; while the old, with so little time left, have an astonishing patience and try to prolong everything not actually unpleasant as if they are drawing on a private supply of infinity. The fact that the patience of the old is a benign condition and imminently curable makes it both a comfort and a terror to contemplate.

Their problem, of course, is to make the time pass as easily as possible until they die—which, expressed perhaps too bluntly, is the problem of us all at any age. That this is their chief preoccupation is made clear, without sentimentality but with great skill and a wry precision, by Chaim Bermant in *The Diary of an Old Man,* which covers an ordinary month in an average London winter. ("It was never as cold then as it is now," he has the octogenarian diarist say to his octogenarian chum.)

Because they are both on relief and must pay for the fuel they burn in their rented rooms in their freezing, cold-water flats, Cyril and his friend, George, spend all the time possible at the public library, reading newspapers, trade papers, directories, anything they haven't read before that is not too elevated for their very moderate educations. At home they doze most of their hours away listening to the wireless ("I don't know if I would be able to tell day from night if it wasn't for the wireless"), and on Sundays, when the air is all mucked up with sermons and such, the men do their darning or straighten their rooms or cook something special on their gas-rings or "read all the *Daily Workers* that have piled up."

There is also the interminable problem and ineffable solace of the w.c., which is always occupied while someone's bladder is bursting outside because someone inside is using the place as a retreat. ("A funny thing about the toilet . . . is that it's a sort of sanctuary against pain. No matter how bad I've been, I've always felt better after a spell on the seat.")

The diary opens: "They buried old Harry this morning." It closes with "The rain came down heavily and rapped on the roof like machine-gun fire," after having created a sandwich of cold funeral meats that may not be to every reader's taste. Old Harry was a friend of the two cronies, one of whom, George, drops dead of sheer joy and overexertion on the first balmy day when they can return to their beloved park. Meanwhile a young East Indian boarder at Cyril's house is almost burned to death in a fire started by Cyril's paraffin stove, and the aging but still randy landlady (a dedicated Commie) has her head smashed by a fancy man who makes her think he pants for her favors when all he wants is her rent receipts. After that, things get no more cheerful. But let me quote the narrator's own summary, three pages before he closes his diary:

> I put on my coat and went for a walk down the road to where I had lived before . . . Two or three weeks ago this had been the happiest house in the street with the black fellow busy upstairs . . . and Mrs. M. cackling away downstairs, and me in the middle . . . Now the black fellow was gone, and I was gone, and poor Mrs. M. had had her head bashed in—which was even worse than dying. Dying, at least, is respectable. I looked at the house now, big, black, sad, and empty. It was exactly how I felt.

Exactly. Me, too. Why, then, is this a little masterpiece?

Because Mr. Bermant has written here a superb fantasy disguised as a realistic novel. Into his dreary tapestry he has managed to work threads of gold, crimson, and lettuce green, expressing gallantry, gusto, gaiety, and a human goodness that I wish I believed in. For a little while, experiencing that suspension of disbelief which only the most artful of fantasists can create, I was convinced that all those heartening things really could accompany extreme old age. I expect you'll believe it briefly, too—unless you're too old.

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Tar in Guam

The Sons of Martha and Other Stories, *by Richard McKenna (Harper & Row. 221 pp. $4.95), contains sections of an uncompleted novel as well as shorter works by the late author of "The Sand Pebbles." William Peden, a member of the English Department at the University of Missouri, is the author of "The American Short Story."*

By WILLIAM PEDEN

WHEN Richard McKenna died of a heart attack in November 1964, he had been working for almost two years on a semiautobiographical novel, *The Sons of Martha.* It was to center around the experiences of a young sailor aboard the *Stella Maris,* an unarmed Navy station ship based on Guam during the early 1930s. Three long sections from this work, three short stories, and an autobiographical essay constitute the present volume.

As admirers of his first novel, *The Sand Pebbles,* know, McKenna writes knowledgeably and effectively about ships and their men, having had twenty-two years of Navy service, mostly in the engine rooms and refrigerating plants of vessels in the Pacific and Orient. The "Sons of Martha" sequences—depicting Reed Kinburn's ordeal in the fireroom of the *Stella Maris* (a savage initiation which he passes with flying colors), his experiences in a Yokohama brothel, and the blowing up of the ship's ice plant—are graphic and moving.

A dedicated writer with a reporter's eye for concrete details and an anthropologist's concern for varied peoples and their cultures, McKenna learned his craft comparatively late in life by almost literally chaining himself to a lonely desk for eight to ten hours a day. He once said that his goal was to combine literary excellence and popular appeal without sacrifice to either. He achieved this in *The Sand Pebbles* and in these sections from *The Sons of Martha.*

But, although he began as a short story writer (several of his early stories were later incorporated into *The Sand Pebbles*) and studied the work of the masters, including Hemingway, just as a football coach studies his opponent's plays and patterns, McKenna was by nature a novelist. The compression, the subtleties, the nuances of the short story eluded him. The examples included here—one set aboard a gunboat on the Yangtze shortly before Pearl Harbor; another about shipboard conflicts involving an elderly warrant officer, his shipmates, and a lady anthropologist; a very early account of romantic-violent-melodramatic experiences in Guam—are too long for what they accomplish, too leisurely in method, too encumbered with detail.

M. S. Wyeth, Jr., McKenna's Harper editor and friend, has written brief, informative, and understanding introductory comments to these pieces. Also included is a revealing essay by McKenna, "Journey with a Little Man," describing his dedicated, painful apprenticeship as writer and human being. This is a gem which any author, beginner or professional, would do well to read, ponder, and appreciate.

The Coyote Invasion: Ben Lucien Burman has come up again with a mordant fable in which our contemporary stupidities are dramatically and narratively identified. In *Blow a Wild Bugle for Catfish Bend* (Taplinger, $3.75) Doc Raccoon goes off to save the marsh animals of lower Louisiana from an invasion of coyotes, snakes, and wild horses from the West.

Burman readers of old will renew acquaintance with several familiar friends—Judge Black, the gentle, Polonius-like blacksnake with the ready aphorism; J.C., the tricky fox who deceives himself as readily as others; the silly rabbit; the gloomy frog—and some sharply etched new faces, notably skinny Mata, the lady coyote leader, whose eyes were "green with red flashes shining in back, like they were green glass somebody was trying to set on fire."

—From "Blow a Wild Bugle for Catfish Bend."

Her husband is "nothing but heavy muscle and bone, with sort of dull eyes and droopy mouth."

Although the bookjacket calls the satire "genial," one always wonders with Burman. Doc Raccoon prevails against great forces of evil, but does so by shrewdly utilizing the self-interest of various species. The ants are told that the invaders include anteaters; the hogs

(*Continued on page* 61)

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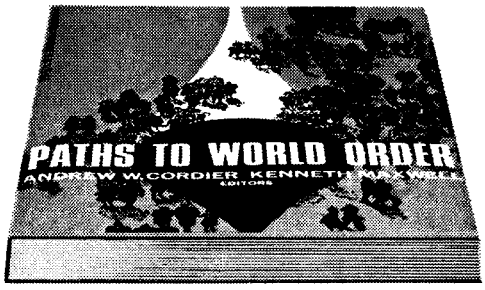

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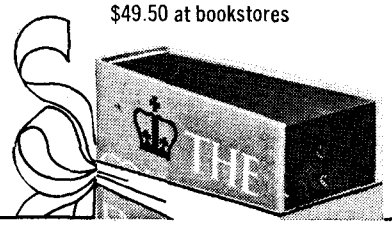

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Maze of the Unreal and Real

*A **Personal Anthology**, by Jorge Luis Borges, edited by Anthony Kerrigan (Grove. 210 pp. $5), shows the facets of the Argentine writer's work that he himself prefers. Robert G. Mead, Jr., former editor of Hispania, teaches Spanish American literature at the University of Connecticut.*

By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

COMPOSED of twenty-eight prose pieces (stories, essays, parables) and twenty poems, this self-chosen selection of Jorge Luis Borges, first published in Buenos Aires in 1961, has been translated admirably into English, principally by Anthony Kerrigan and Alastair Reid. It is an important work, by far the best yet available to the reader with no Spanish who seeks a representative sampling of the great Argentine writer. It should become the standard introduction to Borges in England and the United States.

The noted Chilean poet Pablo Neruda and Borges are currently the best-known Spanish-language authors in the English-speaking world. A substantial amount of their work has recently become available in English; our critics are beginning to notice them more than spasmodically. Both have been proposed for the Nobel Prize in Literature, and one may yet win the award. All of this is heartening, to be sure; but neither writer is as well known among us as he deserves to be, and it is significant to note that both seem to excite more interest and understanding in France than they do here or in England. In his foreword to the present book Anthony Kerrigan speaks of the "mammoth, book-size issue of the magazine *L'Herne*, 'Borges Cahier' (Paris, 1964)," where the existence of the Argentine writer is amply attested by "studies, bibliographies, paraphrases, ironies, parodies, recollections, and testimonials." In contrast to this one finds on the back of the *Anthology*'s jacket *Time* magazine's antithetical capsule: "The greatest living writer in the Spanish language today is a little-known Argentine named Jorge Luis Borges."

Born in 1899 and educated partly in Europe, Borges is a cosmopolitan writer, difficult for most of his readers in whatever language. Those who sample this anthology will not find it an easy task to follow his wide-ranging mind, to understand his subtle, sensitive, often ironic humor, or to appreciate his verbal precision, his restrained, metaphysical lyricism, and his erudite fantasy. He appeals definitely to the cultivated, introspective minority, and he can never be a popular writer. Yet this appeal is very strong, for Borges's fans quickly come to understand that he has traveled further than they along the ambiguous and anguished path of human existence in his constant quest to understand himself. The writings in this book seem to us to be metaphysical communications sent back from stages along the road which we have not yet attained, visions of places we have dreamed of reaching, words reduced to their essence which will stand long against the oblivion of time.

Up to the present, the partial image of Borges which emerges from his work in English is that of a writer of paradoxes who conducts his reader into—but not always out of—labyrinths and mazes, some rooted in fact, some in fiction, and some (the best) in both. But the Borges aficionado who reads this anthology will soon learn to round out his understanding of the author: he will stop trying to separate reality from illusion, and he will enjoy the sweep and invention of Borges's fantasy, which is equally effective whether its materials be "real" or "unreal." Indeed, if one must find a lesson in the Argentine writer, it is perhaps that in our deepest selves these two notions are inseparably fused, and in this fusion lies our most transcendent being.

Chosen according to his own predilection, not arranged chronologically, these 210 pages show us the facets of his work that Borges prefers. Others the present reviewer for instance, would doubtless have made a different selection. Little of his early poetry, for example, is printed here. In it he fused metaphysics and *amor patriae*, and wrote poems that he now describes as "certain exercises in excessive and apocryphal local color . . . which I cannot recall without a blush." But in them he evidenced a basic love of Argentina, its land and people, its history and traditions, and found the most profound *argentinidad* in the open, vigorous, elemental people who dwelt, deeply-rooted, out on the limitless pampa. Later on, retaining his metaphysical bent, he turned to a more sophisticated, universal vein, expressed himself in a com-

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plex, often paradoxical style, and dealt with the eternal, problematical themes of human existence: time, reality and illusion, doubt and belief, death and life, the concept of self. These, then, are the stuff of the present book.

In August 1964 Borges delivered his *Obra poética* (1923-1964) to his publisher and, in his *prólogo*, stated that if it were his fate to be anthologized he would want to be remembered by four titles, all of them included in this *Personal Anthology*. They are indeed revealing, both in the order in which he mentions them and in their subjects, and they give us much of the essential Borges.

"Conjectural Poem" consists of the reflections of an educated Argentine patriot just before the barbarous knife of the victorious gauchos pierces his throat. He dies exalted by a secret, inexplicable joy: he has met his destiny, his "final South American destiny." Here Borges joins *amor patriae* to a universal principle he has proposed before, that a man who finally meets and recognizes his destiny knows himself and is thereby steeled against his subsequent fate.

"The Gifts" is one of the book's most poignant poems. God gave Borges early a love of books and of wandering in the silent night. Then, ironically, He gave him the direction of the huge National Library and, at the same time, the gift of another night—that of creeping blindness, now almost complete. This to him "who always imagined Paradise/to be a sort of Library."

In "The Golem" a rabbi of Prague succeeds in creating a manlike but imperfect living being. Yet the rabbi looks upon his Golem with a fondness mixed with terror, wondering why he was foolish enough to engender "this grievous son" and add one more symbol to the infinite series of woe. The final irony of the poem emerges in the last stanza:

> At the hour of anguish and vague light
> He would rest his eyes upon his Golem.
> Who can tell us what God felt,
> As He gazed upon His rabbi in Prague?

In "Limits" Borges is concerned with the many unsuspected boundaries time places on human life, and reviews poetically some of the things we may do for the last time without realizing it. We are the unwitting pawns "of that Someone who fixes in advance the omnipotent laws . . . which thread and unthread the texture of this life." In a magnificent last quatrain Borges envisions the coming of the final limit, death:

> I imagine, in the dawn, I hear a worn
> murmur of multitudes, faltering, fading
> away.
> They are everything that has loved me
> and forgotten;
> Space, Time and Borges now are leaving me.

Initiation to Alighieri

Dante—mysteries.

Dante and His World, *by Thomas Caldecot Chubb (Little, Brown. 831 pp. $15), closely examines the poet's works in a search for clues to his public and private life. Robert J. Clements, a Dante scholar, edited and contributed to "American Critical Essays on the Divine Comedy."*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

DANTE announced in 1290 his intention to write a great book to Beatrice, saying what no other poet had ever said of a woman. Thirty-one years later he had finished his masterwork. In 1924 Thomas Caldecot Chubb announced at Candeli, Italy, that he would compose a major work on Dante. Now, forty-two years later, that book is out. It is not a masterpiece, but it is a good and informative volume.

Dante and His World is not notable for the measured tone of the professional scholar, as is Thomas Bergin's recent biography, but for that of the enthusiast. The pace is leisurely and the approach sometimes pleasantly ingenuous or chattily anecdotal. ("Amusingly enough my first encounter with Dante was in a book of satirical drawings which I saw when I was ten or twelve years old.") Nor does Chubb hesitate to emphasize his points by breaking a series of connected sentences into separate paragraphs, lest we fail to appreciate his thought. He does not entirely shun the temptation of quoting Dante in direct discourse. Yet, despite such stylistic peculiarities, Professor Chubb's book is a far more serious contribution than a mere *biographie romancée*.

There is no doubt that the author has

(*Continued on page* 62)

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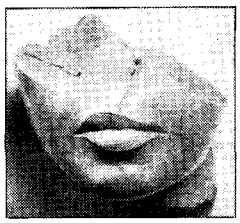

LADY OF THE TWO LANDS

FIVE QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

by LEONARD COTTRELL

One of the most respected and exciting writers in the field of archeology brings to life five of the most illustrious queens of ancient Egypt. More than three thousand years ago, each of these markedly different but extraordinary women—Hotshepsut, Tiye, Nefertiti, Ankhesnamun, and Nefertari—once held the title, Lady of the Two Lands. One by one, their lives are brilliantly illuminated, framed in close-up views of their courts and the world in which they acted out their roles. With 32 pages of illustrations.

"Mr. Cottrell animates a society he characterizes as life, not death oriented. For the reader it's a good trip, whether fanciful or factual."
—*Virginia Kirkus' Service*

$7.50

HE CALLED THEM BY THE LIGHTNING

A Teacher's Odyssey in the Negro South, 1908-1919

by LURA BEAM

In 1908, at the age of twenty-one, Lura Beam went South to teach. Today, distilled through the fine lens of her seventy years, she writes brilliantly and shrewdly of a culture whose values were so confused that "it was stranger than a race of unicorns." Her story, told with heart and understanding, acquires a significance beyond its social importance; it is a document of "a journey within the self that youth makes only once."

"An unusual, even exceptional recall, poetic in insights and expression, of a time which has receded and been little remembered."
—*Virginia Kirkus' Service* $5.75

The Golden Dream

Seekers of El Dorado

by WALKER CHAPMAN

For nearly two centuries, adventurers roamed South America in quest of El Dorado, the "gilded one." Mr. Chapman tells this fascinating story in all its rich detail of adventure and bold, determined men, illuminating for us "an epic of human folly, really a case history in the power of man to bemuse himself with myth." Illustrated with maps and contemporary paintings. $10

Bobbs-Merrill

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Mind Food.

What're you feeding your kids these days? Could be that they're undernourished without your knowing it. Are they getting enough fresh imagination food? Enough humor and color? Food for the spirit, thinking and dreams? Well, we publish books for children to grow on; that's our business. Stimulating, educating, fun-and-fact-filled books for kids of all ages. You'll love them, too. So, for a well-balanced diet, select from our Spring list of mind food below.

CHARLIE THE TRAMP
by Russell Hoban. Pictures by Lillian Hoban.

A wonderful tale of Charlie the Beaver, filled with wanderlust and longing for a life of ease, who soon discovers he's more Beaver than Tramp. By the authors of WHAT HAPPENED WHEN JACK AND DAISY TRIED TO FOOL THE TOOTH FAIRIES. Grades 1-3. Ages 6-8. $2.95

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE U. S. CONSTITUTION AND THE MEN WHO WROTE IT
by LeRoy Hayman.

A vivid, richly illustrated, day-by-day account of The Constitutional Convention of 1787 with 18 capsule biographies of Washington, Madison, Hamilton, etc.; a copy of The Constitution and a section-by-section analysis. Grades 7 and up. Ages 12 and up. $3.50

MY FAVORITE FUNNY STORY
compiled by Bill Adler.

Alfred Hitchcock, Bobby Kennedy, Billy Graham, John Lennon and dozens of other famous people tell their favorite jokes, tales, anecdotes and reminiscences in this rollicking collection by the bestselling author of *The Kennedy Wit, The Churchill Wit, Letters from Camp,* and many more. Adult and young adult. $2.95

ELEVEN WHO DARED
by Hermann Hagedorn. Adapted and abridged by Dorothea Hagedorn Parfit.

An extraordinary book of heroes – Luther, Lindbergh, Gandhi, Socrates, Joan of Arc, etc. – who devoted their lives to a cause they believed in. Grades 7 and up. Ages 12 and up. $3.50

THE BOOK OF HORSES
by Glenn Balch.

The wonderful world of horses – Morgans, Mustangs, Thoroughbreds, Arabians and scores of others – captured in 16 pages of color photos plus many more in black-and-white; the story of the horse's origin and development; and lessons in riding and caring for a horse of your own. Grades 3-7. Ages 8-12. $3.95

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SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

No. 1 of the Three R's

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

DURING the past year some outstanding books about children's books, learning to read, and writing for children have been published. Each has a different approach, and all are interesting or useful.

One that is pure pleasure is Ruth Sawyer's *My Spain: A Storyteller's Year of Collecting* (Viking, $3.50), which contains some stories, but is primarily a description of the author's travels and a testament to her affection for the Spanish people. It is also a book that shows why Ruth Sawyer, one of the great storytellers of our time, has won the Regina Medal, the Laura Ingalls Wilder Award, and the Newbery Medal. She has a loving heart, and she writes superbly.

Another book by a woman distinguished in the field is *Children's Literature: A Guide to Reference Sources* (Library of Congress, $2.50). Compiled under the direction of Virginia Haviland, head of the Children's Book Section of the Library of Congress, it comprises more than 1,000 annotated titles in such classifications as history and criticism, illustration, book selection, national and international studies, storytelling, and paperback books, among many others. A long-standing need is filled by this comprehensive, tremendously useful guide.

Teaching to Read, Historically Considered, by Mitford Mathews (University of Chicago Press, $6.95), reviews theories and practices in reading instruction since Hellenic times. The author discusses the "look and say" method, phonics, temporary alphabets, understanding the meaning of words, silent reading, initial efforts solely with words spelled regularly, and many other systems. "The fact is well established," says Mr. Mathews, "that children taught by a carefully worked out synthetic plan read better and read sooner than those taught by an analytic method, or by any combination of approaches in which the analytic method predominates."

John Rowe Townsend's *Written for Children* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $4.50) is an entertaining history of children's literature in England. Many of Mr. Townsend's comments are as applicable in the United States as they are in Britain. His criticisms are frequently barbed, but he sounds a hopeful note in conclusion. "I feel that authors, publishers, and librarians all deserve more praise than they ever get; reviewers are much better informed than they were a few years ago; booksellers do their best in the face of the fact that the general public—understandably—has very limited knowledge of the field."

Ernest Roe is an Australian educator whose *Teachers, Librarians and Children* (Shoe String Press, $5) comments on the role of libraries in education. It is based on research done in Australia, but his commonsense approach and clear analyses are pertinent here as well. ". . . even more regrettable than the learning at school of a distaste for the classics is the fact that children learn to associate reading generally with unstimulating classroom experiences. They learn that books are to be labored through and picked to pieces rather than read and enjoyed, to be kept at a distance, scrutinized for inconsistencies and sentence construction rather than surrendered to and experienced."

Books and the Teen-Age Reader, by G. Robert Carlsen (Harper & Row, $3.95), is undoubtedly going to prove one of the durable classics in reading guidance. Separate chapters discuss different kinds of books—the classics, the shocker, the popular adult book,

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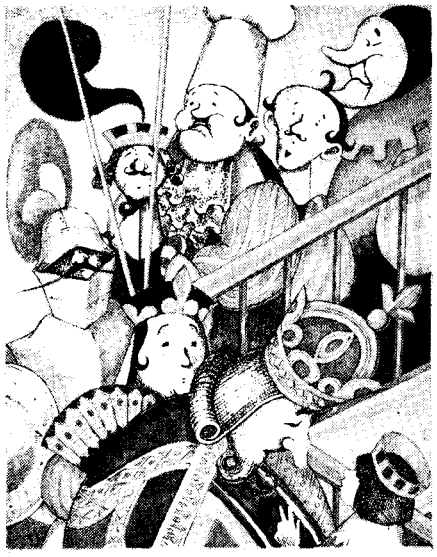
poetry, the adolescent novel, etc. These are followed by excellent bibliographies. More important, however, than the analyses and annotations of individual titles is the percipient advice to adults; Mr. Carlsen's remarks are addressed primarily to parents. He suggests ways to encourage reading and ways to handle problems in reading patterns, describes reading preferences and the motivations of the teen-ager, stages in reading development, and the ways in which parents may help improve the reading skills of their children. The final chapter gives an excellent guide to reference books.

Not a new book, but recently reissued is *Tales Out of School*, by Geoffrey Trease (Dufour, $4.50), an amusing and provocative survey of children's fiction. Mr. Trease writes with gusto about picture books, fantasy, adventure, school stories, the family in fiction, the role of publishers and editors, and similar subjects. His conviction that what children read is important is expressed in a statement that should give heart to all of us who are concerned. "It is comforting to feel that even if we are cranks to think it matters, at least we are not isolated cranks."



—From "One Monday Morning."

For Younger Children

Every Day a Dragon. *By Joan M. Lexau. Illustrated by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. "Every day a dragon comes to our house. Every day I hide when I see him coming," begins the small boy who is pictured in delightful line drawings that show the daily routine of play when father comes home from work. The story keeps up the game to the end, with the dragon always a dragon, even when he is reading the funnies out loud or playing checkers. Mother, who is called on occasionally, at one point suggests that if the dragon will just come to dinner instead of eating the boy, it might be a good idea. Light and affectionate, a very nice story for children. Ages 4-7.

Feather or Fur: A Collection of Animal Poems. *By Grete Mannheim. Illustrated with photographs. Knopf.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. These twenty-three poems for the read-aloud audience vary in quality, from the rather pedestrian to the quite lovely. The author's photographs are excellent of animals and children—some with intent or wistful faces, others glowing with pleasure or affection. Ages 4-8.

We Read: A to Z. *Written and illustrated by Donald Crews. Harper & Row.* 54 *pp.* $3.50. Alphabet books usually follow a fairly predictable word pattern that uses familiar objects like apples, kittens, and xylophones. Not this one! It plays with concepts of shape, size, color, quantity, direction, and proportion; each page of print faces a bold design, and under each letter is an explanation of a word beginning with the letter. For example, a small black square is placed above a large red square. "Oo, over: where the black is." Or, "Pp, parts: pieces separated" defines a page with nine separate black squares. Some of the explanations are clear; some need interpretation. This isn't a substitute for the conventional alphabet book, but it is fascinating. Ages 5-7.

—From "Every Day a Dragon."

One Monday Morning. *Written and illustrated by Uri Shulevitz. Scribners.* 40 *pp.* $3.95. In the first few pages of this completely charming book a small circle-picture enlarges, step-by-step, to show a small boy sitting at a window, gloomily regarding a steady gray rain. His story begins with the words "One Monday morning" set against a double-page spread showing wet, dilapidated tenement buildings, followed, on the next two spreads, with "the king, the queen, and the little prince came to visit me." Each day they come, in the boy's fancy, and each day the magnificent, colorful retinue increases; but, alas, the boy is never at home. He is pictured with humor and utter fidelity of detail in various occupations. Eventually the boy is home when they call. "One Sunday morning" there they all are, larger than life, crowding the room—and the book ends with the boy sitting at the same window, playing with a deck of cards. Ages 5-8.

Becky. *By Julia Wilson. Illustrated by John Wilson. Crowell.* 34 *pp.* $3.75. Becky knew exactly how she wanted to spend her birthday money: she wanted a doll, not just any doll, but one that looked like her. Her mother patiently shopped with Becky, and they finally found the doll, a small one that walked right into Becky's arms when it was wound up. Unfortunately, it cost too much money. Then something almost miraculous happened. The doll, which walked out of the store, was tossed far away by a snow plow—and Becky found it. Her fervent promises to repay her mother if she would advance two dollars of the housekeeping money were so touching that they returned to the store, paid the owner, and went home with Becky's treasure. Although the simple plot has been stretched a bit by the contrived way that the doll is found, the coincidence will probably give little pause to small doll-lovers, whether or not they are Negro, like Becky and her doll. Ages 5-8.

The Wedding Procession of the Rag Doll and the Broom Handle and Who Was in It. *By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 27 *pp.* $3.25. Almost half a century after its first appearance as one of the *Rootabaga Stories*, the nonsensical parade of the wedding party and its peculiar guests appears in a most engaging picture book. The imaginative, deft, and colorful illustrations show to embellished advantage the Spoon Lickers, the Dirty Bibs, the Easy Ticklers, the Musical Soup Eaters, and so on. The style is distinctively Sandburg: "They whistled and chuzzled and snozzled the soup, and the noise they made could be heard far up at the head of the procession where the

—From "The Wedding Procession of the Rag Doll and the Broom Handle and Who Was in It."

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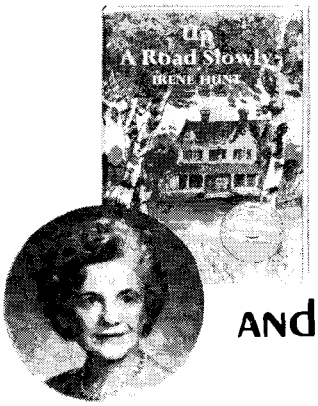

The publishers who brought you UP A ROAD SLOWLY by Irene Hunt, winner of the 1967 Newbery Award and 3 Notable* Books Awards present new, varied and delightful reading for Spring

* * * \

Scribner spring books for young readers

SCARLET SAILS
by Alexander Green
Translated by Thomas P. Whitney; illustrated by Esta Nesbitt. One of the best loved novels of Russian literature translated into English for the first time. A powerful love story in which the author's magic makes the impossible believable and the dreams of his heroes come true. All ages. $4.50

YULYA
Bears Are Sleeping
Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian
Ages 3-6. $2.95

ROBERT SARGENT
A Bug of Some Importance
Illustrated by the author
Ages 4-8. $3.25

URI SHULEVITZ
One Monday Morning
Illustrated by the author
Ages 4-8. $3.95

BERNIECE FRESCHET
The Little Woodcock
Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard.
Ages 6-10. $3.50

LILO HESS
Pigeons Everywhere.
Photographs by the author
Ages 6-10. $3.50

BABBIS FRIIS-BAASTAD
Don't Take Teddy
Ages 10 up. $3.95

ELIZABETH BALDWIN HAZELTON
Tides of Danger
Ages 10 up. $4.50

NANCY VEGLAHN
The Spider of Brooklyn Heights
Ages 10 up. $3.95

IRVING WERSTEIN
The Plotters:
The New York Conspiracy of 1741
Ages 12 up. $3.95

SCRIBNERS

Illustration from *Scarlet Sails*

Spoon Lickers were marching. So they dipped their soup and looked around and dipped their soup again." Ages 5-8.

Too Much Nose: An Italian Tale. *Adapted by Harve Zemach. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 40 *pp.* $3.95. The Zemachs are particularly adept at interpreting folk material with zestful humor. Delightfully illustrated, this is the story of three sons sent out into the world, each with one gift from an aged father. Usually the youngest son is the hero; here the second son, after being outwitted and robbed by a rapacious queen, finds a magic formula that grows long noses. He disguises himself, dupes the queen into eating the magic food, and forces her to return his and his brothers' possessions. Ages 5-8.

The Tsar's Riddles: or The Wise Little Girl. *Retold from the Russian by Guy Daniels. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. This is an especially good book to use with a group of children because it has big, bright, lively pictures and the sort of humor in which they delight; moreover, the illustrations make it easy for the child to recapitulate the tale himself. Two brothers were traveling together; one was a rich bachelor, the other a poor widower with a seven-year-old daughter. During the night the poor man's mare had a colt, which the rich brother claimed: since the colt had crept under his cart, he reasoned that the cart had had a colt. They took the problem to the Tsar, who set a series of difficult riddles, each of which was solved by the clever little girl. The case was decided in her father's favor, and when she grew up she married the Tsar and became the Tsarina. Ages 5-8.

Palmiero and the Ogre. *Written and illustrated by Janina Domanska. Macmillan.* 27 *pp.* $3.95. Palmiero, a pleasant but not very alert lad, ran away from his home in far-off Italy and became the servant of a kindly ogre. Upon his departure Palmiero was given a donkey and adjured never to use a certain phrase. After that it's boy meets wealth, boy loses wealth, boy finds wealth. However, *Palmiero and the Ogre,* a story in the folk genre told in a bland style, deviates enough from pattern to be interesting. The illustrations are handsome in design, with subdued color and humorous detail. Ages 5-8.

Small Pond. *By Marguerite Walters. Illustrated by Stefan Martin. Dutton.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Although there are many books about the changing seasons, this should be a welcome addition. The writing is unassuming, quiet, and touched with the poetic. The illustrations are most attractive: wood engravings in black-and-white that are lovely in their grace and virility. The text describes the stirring of small creatures in the spring, the ebullience of summer, the slow and creeping isolation of autumn, and the winter's hush. Ages 5-8.

Best Friends. *By Myra Berry Brown. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Golden Gate.* 44 *pp.* $2.95. With an amusing cartoon-style picture facing each page of print, this small and pleasant book describes aspects of best-friendship that should awaken recognition reflexes in the read-aloud audience. Written without a plot, the rhyming text catalogues the joys of friendship—even the joy of making up after a squabble. Ages 5-8.

My Mother and I. *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Crowell.* 28 *pp.* $3.95. If you are a small girl who loves a country walk with her mother, and the year is at spring, and the walk has been planned, it is shattering to come home to

—From "Too Much Nose: An Italian Tale."

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—From "The Tsar's Riddles."

an empty house and have a neighbor tell you that mother has gone away on an emergency visit. Sad to think of all the creatures that don't know their mothers: tadpoles and butterflies, bugs and frogs. "'Without a mother . . . who cures your itches?' I asked. 'And warns you away from the ditches? And answers your whys and whats and whiches?' He hadn't a single word to say. He just looked hurried, and scurried away." The book communicates both a love of nature and warm feeling for close family ties. The illustrations are quite attractive, particularly in the soft colors and subtle suggestion of line. Ages 6-9.

The Dragon. *By Archibald Marshall. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Dutton.* 30 *pp.* $3.25. This tongue-in-cheek fairy tale from a collection of stories originally published in *Punch* early in the century is enhanced by new illustrations by Ardizzone. The story line is familiar: the hand of the princess and half the kingdom were to go to any prince who could slay the dragon, and the victorious lover was a handsome young page. The casual, sophisticated style makes this story different and delightful. Since the princess was very young and not well known, "the king had a lot of pictures made of her with her hair up and sent them around, and presently all the princes who weren't married and were brave enough not to mind about the dragon were asking to have their names put down." Although many readers much older may enjoy this, tht book is basically for ages 6-9.

Le Poulet: A Rooster Who Laid Eggs. *Adapted by Robin Fox. Illustrated with photographs and with drawings by Laszlo Matulay. Lion Press.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. The photographs in this oversize book are stills from the prize-winning motion picture *Le Poulet,* and it is in their charm that the appeal of the book lies; the writing is mediocre in style. Pierre, a small boy who has never had a pet, is enraptured when his parents bring home a chicken. They plan to fatten it for Sunday dinner; Pierre plans to save it from death. He loves it. He buys some eggs and slips them, one each day, under his pet. "How can we kill a chicken that lays eggs?" he asks, artfully. His father is baffled by the fact that a rooster is apparently laying eggs, but he and Pierre's

Children seem to gather around books from Holt, Rinehart and Winston

Winner of the
1967 CALDECOTT MEDAL

EVALINE NESS
for
Sam, Bangs and Moonshine

"THE MOST DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN PICTURE BOOK FOR CHILDREN"

Ages 4-8. $3.95

Mr. Miacca

Illus. by Evaline Ness. A traditional English folk tale – as humorous as it is scary – has been charmingly illustrated in full color by this year's Caldecott Medal winner. Ages 4-8. (Coming June 15) $3.75

Evan's Corner

By ELIZABETH STARR HILL. *Illus. by Nancy Grossman.* "Evan, a little Negro boy who lives with seven other members of his family in a two-room flat in Harlem, longs for a place of his own. His mother suggests that each of them choose a private corner. . . . Peace and quiet pall, however; Evan realizes that splendid isolation is a lonely business and offers to help his younger brother establish his own corner. . . . Both text and illustrations present an engaging child."
– *Saturday Review.*
Ages 4-8. $3.95

HONOR BOOK
Book Week 1967 Children's Spring Book Festival

Too Much Nose

By HARVE ZEMACH. *Illus. by Margot Zemach.* Figs that make noses grow and cherries that make them shrink are the magic ingredients in this "very funny Italian folk tale, with very funny pictures. . . . A funny book with great style."–*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 5-8. $3.95

My Brother Stevie

By ELEANOR CLYMER. "A fine story, a moving and sensitive story, of a young girl in a Harlem tenement who is faced with the responsibility of taking care of a small brother – a responsibility she first resents, then accepts and finds that her acceptance is a key which opens the door to a sunny new world."– *Publishers' Weekly.* "Were this a sentimental story, it would be boring and saccharine; it isn't." – *Saturday Review.* Ages 10-14. $3.50

ismo

Written and illustrated by JOHN VERNEY. The delightful Callendar family of *Friday's Tunnel* and *February's Road* becomes involved in a mysterious international plot! "It's the characterization and the dialogue, both sharp, that make the Verney books a treat for sharp youngsters." – *Library Journal* (Starred Review).
Ages 12-16. $3.95

FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER • **HOLT, RINEHART and WINSTON, INC.**

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Illustration by Harriet Pincus

New Spring Books

WHEN THE BABY-SITTER DIDN'T COME

by Jacqueline Chwast. No baby-sitter...so two little girls go on an exciting and eventful shopping trip with Mama.
Ages 2-6 $2.95

THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF THE RAG DOLL AND THE BROOM HANDLE AND WHO WAS IN IT

by Carl Sandburg; illustrated by Harriet Pincus. The lovely nonsense of this old favorite from *Rootabaga Stories* has been given new dimension by a young artist of extraordinary originality. Ages 4-8 $3.25

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS

by the Brothers Grimm and Felix Hoffmann. Outstanding illustrations give a new dimension to this favorite old fairy tale.
Ages 4-8 $4.50

OLD MRS. TWINDLYTART
AND OTHER RHYMES

by Myra Cohn Livingston; illustrated by Enrico Arno. A delightful collection of jingles, limericks, and gay nonsense rhymes.
Ages 5 up $2.75

MIRANDA THE GREAT

by Eleanor Estes; illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. How a cat of ancient Rome saves herself, her daughter, and other kittens when the barbarians sack the city makes a delightful and humorous tale by a Newbery Medal winner. Ages 7-11 $3.25

TIT FOR TAT
AND OTHER LATVIAN FOLK TALES

retold by Mae Durham; illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Twenty-two tales, marked by vitality and robust humor, in which the deserving triumph and the crafty are outdone.
Ages 8-12 $3.25

BENEATH THE HILL

by Jane Louise Curry; illustrated by Imero Gobbato. An outstanding tale of fantasy and suspense in which five children combat an ancient evil released in the nearby mountains by strip-mining. Ages 9-12 $4.25

CROSS CURRENTS

by Joan Phipson; illustrated by Janet Duchesne. An exciting, evocative story of a cruise along the Australian coast, in which two boys learn the meaning of responsibility. Ages 12 up $3.50

MOUNT UP
A TRUE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

by Julia Davis; illustrated with photographs and a map. A vivid account of a Confederate cavalry officer's experiences based on his own journal. Ages 12 up $3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

mother finally realize that the trick means Pierre is desperate. The story ends with a smiles-and-tears family cuddle. Ages 6-9.

Benjy's Luck. *By Edith Brecht. Illustrated by Arnold Dobrin. Lippincott.* 55 *pp.* $2.95. Having fallen in love with a beagle puppy, Benjy, who is one of twelve children in an Amish family, tries to dream of some way to make his lucky penny earn the two dollars for the dog. One of his brothers is competing for a prize at a horse show, and it occurs to Benjy that perhaps he can ride the family mule. There isn't a class for mules, but the highly amused judges promply institute one, and Benjy wins the two-dollar prize. The plot is slight, the attraction of the book being in the Amish family and their distinctive speech patterns. Ages 7-9.

For the Middle Group

The Cat, the Horse, and the Miracle. *By Ciggy Lezra. Illustrated by Zena Bernstein. Atheneum.* 114 *pp.* $3.75. Illustrated with strong, precise drawings in black-and-white, this fanciful story has a dry humor, allegorical overtones, and distinctive characters, although the plot is episodic and somewhat drawn out. The cat and the horse live on a deserted farm several miles from a silent, apathetic village that is under a curse. Lazy and bored, the cat and the horse are stirred to action when a little fairy-tale lady tells them that if they will follow a golden thread great things will happen. Through thorns and over hills, past menacing beasts and angry people, the horse and the cat roll their ever-larger ball of thread. By the time the miracle of waking the village has happened, their enterprise has revitalized the once-lethargic protagonists. Recommended by the publisher for ages five to nine, this seems much too subtle a book, both in message and vocabulary, for the read-aloud audience. Ages 8-10.

How to Eat a Poem & Other Morsels: Food Poems for Children. *Selected by Rose H. Agree. Illustrated by Peggy Wilson. Pantheon.* 87 *pp.* $3.50. Illustrated with scratchy, humorous drawings, this sprightly anthology includes selections from thirty-odd writers, the majority of them contemporary. Most of the selections are in a light vein; all are enjoyable. A sample, from C. W. V. Wordsworth's "Song in Praise of Paella": "Paella! Paella! Arroz by any other name would never smell as sweet./Paella! Paella! Every Spanish girl and feller/Takes it by the spoonful, every belch is tuneful,/Takes it by the shovelful to give themselves a treat." Ages 8-10.

Troll Weather. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Ursula Arndt. Macmillan.* 42 *pp.* $2.95. It wasn't really warm yet, but the fjord was blue and the cuckoos sang, so Selma knew that spring had come. She was frightened because Widow Paulson, who lived high up the mountainside, told her that when the spring mists arrived it was troll weather and that there indeed were trolls; she had seen them. When summer came, Selma was allowed for the first time to go up to the mountain hut with the older girls. Enthralled there by the golden peaks at sunset, she decided that this was the true troll weather and that her fears had been idle. The black-and-white drawings have a light touch that echoes the charming simplicity of the story. Ages 8-10.

David, Young Chief of the Quileutes: An American Indian Today. *By Ruth Kirk. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 64 *pp.* $3.25. The old ways of his people are changing, but David Hudson still observes with reverence the Quileute ceremonies and loves the stories his great-grandfather tells. This is the true story of an eleven-year-old who is chief of his tribe. They are Washington coast Indians who live in a modern community, only the oldest of them remembering the arts and crafts of the past, only the oldest still able to speak the Quileute tongue. Although the photographs are charming, the book is written in a rather stilted style; however, it describes David and his people with dignity and sympathy. Ages 8-10.

Autun and the Bear: An Old Icelandic Legend. *Retold by Anita Feagles. Illustrated by Gertrude Barrer-Russell. Young Scott.* 44 *pp.* $3.95. A legend that was already several hundred years old when it was first recorded in the thirteenth century is told here in a simple but rather plodding style. The plot moves awkwardly, more engrossed with Autun's relationships than with his actions, but the story is interesting as a picture of the Viking culture. Given a vacation by the Icelandic farmer for whom he worked, Autun bought a bear in Greenland en route to Denmark and Norway. He planned to present it to Svein, King of Denmark instead of to Harald, King of Norway, who asked for the bear and was refused. Many months later, after Autun had made a pilgrimage to Rome, he returned to Denmark, and received gifts from King Svein. His last stop was to revisit King Harald, with whom he exchanged gifts; then Autun came home to Iceland. Starkly handsome, the illustrations are bold in design and muted in color. Ages 8-10.

Chalou. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by George Loh. Harper & Row.* 110 *pp.* $3.50. Primarily the story of the long journey home made by a lost farm dog, this book also provides interesting vignettes of life among people of the French-Canadian country along the St. Lawrence Sea-

—From "Chalou."

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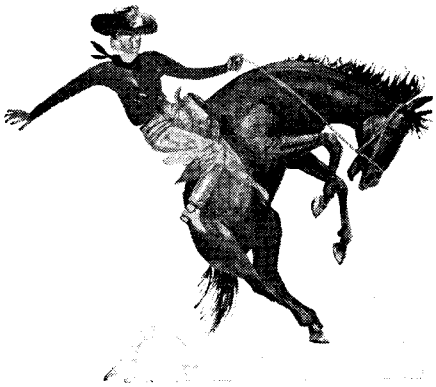

—From "This Is Texas."

way. Trapped on floe ice in an early thaw, the dog, Chalou, is rescued by the crew of an ice-breaker; later he is taken in by a family. One of the children, Fleur-Ange, loves him dearly and is heartbroken when spring comes and Chalou leaves. On his return to the home farm, Chalou is welcomed by all save the new dog, who has taken his place and is clearly his enemy. Discovering that Chalou has been with Fleur-Ange's family, one of the boys takes the dog back to a very happy child. The story has a little humor, no sentimentality or melodrama, and only a modicum of suspense; it is the quiet realism and the low-keyed, natural dialogue that hold the reader. Ages 9-11.

This Is Texas. *Written and illustrated by Miroslav Sasek. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $3.50. Characteristic of Mr. Sasek's series of color-drenched, kaleidoscopic, oversize books, this is an entertaining and fun-poking hodge-podge of places and faces, bits of historical information, oddities, and statistics. The writing is informal, often jocular, and the architectural pictures particularly vivid. Ages 9-11.

The Bottom of the Sea. *By Augusta Goldin. Illustrated by Ed Emberley. Crowell.* 34 *pp.* $3.25. In an excellent introduction to oceanography, the author describes with simplicity and clarity the physical characteristics of the world under water. The lively, informative illustrations make even clearer such topographical features as the continental shelf and the continental slope, ridges and trenches, flats, seamounts, and guyots. Also discussed are some of the vehicles and instruments used to explore and chart the ocean floor. Ages 8-10.

The Moonball. *By Ursula Moray Williams. Illustrated by Jane Paton. Meredith.* 138 *pp.* $3.95 First published in England in 1958, this is a tale in which realism and fantasy are skillfully blended by an author with a sure ear for dialogue and an ingenuous, direct style. On the village green after a storm some children find a ball—but it isn't a ball; it's alive. The size of a grapefruit and covered with golden hair, the ball is warm, and it communicates; the children don't quite know how. But they love it and get into an assortment of scrapes as they protect their treasure from prying adults. The moonball is accepted so completely by the children that it becomes a convincing character, sulking when it is con-

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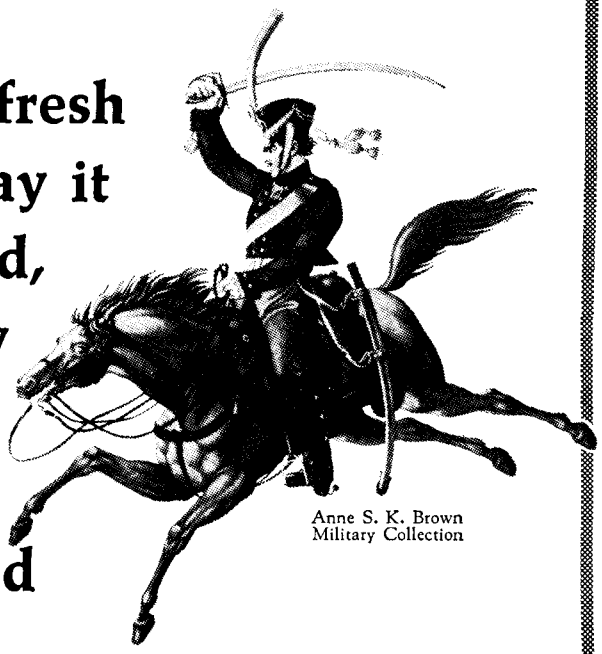

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fined and gently caressing when content. Ages 9-11.

The Sea Egg. *By Lucy Maria Boston. Illustrated by Peter Boston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 94 *pp.* $2.50. As she did in the wonderful Green Knowe Books, Miss Boston blends sturdy reality and opalescent fancy in a story remarkable for its atmosphere and mood. Toby and Joe are spending the summer on the Cornish coast, and their companion—hatched from an egg-shaped stone—is a boy triton, a mischievous and elusive sprite who makes the summer a time of magic for Toby and Joe. The characterization and dialogue are good, there is suspense in the plot and pace in its development, but the great charm of the story is in the narrative style, which is flowing, sparkling, and polished. Ages 9-11.

A Likely Place. *By Paula Fox. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Macmillan.* 57 *pp.* $2.95. For all those who wondered if Paula Fox could possibly write another book as beguiling as *Maurice's Room* (Macmillan, $2.95) the answer is yes, and here it is. Lewis, an only child of nine, is seriously considering running away because everyone wants to help him. "Lewis, do look at this." "We are trying to help children, Lewis." "Lewis, do you have plans for those batteries which are soaking in your spare fishbowl?" But Lewis makes an adult friend whom *he* can help, an elderly gentleman who is unhappy because his loving family has insisted that he retire: since Mr. Madruga's English is poor, Lewis writes a declaration of independence for him to his son-in-law. Ardizzone's illustrations are— as always—delightful. Ages 9-11.

Tit for Tat: And Other Latvian Folk Tales. *Retold by Mae Durham. Illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 126 *pp.* $3.25. Illustrated with most attractive and often comic line drawings, this lively and varied collection of twenty-two stories is filled with robust humor and folk wisdom. Many of the familiar patterns of folk literature are here: the crafty animal who is duped into losing his prey, the noodlehead story, the stepdaughter who wins the prince, and the stepdaughter who is given impossible tasks that are completed with the help of a sage elder. A section of notes compiled by a folklore specialist is appended. Ages 9-11.

The Wind Chasers. *By Ester Wier. McKay.* 154 *pp.* $3.50. After his wife died, Jobidiah Klink went back to the Strip, an isolated part of Arizona where he had lived when he was young. Of his four sons only ten-year-old Nate was happy in the Strip; the older twins had their own concerns, and small Benjy was too quiet and withdrawn to care. "Him as chases the wind don't catch nothin'," Jobidiah said, and Nate, who adored his father, agreed. Benjy, for example, was a wind chaser—always dreaming of catching a wild horse. When the two older boys ran off, Nate began to have an inkling of the fact that people needed some dream or escape from reality, even a temporary one. The harshness of the setting is an excellent foil for the perceptive and sympathetic handling of Nate's conflict and his growing understanding of himself and others. Ages 10-12.

The Magic Summer. *By Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Random House.* 270 *pp.* $3.95. Great-aunt Dymphna was daft, the Gareth children decided. The four of them had come to Ireland to spend the summer with her, but they weren't prepared for an elderly woman who looked like a witch, talked to the birds, and claimed they talked to her. Since there was nothing to amuse them, not even electricity to make life easier, and Aunt Dymphna made little effort to care for them, the children had to shop, cook, clean, and look after themselves. When twelve-year-old Stephan arrived and claimed sanctuary as

—*From "Tit for Tat."*

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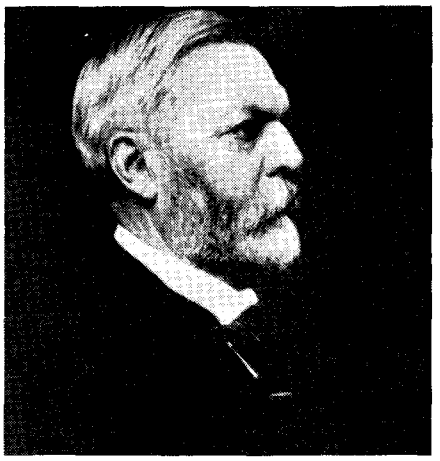

—*From "The Spider of Brooklyn Heights."*
Col. Washington A. Roebling—Setbacks.

a hunted political refugee, their troubles increased; they were furious when Stephan turned out to be English and a runaway film star. Strangely enough, at summer's end the children realized that they had relished their independence and become genuinely fond of their peculiar aunt. The writing is silky-smooth, the illustrations fetching, making the children vividly real. Ages 10-12.

Billions of Years of You. *By Robert Froman. Illustrated by Kathleen Elgin. World.* 62 *pp.* $3.50. Although there are flaws in the text and some unclear illustrations, this book about the origin of the earth and the evolution of life forms has an approach that should appeal to many young people. Addressing the individual reader directly, Robert Froman traces man back from parents, grandparents, and more remote ancestors to the first primitive hominid; in the same fashion he traces earlier life forms to single-cell organisms. He closes with a brief discussion of the solar system, the galaxy, and the universe. The statement that the Egyptians invented writing does ignore the Sumerians, but such lapses are few. The illustrations are handsome; however, in a few cases captions or labeled parts would have made them more useful. Ages 10-13.

The Spider of Brooklyn Heights. *By Nancy Veglahn. Illustrated with photographs. Scribners.* 180 *pp.* $3.95. Although its subject is the Brooklyn Bridge, this book is almost as much a biography of Washington Roebling and—to some extent—his father, John Roebling. A strict, dour man who neglected his family for his career, John Roebling was working on plans for the Brooklyn Bridge when he died, having been too stubborn to get the medical help that might have saved his life. His son struggled alone with a series of setbacks: an explosion, caisson disease, a fire. Always under pressure from the newspapers, occasionally under pressure from his wife, Roebling was lauded when – after fourteen years – the bridge was finished, and President Chester Arthur attended the opening ceremonies. This is an exciting true story, well written, with interesting information about the theories and problems of an engineer. Ages 10-14.

The Egypt Game. *By Zilpha Keatley Snyder. Illustrated by Alton Raible. Atheneum.*

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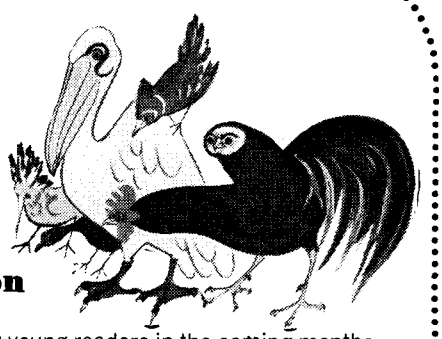

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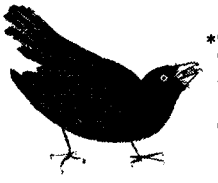

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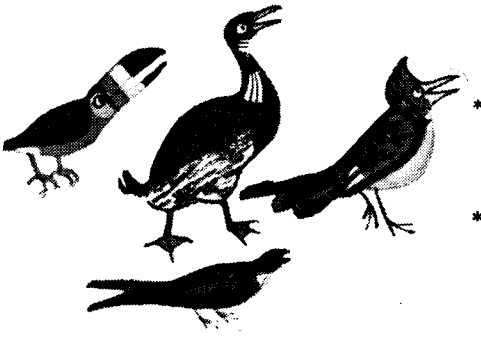

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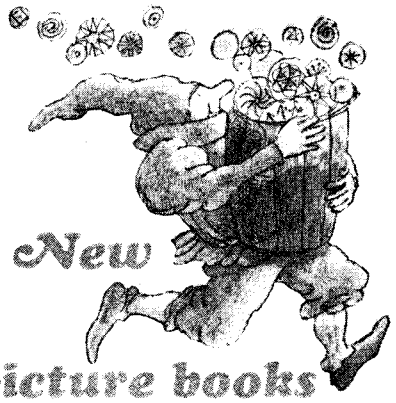

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Illustration by ARNOLD LOBEL

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215 *pp.* $3.95. Melanie didn't quite know what to make of April, who had just come to visit her grandmother, who lived in the same building. What were the girls in sixth grade going to say to a girl who wore false eyelashes, boasted, and had a mother in the movies—well, almost in the movies? But Melanie and April became fast friends playing the Egypt Game; both were curious and imaginative, and they found a hidden spot where they could have a temple, wear costumes, and chant incantations. The yard, which was never used, belonged to the Professor, a strange and forbidding man who kept a secondhand shop. When a child was murdered in the neighborhood, he was suspected. This may prove to be one of the controversial books of the decade: it is strong in characterization, the dialogue is superb, the plot is original, and the sequences in which the children are engaged in sustained imaginative play are fascinating, and often very funny. On the other hand, the murder scare and the taciturn, gloomy Professor seem grim notes. In this story the fact that the children are white, Negro, and Oriental seems not a device but a natural consequence of grouping in a heterogeneous community. *The Egypt Game* is a distinguished book. Ages 10-13.

Claymore and Kilt: Tales of Scottish Kings and Castles. *By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 112 *pp.* $3.75. In her usual superb style, the author retells eleven stories of Scotland's past. There is less folklore here than in previous collections and more tales with a historical basis, which is explained in a long prefatory section that vies with the fiction in interest. For example, as background for "The Tale of the Royal Exiles" Miss Leodhas details the facts from which Shakespeare developed *Macbeth.* "He changed a few things and added some touches peculiarly his own, and when he was finished he had one of the most perfect and most wonderful plays of horror ever written—and hardly a word of it is historically true." Ages 10-14.

For Older Boys and Girls

Moon Eyes. *By Josephine Poole. Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 151 *pp.* $4.25. Father had gone away on holiday, five-year-old Thomas had never learned to talk, and the housekeeper—a garrulous and good soul—returned to her own home at night. So Kate was alone, lonely, and just a bit frightened. Delighted when a woman who said she was Aunt Rhoda appeared, Kate immediately invited her to stay in the house. Only slowly did she realize that there was something wrong with Aunt Rhoda—something eerie.Whence came the huge, black, moon-eyed dog? Why did Aunt Rhoda struggle against the housekeeper and dominate little Thomas? Aunt Rhoda's end comes in a dreadful stab of poetic justice, and the children are left unharmed. The creeping aura of suspense and horror in this smoothly written tale are nicely set off by the placid setting of a small English village and by the humorous character of the housekeeper. Ages 11-13.

Katia. *By E. M. Almedingen. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 207 *pp.* $3.50. This is the story of a small girl's life in Russia over a century ago; written by Katia (Catherine Almedingen) and published in Russia in 1874, it is here translated and adapted by the author's great-niece. When Katia was five her mother died, and she was taken to live with her cousin Sophie, whom she came to love dearly, but after six happy years with Sophie's large and affectionate family Katia again was bereaved and sent back to her father. She found a mother in her pretty, gracious stepmother, and for the first time learned to know her father and brothers. Katia's story ends when she is sent to school in Moscow in 1842. The relationships and progress through childhood, often painful though sometimes funny, have a universality, and the unusual setting adds exotic appeal. Ages 11-13.

Franklin D. Roosevelt: Portrait of a Great Man. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Illustrated with photographs. Morrow.* 192 *pp.* $3.75. Like Gerald W. Johnson's previous books for young people, this is informed, astute, and well written; unlike them, it is avowedly partisan. Mr. Johnson's thesis is that Roosevelt was just another bright and capable young man in politics until his illness, and that the crippling effects of polio brought out the courage and determination that made him a statesman. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book is in the picture it gives of the political struggles of the beginner; as a political commentary it seems less balanced than Mr. Johnson's other work. Ages 11-14.

D. H. Lawrence: Poems Selected for Young People. *Chosen by William Cole. Illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Viking.* 120 *pp.* $3.95. What a small treasure for the poetry lover this is. In his introduction Mr. Cole, who has chosen the verses with discrimination, gives a fervent and incisive analysis of Lawrence's stature as a poet and as a

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—*From "The Teddy Bear Habit."*

brilliant and exciting human being. He feels that the animal poems are among the best, and indeed they have a vitality and imagery that is enchanting. There is a wonderful descriptive felicity, as in "Peach": "Why so velvety, why so voluptuously heavy? Why hanging with such inordinate weight? Why so indented? Why the groove? Why the lovely, bivalve roundness? Why the ripple down the sphere? Why the suggestion of incision?" The black-and-white illustrations are stunning. Ages 13 up.

The Teddy Bear Habit: Or How I Became a Winner. *By James Lincoln Collier. Illustrated by Lee Lorenz. Norton.* 177 *pp.* $3.50. George is well aware that at the age of twelve he ought not to be so attached to his teddy bear; nevertheless, convinced that he can only succeed when the teddy is in sight, George smuggles the bear into an audition. Somebody moves it; George dries up. Although his father, with whom he lives alone in Greenwich Village, is convinced that George should be studying only classical music, the boy is secretly taking guitar lessons from a nefarious local tough, Wiggsy. When George discovers that stolen jewels have been hidden in his bear he nervously anticipates the worst—and it happens. Menaced by Wiggsy, George emerges a hero and shakes the teddy bear habit. The Village atmosphere, as relayed by George, is hilarious; especially amusing are his experiences in the world of television as part of a juvenile singing group. Ages 11-14.

Earthfasts. *By William Mayne. Dutton.* 154 *pp.* $3.50. The characters in this unusual fantasy move back and forth in time. Sensible and intelligent, Keith and David are stunned with disbelief when a drummer boy, clad in a military uniform of 1742, emerges from the earth. Nellie Jack John, on the other hand, doesn't believe that two centuries have passed while he sought King Arthur's treasure under the ground. Eventually Keith goes back through the years and meets King Arthur; there he finds David, who, long missing, has been presumed dead. All three return to the present, and the town settles down to normal living. The book is imaginative, the characters strongly drawn, and the narrative style humorous and polished. Ages 11-15.

The Spanish Letters. *By Mollie Hunter. Funk & Wagnalls.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. In 1589, young Jamie Morton found himself involved in high adventure when he was hired by the Englishman Roger Macey. Macey, a spy, was hunting two agents suspected of working for Spain in a plot to take King James a prisoner, and Jamie enlisted the help of his colleagues in ferreting out the traitors. Allied with Macey was the master swordsman, Forbes, whose beautiful French-Scottish daughter was taken hostage by the plotters. As a story of derring-do, romance, intrigue, swash and buckle *The Spanish Letters* has everything; it is saved from being just another dramatic adventure story by the smooth integration of historical details and by Mollie Hunter's deft writing. The book ends, of course, with "A truce to sadness and all this mawkish talk of gratitude!" Ages 12-15.

Harlem Summer. *By Mary Elizabeth Vroman. Illustrated by John Martinez. Putnam.* 190 *pp.* $3.75. John, sixteen, has come from his home in Montgomery to spend the summer living and working in Harlem; he obtains a job in a grocery store owned by a white man, and finds a friend in the other employee, Mark. John is unusually objective about white people even though his father was permanently disabled because of an incident on a segregated bus. Mark, however, is bitter about the hypocrisy in the North, about the fact that white men control much of the business in Harlem, indeed about life in general. The difference between their attitudes results as much from the boys' familial situations as from their environment: John's parents are strong, courageous, and loving; Mark, an orphan, has been reared by an intellectual grandfather, and he has grown a protective casing

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A LIKELY PLACE
Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. "Of the genre of *It's Like This, Cat* for a much younger audience, this is a delightful story of an engaging urban child. Similar in tone and atmosphere to the author's *Maurice's Room.*"—*Library Journal* (starred review). Ages 9 up $2.95

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of aloofness. The novel provides a good range of attitudes and associations within an urban Negro community. Ages 12-16.

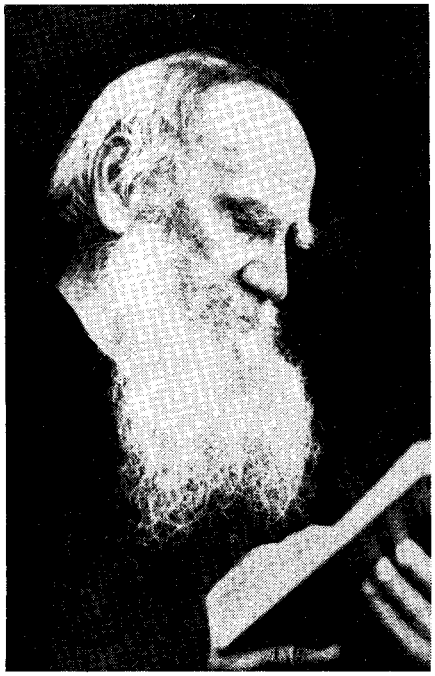
Stories from Across Canada. *Edited by Bernard L. McEvoy. Lippincott.* 109 *pp.* $3.50. This anthology includes thirteen stories or excerpts from books by Canadian authors. The selections, all published during the last twenty-five years, are varied, ranging from an old Indian legend to an amusing tale about the problem of a cow's adjustment to weightlessness during a trip on a space ship. Indeed, many of the tales are humorous. But one sports story (ice hockey) is included; however, several are about animals. "Some People's Grandfathers" is an especially charming story about an Indian boy's affection for his very old grandfather. Ages 12 up, and nice to read aloud to younger people.

The Animals Came In One by One. By *Buster Lloyd-Jones. Illustrated by Duffy Ayers. John Day.* 221 *pp.* $4.95. The author of this entirely diverting autobiography is a British veterinarian, now incapacitated by illness and unable to practice. This is the animals' loss and the readers' gain, for Mr. Lloyd-Jones, writing with flair and humor, conveys his enjoyment of life in all forms. He describes his family with amused and affectionate relish; he speaks with fondness of the animals he loved and cared for, referring to his considerable professional reputation with modesty and to his disability with a wry acceptance. Ages 12 up.

The Story of World Religions. *By Katharine Savage. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Walck.* 283 *pp.* $5. Written in a serious and rather dry style, this is nevertheless an interesting and useful book with limited reference use; it describes, competently and objectively, Judaism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Islam, and Christianity, with brief mention of various denominations. The author does not discuss comparative religion but does give, within each section, a considerable amount of historical background. She believes that "religious tolerance is a fine quality if it comes from knowledge and understanding; but it has no value if it arises from ignorance and indifference." This may be disputed by those who feel that any tolerance has value. A divided bibliography and an index are appended. The photographs are decorative, the maps excellent. Ages 12 up.

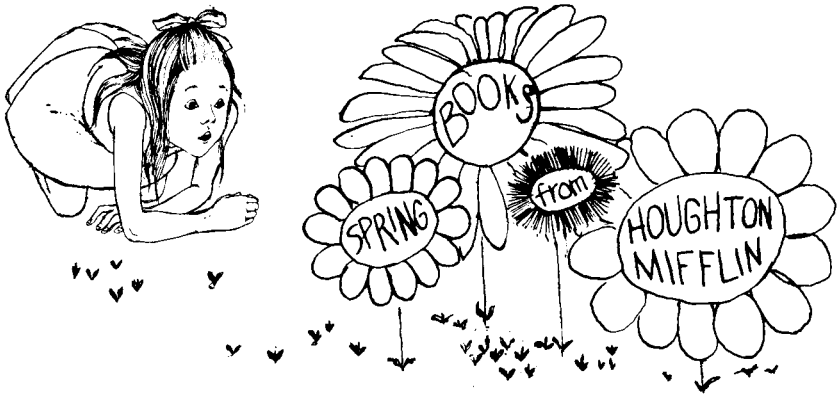
The Count Who Wished He Were a Peasant: A Life of Leo Tolstoy. *By Morris Philipson. Illustrated with photographs. Pantheon.* 170 *pp.* $3.95. Mr. Philipson has written a remarkably balanced and perceptive biography of Tolstoy, giving ample attention to his personal life, but focusing on his astounding and lengthy career as a writer, philosopher, and social and political reformer. The author firmly defends his opinion that in *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace* Tolstoy wrote the two greatest novels of all time. This is not, however, an adulatory biography, but a thoughtful assessment of Tolstoy's work; the tone is measured, the material dramatic. Ages 13 up.

Seesaws to Cosmic Rays: A First View of Physics. *By Mitchell Wilson. Illustrated by Eva Cellini. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 96 *pp.* $4.95. The author, a research physicist,



—From "The Count Who Wished He Were a Peasant."

Count Leo Tolstoy—astounding.



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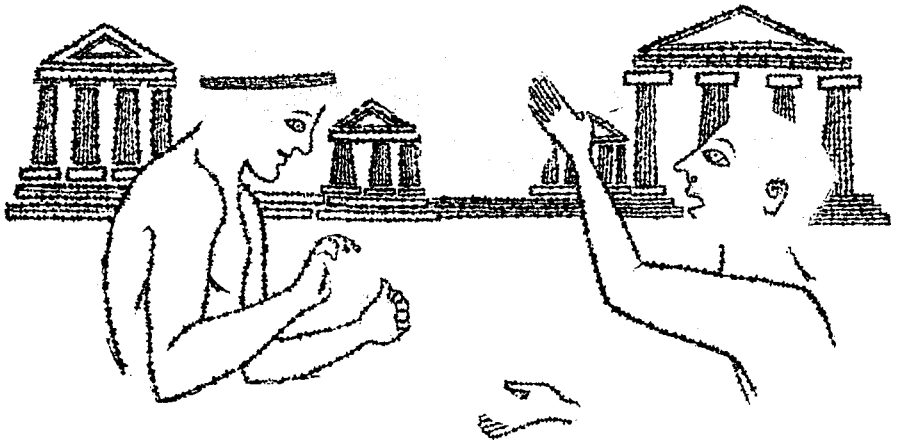

—"Seesaws to Cosmic Rays."

covers a great deal of territory in an informal but dignified style, communicating with zest the pleasure of scientific exploration. His topics: force, motion, liquids and gases, light, colors, electricity, electronics, heat, and the quantum theory. The examples and illustrations are lucid, the historical information smoothly incorporated into discussions of theories. The book's one weakness is a confusing change in the usual order of print on some pages. The diagrams are excellent; a divided bibliography and a relative index add to the usefulness of the book. Ages 11-14.

The Outsiders. *By S. E. Hinton. Viking.* 188 *pp.* $3.95. "Truly a remarkable book," the jacket states, and truly it is—written with distinctive style by a teen-ager who is sensitive, honest, and observant. Ponyboy is a young teen-ager, a greaser, a tough boy in a tough gang; since his parents died he has lived with two older brothers. Soda is an easygoing sixteen-year-old, a school dropout. Ponyboy feels that Darry, the stern oldest, has no use for him. When Ponyboy and a friend of his, Johnny, are jumped by the *Socs* (the upper-class gang with whom the Greasers are constantly fighting) one of the attackers is killed by Johnny. The two boys go to a hideout but are on the verge of giving themselves up when they come across a burning building in which there are small children. As a result of their efforts the children are saved. Johnny, however, dies in the hospital, and Ponyboy finds, to his joy and surprise, how much Darry does love him. There is an easing of tension and a growth toward maturity by the close of the story, but no magical change, no pat finale. Ages 13-16.

The New Land: Discovery, Exploration, and Early Settlement of Northeastern United States, from Earliest Voyages to 1621, Told in the Words of the Explorers Themselves. *Compiled and edited by Phillip Viereck. Illustrated by Ellen Viereck, with reproductions of original maps. John Day.* 244 *pp.* $12.95. This is one of the most handsome and impressive books of the year, profusely illustrated with carefully labeled maps and drawings, many of them in the wide margins that give dignity to the pages. The material is drawn from journals, logbooks, letters, and acounts written by the explorers, with Mr. Viereck's interpolated explanatory comments in italics; most of the pages have marginal comments that clarify the text or give definitions of obsolete terms. All of the quoted material has been previously published, but the compilation of several descriptions on each topic gives a most illuminating breadth and balance. The index is good, and the divided bibliography substantiates the amount of research already evident in the careful selection of excerpts. For young adults.

The Little Fishes. *By Erik Christian Haugaard. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Houghton Mifflin.* 214 *pp.* $3.50. Guido's father was killed in Africa, and his mother was also dead; thus, like so many other "little fishes," he lived by begging. He was always hungry, always dirty, always competing with the other beggars. Told by twelve-year-old Guido, this is the story of his trip in 1943 from Naples to Cassino, during which he took on the care of a younger girl and her still younger brother. Despite death and cruelty his courage and kindness persisted. Although he sometimes had to steal food or lie to save his life, Guido was both a pathetic and heroic character. The book is a moving document of the tragedy of war. Ages 12 up.

Stonecliff. *By Robert Nathan. Knopf.* 176 *pp.* $4.50. The story of Stonecliff and its owner, Edward Granville, is being written by a young man at the request of the former's publisher. All that Michael Robb knows is that Granville, an eminent author who had years before withdrawn from public life, has a wife—Virginia—whom he married when he was middle-aged. Who, then, is the charming young girl at Stonecliff? Virginia is away, and Nina seems to act almost as a wife. It is apparent that Michael is falling in love with Nina, and as her role becomes more mysterious it is also clear that some mystique has transformed a middle-aged Virginia into an ever-young and beautiful Nina. The plot is intriguing, but the core of the book is Granville's creative love, the ability of the author to invest and touch with his love and thereby to create a permanent beauty. An adult book that young adults will enjoy.

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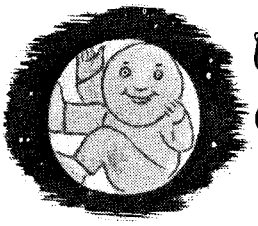

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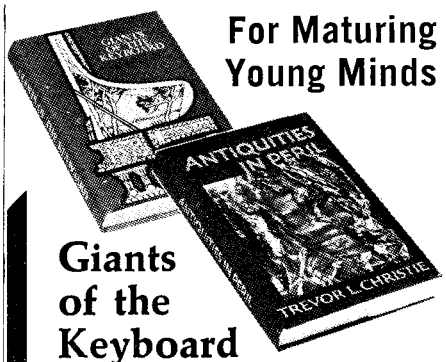
The Holy Land in the Time of Jesus. *By Norman Kotker and the editors of Horizon magazine. American Heritage.* 153 *pp.* $4.95. One of the distinguishing and distinguished features of the Horizon Caravel series, of which this is one volume, is the richness, variety, and beauty of the illustrative material. Well-placed and adequately captioned photographs, maps, and stunning reproductions of works of art, many of them in full color, are included in profusion. Mr. Kotker's interpretation of political and religious history is excellent: authoritative but far from pedantic, the book has a vitality and an immediacy that make it truly absorbing reading. An index and a bibliography are appended. Ages 12 up.

The Marsh King. *Written and illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Coward-McCann.* 254 *pp.* $3.95. Mr. Hodges has won Britain's Greenaway Medal, which is comparable to our Caldecott Medal. In 1964 *The Namesake* (Coward-McCann, $3.95) was a runner-up for the Carnegie Medal, an award similar to our Newbery Medal. *The Marsh King* continues the story of King Alfred of Wessex with his victory over the Danish invaders after long months of preparation in his hidden stronghold in the Somerset Marshes. The writing style is mature, the material dramatic, and the vivid evocation of the ninth-century setting reflects the author's scholarly approach. The illustrations are stark and powerful, handsome in design, and authentic in historical detail. Ages 12 up.

Among the Maya Ruins. *By Ann and Myron Sutton. Illustrated with photographs, Catherwood drawings, and maps. Rand-McNally.* 222 *pp.* $4.50. John Stephens was sent by President Van Buren into the jungles of Central America in 1839, to find out where, in a period of political turmoil, the seat of government was. It is not for this, but for an astounding series of archeological discoveries that Stephens, a lawyer, and the artist Catherwood are famous. Their travels —filled with drama, danger, excitement, and romance—are described by the Suttons in a

—*From "The Holy Land in the Time of Jesus."*



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straightforward style that serves admirably as a quiet frame for the exotic truth. The background material about the Maya culture is also interesting. Moreover, the illustrations are varied and excellent. A reading list and particularly good index are appended. Ages 12 up.

Season of the Briar. *By Hesba Fay Brinsmead. Coward-McCann.* 253 *pp.* $3.95. Set in a remote area of Southwest Tasmania, this is the story of a quartet of young men on a summer job of weed-spraying—of their reactions to each other and to the various stresses they encounter: the dull, hard work, the quaint inhabitants of a self-sufficient family community, the danger and apprehension they all share when a young girl is lost on a mountain hike. Gisela is found, not by the team of organized and experienced climbers, but by the most engaging of the four boys, Fred, an amiable, gangling fellow whose deafness causes a severe speech impediment. The canvas is a bit crowded, but it's colorful and convincing. Ages 13-16.

Ismo. *By John Verney. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 256 *pp.* $3.95. It is highly probable that John Verney has more fun writing than any author on the juvenile scene; his books abound in puns, double meanings, plots within plots, mistaken identities, paths crossing, and daft characters. Here the plots revolve, in erratic orbits, around the spread of a new movement, Ismo. Ismo is a force for good, but its practitioners somehow get into an unbelievable amount of trouble on two continents, chiefly due to a wildly contrived series of events and masquerades involving stolen art work. Arduous to unravel, the story is great fun. Sample puns: an American art collector is named Duffellow Bung, the stolen *Madonna and Child* belongs to Lord Bolting, so the chase for the picture is referred to as the hunt for the Bolting Madonna. Ages 13-16.

The Wishing Tree. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* 82 *pp.* $3.95. Never before published, this fanciful story about a child's dream on the morning of her birthday is an odd mixture of childlike fantasy and adult overtones, of imaginative episodes and a recurrent dialogue between a married couple that seems inappropriate both for the story and for the young reader. Dulcie wakes to find a strange and magical boy in her room; joined by Alice, Dicky, and George, who live across the street, they set out on a weird journey. The boy produces ponies out of his satchel; they find a wishing tree and later meet Saint Francis, who gives each of them a bird. The fact that Alice is an adult emerges rather awkwardly when her husband appears; the fact that Alice's conversation is in dialect is jarring: "It's that husband I used to have. The one that run off and lef' me with a month houserent and not even a hunk of sidemeat in the house and me payin' a lawyer to fin' out what the gov'ment done with him. Him and his army! I'll war him, I will; he ain't never seen no war like what I can aggravoke. You come out from behime that tree." To the child who enjoys fairy tales and fantasy, some aspects should be appealing, but the book is really more interesting as a Faulkner curiosity than it is as a story.

Catfish Bend

Continued from page 43

are told that rattlesnakes are coming. The application to national interests on today's scene has to be callous: the coyotes are the "Super Race" and their invasion is motivated by internal difficulties, natural conditions, and lust for the riches of the East. Mata succeeds—temporarily—by wile and hypnosis, and is overcome by ingenuity and bravery.

Within this simple framework readers can rampage at will for further implications. One of the joys of reading the Catfish Bend stories is the sudden discovery of latent meaning with visible application to today's foibles—what medievalists call "significations." Certain characters may cause difficulties for some readers, *e.g.*, Ironskin, the Kentucky dog unjustly accused of murder, who plays a relatively major role.

Burman seems a bit careless in structure here and there, and one wonders if the writing of this latest addition to the series was not perhaps of less interest to him. Maybe the vein is panning out. But the wild bugle will call forth the faithful Burman adherents, and the narrative, told in Doc Raccoon's simple diction, makes a good child's story, with adventure, danger, and violence. The

—From "Blow a Wild Bugle for Catfish Bend."

line drawings by Alice Caddy are delightful.

That art, perhaps the greatest of all, of making it look easy belongs to Burman. —Roland Dickison.

Counter-Earth: In *Tarnsman of Gor* (Ballantine, paperback, 75¢) John Norman has accomplished a remarkable feat: he has taken the tarnished old Edgar Rice Burroughs formula and minted it into bright new coin.

A young Englishman named Tarl Cabot receives a mysterious message from his long-lost father, gets into a remote-controlled spaceship, and is transported to a Counter-Earth world—a planet orbiting in such a way that it is always hidden from us by the Sun. And away we go, out of our musty rooms into the wind and freedom of a superb adventure tale. Cabot becomes a swordsman, learns to ride the fierce tarns (gigantic roc-like birds), kidnaps a princess (who turns out to be as treacherous as a tarn), steals a city's sacred Home Stone, is captured, spread-eagled on a raft, and sent down a river to die.

This is the Burroughs magic as you remember it, not as it was. Almost nothing specific has been copied, but the whole flavor of Burroughs is here—the soaring adventures on another planet, the strange beasts, the captures and escapes, the improbable coincidences—minus the repetitions, the flat-footed dialogue, the scientific howlers, and the unintentional humor that make it impossible to read *Tarzan* or *A Princess of Mars* after the age of thirty.

Norman has worked out his strange planet's fauna, customs, and history with great ingenuity, but has left intriguing blank spots to be filled out, one hopes, in many a sequel. —Damon Knight.

When Computer Meets Computer: If the Cold War goes on for another thirty years, D. F Jones suggests in *Colossus* (Putnam, $4.95), human reactions will be the slowest and weakest link in our security. The answer is obvious: turn over all nuclear weapons and delivery systems to a super-computer, buried impregnably under a mountain, impervious to tampering, linked to sensors and intelligence networks all over the world, and programmed to respond automatically to any attack.

The computer, named Colossus, has hardly been plugged in when it rattles off a message: FLASH THERE IS ANOTHER MECHANISM.

The Russians, as you might have guessed, have just turned on their own super-computer, called Guardian. When the two machines discover one another they begin communicating at a speed too fast for humans to follow. The oafish President of the United States of North America and his chief scientific adviser join forces via the hot line with their opposite numbers on the Soviet side, but it is already much too late. When they interrupt transmission between the two computers, a missile launched by each machine quickly reminds them who is the master now.

The rest is predictable, though no less horrifying, as human beings struggle vainly against the machines, which, after all, are swifter, more intelligent, and more logical than men.

U.S. readers will be a little jarred by the remarks the British author has put in the mouths of his American characters. The book has other minor faults, including some unexpected tedium; but many readers will cheerfully forgive them all, if only for the memorable one-word ending. —D.K.

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Fortress

Continued from page 39

than one-third of his book to those two pseudo-anarchists (they were in reality would-be-dictatorial precursors of Lenin), the author has hardly more than a few lines for Prince Peter Kropotkin, one of the most famous inmates of the Peter and Paul Fortress for nearly three years. An outstanding anarchist philosopher and a generally respected scientist to boot, Kropotkin—granted his extreme naïveté and utopianism as a theoretician—was perhaps the most spotless and lovable character of all the nineteenth- and twentieth-century revolutionists.

In contrast to his unfriendly attitude toward Bakunin and Nechayev, the author shows a deep sympathy for the terrorists he deals with in the last third of the book: Andrei Zhelyabov and Sophia Perovskaya, who in 1881 organized the successful attempt on the life of Tsar Alexander II; and Yegor Sazonov and Ivan Kaliayev, who, two decades later, killed the two most ferocious representatives of tsarist despotism, Minister of the Interior V. K. Plehve and Grand Duke Sergey. All these terrorists called themselves Socialists, but in reality they were "liberals with a bomb"—a term applied to them without any derisive intention—whose ambitions did not go beyond the establishment of Western democracy. (It is worth noting that Kaliayev, a poet and a saint, flinched at throwing his bomb at the Grand Duke while two children were in his car, but gave no thought to the innocent coachman who was bound to perish and who did perish at the second attempt.)

The short interlude of Alexander Ulianov's bungled attempt on the life of Tsar Alexander III (1887) reads almost like a modern Children's Crusade. It was the acme of futility; but it is believed that the execution of the leader of the conspiracy may have influenced the career of his younger brother, Vladimir Ulianov, who was later to become known as Lenin.

The last chapter is entitled "Kerensky." It deals with the two most momentous events of Russian history—the downfall of the tsarist régime as a result of the February Revolution of 1917, and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks nine months later. The author, an admirer of Alexander Kerensky, head of the Provisional Government, chooses to ignore the ambiguous role played by his hero as either an accomplice or a dupe of the aspirant dictator General Kornilov, who might have re-established the old régime. Aside from that, Mr. Payne is perfectly correct in calling Lenin's triumph a coup d'état rather than a revolution. For, as he says, "there was no popular uprising." Technically it was what Otto Ruehle, a German maverick Marxist, called a "pacifist *putsch*"—a mutiny of soldiers who were unwilling to go to the front and be butchered in a war whose issues were of no interest to them. But it never occurs to the author that had Kerensky acted in accordance with the feelings of most of the soldiers and concluded peace with the Central Powers, Lenin and Trotsky would never have won over to their side those regiments that helped them to seize power and to turn a new leaf in history's never-ending tragicomedy.

It is a pity that an otherwise readable book—readable in spite of its shortcomings—should end on a note of involuntary humor. Here is how the author sums up what happened on November 7, 1917: "In silence the conspirators had stolen into the Winter Palace and arrested the government, leaving a vacuum which Lenin and the Bolshevik party were only too eager to fill."

Well, well!

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Dante

Continued from page 45

done his homework on Dante, and long pondered the lacunae and mysteries that shroud the poet's life. Chubb remains convinced that more and more solutions could be gleaned from the texts of Dante's own Latin and Italian works. Dante, he feels, intended these primarily as accounts of his private and public experiences. Thus Chubb drains every line of the meaning it holds for him in his own competent translation. His study becomes an extended textual explication of the *Divine Comedy* and the minor works.

A second announced intention of the author was to "bring Dante out of the library." If by this he means to suggest that he wishes to eschew tedious discussions of scholastic theology, he has indeed succeeded. He is not one of those who, in Borgese's words, view Dante as if the poet himself were a Dante scholar. He focuses on Dante's own works rather than on books about him. When Chubb does turn to the immense corpus of scholarship on Dante, it is to the traditional Dantists, starting with the *trecento* group itself headed by Boccaccio. Contemporary Dante scholarship is strangely missing; Auerbach, Hatzfeld, Curtius, Vossler pass unheeded, and Singleton is mentioned once, only to be contradicted over his identification of Beatrice as a Christ-figure. Nor does Chubb seem alert to some of the current issues of Dante scholarship, such as recent doubts over the authenticity of Dante's letter to his patron Can Grande della Scala concerning the quadruple meaning of the *Divine Comedy*.

ON the other hand, Chubb contributes several clarifications of value: his reconstruction of Dante's itinerary from Portovenere to Paris is convincing. His chapters on Dante as a political figure make the poet something more understandable than a stereotypical idolater of Henry VII of Luxembourg.

Chubb handles his precious materials with care. Before making a flat assertion about some event in the poet's life, Chubb will acknowledge and sift all the conflicting opinions, arriving at his own through eliminative logic. This method, reminiscent of a bedside manner, inspires confidence and acquaints the reader with the competing theories as well as the most likely one. Chubb may, like Dante, dislike syllogistic reasoning, but his Cartesian approach is managed very well. Personal in tone, as though the study of Dante should be a shared experience, *Dante and His World* will be an appealing initiation to the poet for those who can find the time to read its 831 pages.

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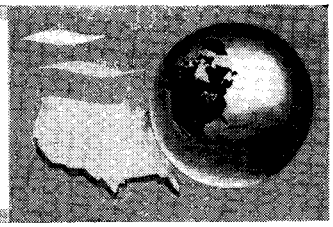
As Others See Us



LONDON:

Tribute to Humphrey

WE PAY TRIBUTE to Vice President Humphrey's dignity and good humor in face of the violent abuse he has been subjected to in many places. . . . as a humane liberal statesman, he is ready to justify American policy in Asia because he knows it is right. —*Daily Express.*

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Humphrey on the good humor with which he greeted the crudest of demonstrations by a mindless minority of European youth. The fact that he was bombarded with eggs so often has a certain irony, for if it had not been for the powdered eggs which America sent Europe at the end of the war, many of the young people who have so many eggs to spare today would have starved to death. —*Daily Mail.*

[MR. HUMPHREY] has been abused fairly frequently, though given a genuinely warm welcome by most people in most places. Discussing the abuse there is no single easy explanation why this pattern of behavior should be so widespread. The sort of feelings which have been using Mr. Humphrey as a target existed before the Vietnam war, and will go on after it has stopped.

When all explanations have been given there still remains the unpleasant fact that there is a core of anti-Americanism, as bitter and irrational as anti-Semitism. Perhaps the saddest thing about the demonstrations Mr. Humphrey has had to put up with is their apparent pointlessness. When all allowances have been made for youth, idealism, hatred of a horrible war, and the satisfaction that is always to be got from making rude noises at the headmaster, there is still a residue of ignorance and aimlessness in the recent demonstrations which ought to be a greater source of worry for Europe than for America.

—*The Times.*

LUEBECK, Germany:

"Partnership"

[VICE PRESIDENT] Humphrey referred to Kennedy's grand design of an Atlantic partnership. . . . What is still alive in this? There remains the tiresome bargaining at Geneva on the customs scheme which indeed carries the name of the assassinated President but which has scarcely anything to do with his ideas. What must we think of the partnership when President Johnson crossed the Pacific three times within a few months but . . . did not cross the Atlantic even once [until the funeral of Konrad Adenauer]?

—*Luebecker Nachrichten.*

BOGOTA:

Vitality

RITA HAYWORTH told a reporter during an interview in Mexico that she loves to drink martinis and dance through the night, and has no after-effects whatever. . . . Rita Hayworth is, then, another model of the enviable vitality characteristic of the majority of *gringos* of both sexes to whom age doesn't count when it comes to sports and diversion. In the United States it is not strange to see a couple of octogenarians dressed as children going to a party and having a ball until dawn, as lively and excited as a couple of unleashed go-go youngsters. "Playing the bear," the inhibition of people over forty in our society that keeps them from unblushingly throwing themselves into untrammeled activity, is completely unknown there.

—*Alfonso Castillo Gomez in El Espectador.*

MONTREAL:

Vietnam in Retrospect

. . . IN HIS LAST BOOK, *Hell Is a Very Small Place,* [Bernard] Fall wryly demonstrated that one thing could have saved the French at Dienbienphu: American help. Such aid was strongly favored by [John Foster] Dulles and the American joint chiefs, and 584 American planes were designated for an attack force. The plan was killed when eight

Dollar-Trading: Every so often, a sensational story breaks out—a forger has been apprehended. . . . In the West, the forging of money is a sensational event—newspapers write at length about the forger and his laboratory, the hidden workshop often employs the latest techniques, the artist-artisan making money at home is described as a genius. In Poland, a forger must be content with a short note in the "Events in Courts" column.

I must make it clear right here that this is not a purposeful discrimination against home-grown talent in the field of forgery. It must be admitted with shame that, in Poland, forgery is attempted by slackers, by people devoid of professional pride who let loose on the world shoddy goods rather than self-respecting forgeries. In recent years, I attended a couple of forgery trials and I saw the product. Extremely shabby, ladies and gentlemen.

In Poland, only U.S. dollars are being forged. Home currency is never forged. I do not know whether this is due to patriotism or to a healthy commercial approach. The fact remains that no one rushes in to forge the zloty. British pounds, Swiss francs, West German marks, or Swedish crowns are clearly discriminated against. Perhaps the discrimination is prompted by the fact that there is little demand for those currencies?

Citizens know that trading in dollars is illegal. One can keep dollars in a sock; one must not deal in them. A dollar in a sock poses no threat to its owner; the buying and selling of dollars causes a thrill of danger. In a café, under the table, dollars pass from hand to hand. The owner of the sock has no time or opportunity to inspect the goods. The average buyer may not even discover the forgery during inspection at home. He has never seen dollars before. The man from whom he bought them is a serious dealer—after all, he had been recommended by a friend. Besides, he is seen daily in the café. . . .

At the end of the year, it is widely known, a demand for dollars grows. The so-called silent partners take their share of the spoils, and it is not always politic to put one's earnings in a state savings account. . . . Dollars, anyone?

P.S. I swear that I was inspired to write the above column by a recent forgery trial and not by the State Savings Bank.

—*Danuta Kaczynska, in Zycie Warszawy, Warsaw.*

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legislative leaders opposed it. The key critic was Lyndon Johnson, then minority leader in the Senate.

"Perhaps without realizing it," Fall wrote, "Lyndon B. Johnson on April 3, 1954, had made his first crucial decision on Vietnam."

Dr. Fall's basic view was that the Vietcong had to be treated by the Americans for what it was, "a political force in South Vietnam which cannot simply be blasted off the surface of the earth with B-52 saturation raids, or told to pack up and go into exile to North Vietnam."

If Washington has the sense to admit this, Bernard Fall will not have died in vain. —*The Montreal Star.*

TOKYO:

U.S.-Japanese Bond

. . . AT PRESENT Japan is in a privileged position; her defense is guaranteed and her young men have not to worry about being called upon to make a major contribution in the matter of preparing to defend their country against possible aggression.

We should regret to see this country remilitarized in anything like the old sense but we cannot tell what may happen in the days to come. What is fairly certain is that if the United States, for any reason whatsoever, should be obliged to modify its defense commitments to Japan, it would be our own obligation to make up the leeway.

While we have dwelt on the military side of the Okinawa base question, we are happy to know that the people of the Ryukyus are being permitted to regard themselves as potential Japanese citizens.

[Former U.S. Ambassador] Reischauer pointed out that Japan is now playing a larger role in the islands than ever before and her financial aid had increased so greatly that it had become more than the United States provided for economic development. He remarked that Okinawan politicians went to Tokyo to get instructions all the time. There had even been talk about Japanese administration of the educational system, he pointed out.

Our own impression is that this era of cooperation between the United States and Japan, in the case of the Ryukyus, can become an additional bond between our two nations and that there is no need to look for difficulties. Even granted that the situation is not theoretically ideal, the practical advantages are considerable. —*Japan Times.*

SYDNEY:

Futile Overtures

ANY REASONABLY unbiased person reading the two letters [between President Johnson and Ho Chi Minh] cannot but be left with the very strong impression that America is genuinely anxious to get peace negotiations started and that North Vietnam is indifferent. President Ho does not even say that North Vietnam would be prepared to negotiate if the Americans stopped the bombing; all he says is that after "the unconditional cessation" of the bombing "the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam and the United States could enter into talks." Mr. Johnson's proposal for a site for the talks and request for suggestions for a site are altogether ignored.

Hanoi's contemptuous indifference to overtures would perhaps be comprehensible if North Vietnam were winning the war. It is very hard to understand in a situation in which the Communists have had the initiative wrested from them and are suffering defeat after defeat, and face in addition the prospect of an even heavier aerial bombardment. For there is little doubt that President Johnson has now hardened his heart—and who can blame him?—and, soft words having notably failed, is prepared to take the harder measures his military advisers have long been urging. Indeed, now that Hanoi has restored the "unconditional withdrawal of American troops" as a precondition to talks, no other course seems to be open to him. —*Sydney Morning Herald.*

PEKING:

The U.S.S.R. as Friend

ON JANUARY 25, a shocking and bloody incident took place in front of the great Lenin Mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square when Soviet troops, police, and plainclothesmen savagely attacked a group of Chinese students passing through the Soviet Union on their way home. . . . The Chinese people protested most strongly and vehemently against this fascist outrage of the Soviet revisionists.

Listen, you handful of filthy Soviet revisionist swine! The Chinese people, who are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thoughts, are not to be bullied! The debt of blood you owe must be paid! We will hit back resolutely at your provocations!

What crime did these returning Chinese students commit? They laid wreaths in homage to Lenin, the great teacher of the world proletarian revolution, and Stalin, the great Marxist-Leninist. In front of the Lenin Mausoleum, they read quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung, declaring that the socialist system will eventually replace the capitalist system. This is an entirely revolutionary act. But you treated the Chinese students as enemies and savagely beat them up. This shows you up completely as betrayers of Lenin, of socialism, of the Soviet people, and of the world revolution!

You fraternize with imperialists and reactionaries and leave the door wide open to capitalist culture. . . . How closely does your atrocious, bloody repression against the Chinese students resemble the atrocities committed by the Czar, by Hitler, and by the Ku Klux Klan! This clearly shows that what you are practicing in the Soviet Union is in fact the most reactionary and most savage fascist dictatorship. . . .

The proletariat of our country is launching a general attack against the bourgeoisie; the class enemy is in a situation of total collapse on all fronts. . . . —*Peking Review.*

Letters to the World's Editors

What People Are Writing to their Newspapers

Free Travel

I CONSIDER contacts between peoples of different nations as the best way of mutual understanding—more effective than all diplomacy put together. As students, my friends and I used to travel to Bavaria and also to Prussia without *bumazhka* (Russian for "document") and the customs officer did not pay any attention to us. This was before World War I.

—*Antonin Kratochvil,*
Kulturni Tvorba, Prague.

The Englishman Abroad

HAVING JUST RETURNED from a holiday abroad I feel I must write to explain exactly what the £50 limit means to our hosts abroad.

It means that others, particularly the Germans, have the best tables; it means that the British get offered the beer list before the wine; it means that liquor is bought in shops, not in bars and hotels; it means that hotels allocate better accommodations to other nationalities; it means that taxi-drivers are questioned before we get into their cabs; it means the English have to become mean and cheeseparing; it means that the English are damn nice people, but don't bother about them this year.

How much does the government think it saves? It must be a large sum to allow overseas goodwill to disintegrate in such fashion. More likely it is a further extension [of the] "make people feel poor" campaign and a sop to the trade unions who, having had their incomes frozen, need reassuring that all others too are suffering.

Economize, yes. Make England wealthy, yes. But not at this price.

—*Keith Hainsworth,*
The Times, London.

Hypocrisy

EIGHTY PER CENT of the people who joined the procession against cow-slaughter in Delhi wore shoes, straps, and had purses made of leather.

—*Anonymous,*
Blitz, Bombay.

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Population Solution

THE HIMALAYAN PROBLEM of growing population has a very simple solution. Long live Patil [Minister of Railways] and Subramaniam [Minister of Food and Agriculture]! The former can reduce it with further increase in the railway accidents and the latter by extending the area of famine.

—Bishambhar Newar,
Blitz, Bombay.

The Shoemaker and the Finance Department

ON THE CORNER of the street where I live there is a plywood booth. For a year now it has been boarded up tightly. But there was a time when a shoemaker sat in it. A private operator. I am sorry he is not there now. "What's that?" I hear a menacing shout. "A private operator? A nepman [from NEP—New Economic Policy], a money-grubber, a parasite?"

This shoemaker is a Patriotic War invalid. He probably could have gotten a job in a shoe repair shop. But he has a problem: His wife is ill. If he goes to work for the whole day, there will be no one to look after his wife. So Ivan Vavilych sat in the booth for half a day. What was urgent he did immediately, while the customer hopped around on one foot; what could wait until tomorrow (this was the maximum length of time) he put into a sack and took home. There he kept an eye on his wife and worked; in the morning he took the sack back to the booth. Grateful citizens would run into Ivan Vavilych's before going to work to pick up their shoes, and they would be sure to thank this "private operator and parasite."

And so it went for a long time. But for all those years the tiny red booth and its owner were a terrible eyesore to the borough leaders. A truly titanic battle was waged between the finance department and the invalid. Every year his taxes were raised. The invalid groaned and complained, but he continued to work.

The booth was small and crowded; there was hardly enough room for its owner. Yet an official of the finance department managed to squeeze in too; he would sit there for days at a time, checking on the invalid's earnings so as to increase his taxes. And in the end the finance department won. The booth was closed.

What did the finance department gain? That is unknown, for now it no longer receives even the small amount of taxes the shoemaker paid. What the citizens of our microborough do know is that somebody miscalculated. For now they must stand in long lines at the shoe repair shop and then wait eight to ten days for a heel or a sole to be nailed on.

I am not going to utter vague words on the meaning and importance of the so-called services sphere. This is common knowledge. I am going to talk only about how much we would like it if this "sphere" operated sensibly, resourcefully and solicitously, if the people working in it would perfect the old forms of service and devise new ones, not unthinkingly sweep away what can still be of use. . . .

—Aleksandr Shevtsov,
Komsomolskaya Pravda, Moscow.

Punjabi Writers

IT WAS VERY PAINFUL to read a news item in your issue of March 4 that the Writers' Guild prizes to Sindhi and Pushto books amount to Rs. 2,000 while the money doled out to Punjabi writers amounts to only Rs. 1,250.

I may remind here the high-ups of the Guild, as well as the makers and executors of policies in all government, semi-government, and nongovernment organizations, that the number of people who speak Punjabi, in its various shades, is much more than the number of people who speak Sindhi, Pushto, Baluchi, etc.—all put together.

I think this discrimination against Punjabis and their language would not have continued had they been self-respecting enough not to espouse the cause of Urdu at the cost of their own language. It is time the living stalwarts of Urdu literature, mostly Punjabi-speaking, started writing in their own language to give it its due place.

—Alif Jeem,
The Pakistan Times.

"Japan" to "Nippon"

I FEEL IT IS contradictory, irrational, and somewhat shameful that the name of our country, Nippon, is not accepted as an international name.

That the proposition to call our country Nippon is never voiced publicly may testify that according to the general national sentiment this is not a question worth discussing. This question arose in me, and I cannot help feeling resistance to this lack of interest.

If the name "Japan" were replaced by "Nippon" on world maps, many Japanese people would be impressed. It would be wonderful if the Japanese airplanes flying on the round-the-world route which is to be established shortly should bear the word "Nippon" together with the Rising Sun symbol. I hope I am not the only one who is dismayed to see the nameplate reading "Japan" in the United Nations General Assembly hall.

—Kengo Namikawa,
Asahi Shimbun, Osaka.

The Police Choose Our Vacations

SINCE THE GOVERNMENT of the left-center seems to be looking for reforms that can be applied quickly and that will not cost a lira, may I suggest one: passport reform.

Actually, as everyone knows, an Italian citizen has the indubitable right, if he has no criminal record, to obtain a passport. On this document, however, there is stamped a list of the countries for which it is valid. And the list omits many countries with which the Italian Government has regular diplomatic relations. Why?

This procedure was evidently made arbitrary in the era of the cold war. Today, with the international situation so profoundly changed, does not such a state of affairs seem not only annoying but superlatively stupid?

—Mario Gottardi,
L'Espresso, Milan.

"Brotherhood."

—Krokodil, Moscow.

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The Slap-Happy Apathist

JULES FEIFFER's short-lived satirical play, *Little Murders*, introduces an intellectually honest protagonist named Alfred Chamberlain, who seeks a passive way to peace. It is not by pacifism, which, after all, requires a certain willingness to take forceful measures, but by apathism. Alfred simply allows himself to be beaten up; he has discovered that when his attackers find he isn't going to fight back, they tire of the game and quit.

His apathism extends to marriage, and he finds himself becoming "legally bound" to a very dominant girl from a horrendously compulsive middle-class family. His father-in-law believes everyone who wants to marry his daughter is a fag, and wants to have all people who don't make at least $10,000 a year lobotomized. His mother-in-law is a vapidly genteel woman who psychologically emasculates everyone around her. And his brother-in-law is an incipient homosexual who spends most of his time in the bathroom. Alfred's only positive rebuttals to all this are the use of a four-letter word when he is asked to explain just what sort of objects he photographs for a living, and his insistence that "God" be left out of the marriage ceremony.

Since the play takes place in Manhattan's violent West Nineties, the sounds of murder are heard throughout. Not only are there sirens and gunshots but the telephone keeps ringing so that an anonymous caller can frighten whoever answers with heavy breathing.

The play's most amusing scene is the marriage ceremony performed by the minister of Greenwich Village's "First Existentialist Church," a compassionate hippie who looks very much like Timothy Leary and who propounds the philosophy: "Christ died for our sins. Dare we make His martyrdom meaningless by not committing them?" But the plot swerves grotesquely as the new husband forsakes his apathism and finds himself becoming a full participant in senseless violence. This is far less entertaining, and Mr. Feiffer's view that we are all susceptible to violence is too obvious and is not made very dramatic.

The play appears most difficult to perform, with only Richard Schaal's brief stint as the minister really rising above adequacy. Elliott Gould looks droll as Alfred, and Heywood Hale Broun and Ruth White catch some of the sinister despair of the father and mother. One is reminded of Lillian Hellman's *My Mother, My Father, and Me*, which four seasons ago satirized a somewhat similar milieu with a similar lack of success. In both cases the playwrights were defeated by the enormous difficulty of deepening an audience's interest in characters whose unpleasantness is being repetitiously satirized.

ARTHUR LAURENTS's new musical, *Hallelujah, Baby!* pretends to be nothing more than random glimpses of American interracial attitudes as they have evolved over the last five decades. In it we follow Georgina, a twenty-five-year-old colored girl, from her first efforts to escape the slavery of domestic service by going on the stage, to the point where she is willing to strike rather than perform to a segregated audience, and on to an era in which her talent and charm win her a special celebrity status in white café society. At the end, however, she finds happiness with a Negro civil-rights worker, although it is something less than the ideal of what will hopefully be true someday: a love that is independent of racial considerations. This thesis is hard to quarrel with, and equally hard to get very excited about.

What excitement there is is provided by the show's attractive young leading lady, Leslie Uggams. Miss Uggams is graceful, direct, and lovely; can sing with clarity and force; and can even throw her pretty torso into a Cotton Club chorus number when so required. Irene Sharaff's costumes and William and Jean Eckart's settings are first-rate, and a couple of good dance routines staged by Kevin Carlisle add some much-needed zest to the proceedings. The best of the latter, a full-stage discothèque-dancers romp, has little connection to the plot, but lifts the show so effectively that the final scene seems a comparatively tepid epilogue.

The score by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green has no showstoppers, but "Being Good Isn't Enough" makes an intense first act solo finale. "The Trouble Is She's His, Not Mine" has a nice Cole Porterish sophistication to it. And there is bounce and humor in several other songs.

Hallelujah, Baby! is most alive, however, when Miss Uggams is holding the stage by herself. The rest of the time its abstract episodes suggest a story they don't really tell, and personifications of attitudes substitute for memorable characters. —HENRY HEWES.

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A Rare Fusion

THE *Bell Telephone Hour* series—"exploring the world of fine music"—will be back on NBC-TV next season in prime evening time. The programs this year were risky, courageous attempts at innovation—successful, on the whole, after the first few presentations, which were marred by undue adulation of performers and gauche press agentry instead of penetrating, informed musical criticism. The series, shaken down, may be steadier in its second round. It will probably also give viewers a chance to see more of the television productions of Nathan Kroll, the gifted producer-director who was responsible for the program that featured George Szell and the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and for the recently presented final program of the series, *El Prado: Masterpieces and Music.*

Each of these programs showed fine taste and admirable creative judgment in meeting diverse challenges. In the Szell program the producer provided a direct, uncluttered view of the conductor's rigorous style of music-making; in the program exhibiting Spain's celebrated art museum he achieved a rare fusion of music and painting which suggests an exciting potential for the development and elaboration of a new television art form.

The El Prado program, as originally conceived by Mr. Kroll long before the Bell Telephone series, encompassed a tour of the museum, guided by Andrés Segovia, the Spanish classical guitarist. National Educational Television was eager to do the broadcast, but couldn't afford it. The networks, approached by the producer, wanted a "star" as the guide. The project languished until the producers of the new experimental series invited him to submit program ideas. Enriching the musical content of his first sketch, he added Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Alicia de Larrocha, pianist; Roque Montoya, flamenco singer; and the Coros y Danzas de España, an authentic flamenco dance group specializing in Goyescas. Performing in El Prado, the artists were all conjoined to selected paintings by Velásquez, Goya, and El Greco—the combined music and art representing, as Mr. Segovia said, the pride, strength, and reverence of Spain. The artists were alternately seen alone on camera, framed against paintings, or their music was heard as the camera played upon the paintings.

Velásquez was Phillip IV's court painter for forty years, and the canvases that were shown reflected the wealth and gaiety of court life. The works of Goya conveyed, in turn, a sense of his early, middle, and later periods—a movement from joy, light, and air to images of hatred and brutality (when his vision and hearing failed him) and then to the horrors of war that the artist witnessed during the Napoleonic invasion of Spain.

The quality of reverence in the Spanish spirit was attributed to the religious masterpieces of El Greco, illustrating the life and travails of Jesus. Kroll's integration of the music and the paintings was brilliantly successful because the selections chosen for the works of art could not be classified as "program" music. Andrés Segovia and the other artists, with their wide and expert knowledge of Spanish music, helped him in the choice of songs—little known—that were "pure" and authentically of the period of the paintings.

THERE was an inherent rightness about the sound, matching what the eye saw in the works of art. Neither the music nor the art was permitted to dominate. Music was not a background for the painting; the painting provided an integrating context for the music. Both were equal partners in a tactile experience, an interplay of the senses. The classical guitarist played, in one instance, while framed by a Goya painting of countryfolk in an outdoor scene. The composition of the television shot was such that a man in the scene seemed actually to be at the musician's right shoulder, watching, listening.

Again, in the sequence involving flamenco dancers, live, and a group of dancers in a Goya canvas, there were moments when image and reality changed places without breaking rhythm, poised in delicate continuity. Even the soloists not performing against a painting were so artfully lighted that they took on the appearance of figures from an artist's brush. Kroll's camera director, Ross Lowell, and his film editor, Mimi Arsham, made superb contributions. It is very difficult to light a painting for photographing in an art museum, where custodians of the canvas treasures cry, "Stop! Kill the lights! You're frying the masterpiece!" To overcome the difficulty, Kroll brought back a great number of photo transparencies of the paintings, which he was able to shoot at his leisure, in detail, on an animation stand.

This viewer felt at times that the producer applied too reverential a tone to "the soul of Spain," relaxing his detachment from the material. There were moments when the fusion of music and art worked so beautifully that one, in a heightened mood of eye and ear, resented the intrusion of any voice speaking didactically and not poetically. These are minor cavils in an experiment that points hopefully to a further exploration on television by Kroll and his associates, and *Bell Telephone Hour,* of a new multidimensionality of art, music, and the spoken word.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"I dreamt the Red Guard took you out on the square and made you admit your errors."

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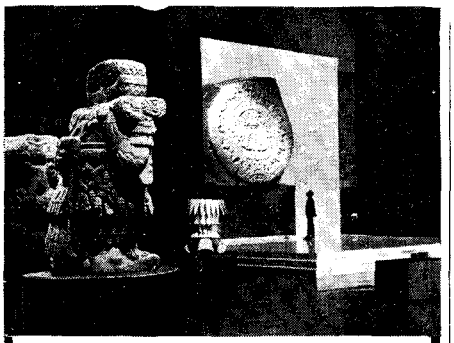

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1967 INTERNATIONAL TOURIST YEAR

"Sum-noo Suur laa Bun Root poohr Kaybek?"

THE MINISTERE du Tourisme, de la Chasse, et de la Pêche has put at my disposal, as indeed they would be happy to put at yours, a handy booklet which advises visitors how to "have fun with fonetic French" when traveling in Quebec this summer. People who are going to visit the world's fair had better not forget that Montreal, which is Canada's largest city, is also the second-largest French-speaking metropolis in the world. Two-thirds of the 2,000,000 citizens are of French origin, and only about 20 per cent are Anglo-Saxons.

A new bulletin put out by the Expo 67 news bureau issues a warning that some cab drivers speak little if any English. All that is perfectly true. The fellow I hailed up there the other night was as fresh from Rumania as an imported side of pastrami. Bucharest he knew like the inside of his pocket, but Montreal couldn't have been more of a mystery to him had it been Dar-es-Salaam. He was at least affable, and he graciously offered to give me Rumanian lessons, at small cost, while we lay mired in the traffic, unfathomable blocks from the destination we sought.

Those who drive north this summer are hardly likely to run into a Rumanian unless they get really off course or at least until they arrive at the city limits of Montreal. They are, however, likely to run into any number of Canadians who speak only French, and it is for such a circumstance that the Ministère du Tourisme, de la Chasse, et de la Pêche put out its booklet. Anyone who wants to know whether he is on the right road to Quebec need only say, *"Sum-noo suur laa bun root poohr Kaybek?"*

Should hunger strike or *l'essence* in the gas tank dip dangerously low, all one need do is stop the nearest citizen, and presuming the fellow stands still long enough, say to him as follows, *"Konhbee-yainh ee-aa-till duh mill zjuss-kaa laa pross-shen veel?"*

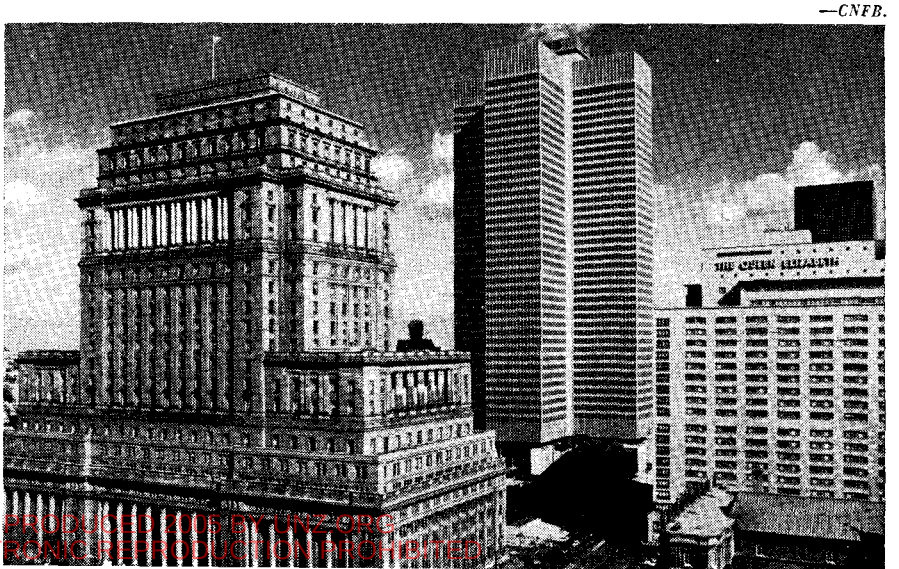
Being abroad in a French-speaking city so near the U.S. border will be only one of the fascinations that Montreal will exhibit during the fair season. The innumerable excitements of Expo, which I delineated in some detail earlier [see "Montreal Lights Up," *SR*, Apr. 29] are just part of the show. Much of the surprise, and not a little of the delight, will be, I suspect, in beholding Montreal itself. It is located, for the most part, on a large island 32 miles long and 10 miles wide where it is the widest.

Fairgoers will ride the new freeway that stretches from the city to the manufactured islands in the St. Lawrence where Expo has been set up. They will also take the Expo Express, which is *free* (Moses, Moses, do I hear ye?) and which departs from the Cité du Havre, a peninsula jutting into the St. Lawrence. Hundreds of miles down the Seaway, a billion-dollar dredging exercise jointly sponsored by the United States and Canada, lies the Atlantic. An extraordinary number of well known ships will voyage along this route during the six months of the fair, and will tie up at the docks and function as hotels for their passengers.

Montreal is 325 years old, but even

Downtown Montreal—"Not a little of the delight [for fairgoers] will be . . . in beholding Montreal itself."

—CNFB.



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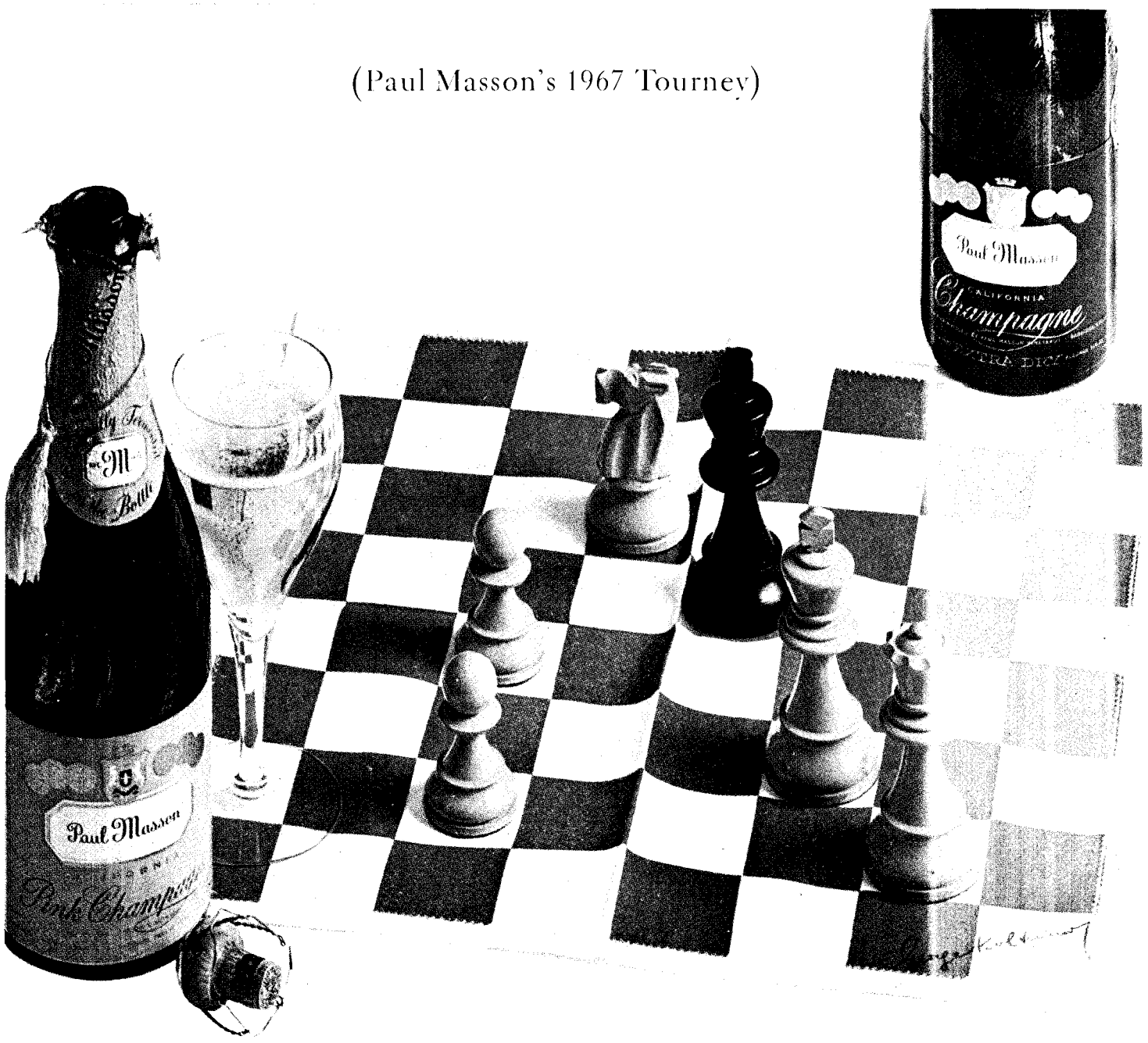
(Paul Masson's 1967 Tourney)



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A) Although the first 100 Winners will be awarded Paul Masson's World's Most Foldable Chess Board, or maybe it is a Chesskerchief, in pink checks as shown . . .

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C) And all will be autographed by our judge, Chess Master and World's Blindfold Champion George Koltanowski.

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Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. S-1, Saratoga, California:

My key move to the problem is_____. I understand that you must draw the line someplace, so "winner" means one of the first 100 correct answers and "loser" one of the first 100 incorrect answers checked after July 4, 1967; and that, odd as it sounds, answers postmarked after that date can neither win nor lose.

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before its founding the place where it was later to burgeon was visited by Jacques Cartier, an early tourist who arrived in 1535. There was little then except an Indian village called Hochelaga, which was probably at the foot of the mountain below McGill University. The Indians were Hurons, and in response to their welcome Cartier read to them from the Gospel of St. John, an interlude which must have been very confusing indeed. It was Champlain who in 1611 laid out the site of the settlement which later became Montreal.

Champlain would have been goggle-eyed, as indeed was I the other day, to behold the new Montreal, which has risen loftily in the Quebec sky and dug deeply into the Quebec earth since last I was here. There is a new city of towers jutting into the air above the St. Lawrence, and imposing as the sight may be, it is no more awesome than the underground city which a redoubtable mass of tunnel rats have built hidden from view.

The Place Ville Marie, which was hardly more than an idea when I was in town last, is now a mortar forest with giant towers of the Royal Bank Building, the Esso Building, IBM, and the Green Shield building rising above the minuscule pedestrian like redwoods above an ant. *Under* the Place Ville Marie, however, is another story. A whole civilization lives down there, hordes of people promenading as they do along Fifth Avenue on a good Sunday in May. They poke into the fifty shops, invade the two movie houses and one theater and come to dine in an assortment of twelve underground restaurants.

At Le Carrefour des Canadiens, the crossroads, tables are spread in an open-air subterranean sidewalk café. More serious eating is done at the Bluenose Inn, a subterranean seafood restaurant complete with an oyster bar and a tank of live lobsters—every bit as authentic as if it were on a quay in Nova Scotia. The Canadians, having caught the American steak syndrome, repair with gusto to the underground steak house called Stampede Inn. The décor is early ranch brand and neo-dried hide, and steaks are selected by weight. Just alongside is Le Carignan, the elegant French restaurant named, in an exquisite linkage with the mother country, after a French regiment which was stationed in Quebec at the time of the war with the British. My gasp of astonishment was, I assure you, very real when I learned that all four places are operated by Hilton Hotels.

The Hiltons, of course, operate the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, an enormous storehouse of some 1,200 rooms, which is just upstairs. A project of Canadian National Railways, which has many hotels spread across Canada, the Queen E, as she is popularly known, was built as a convention hotel, but it does have some attractive and even quiet corners, among them the Beaver Club (where the doors say "draw to" instead of "pull") and the Golden Hind, an elaborate new spa.

To the traveler who journeys across Canada it sometimes seems that half of the enterprises are built or owned by the Canadian National, the other half being the property of Canadian Pacific. In the matter of Montreal hotels, Canadian Pacific has countered the Canadian National's Queen E with the brand-new Château Champlain, an exquisite hotel that soars like some elegant live-in obelisk thirty-eight stories above the Place du Canada.

The public rooms of Le Château Champlain have been fitted into a giant box that occupies most of the square plot, but the guest rooms rise within the trim shaft, the window arches mounted one above the other in an artful pattern. In the fittings it has placed in its guest rooms, in the attention to rich detail, in the places of public assembly, and in the general air of *raffinement* which suffuses the lobby, it is far and away the most elegant inn I have visited in Canada and one of the most handsome in the Americas.

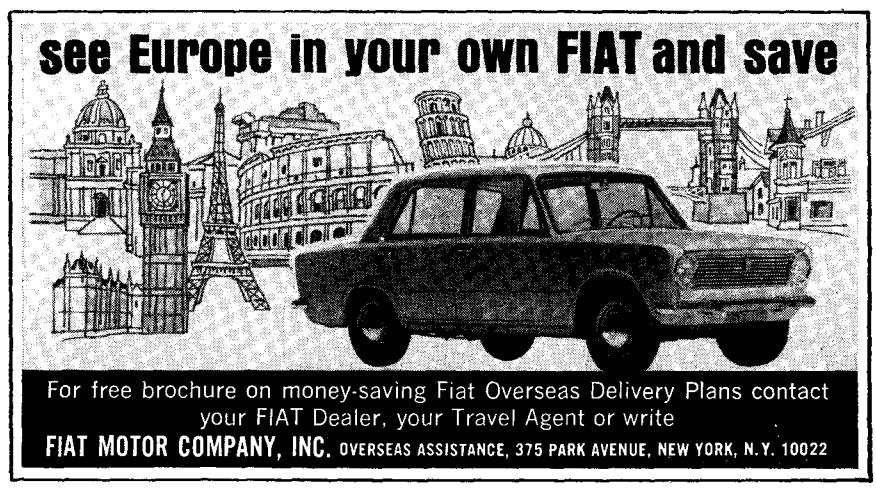
The place is built to last, in the fashion of such fine old inns as the Plaza in New York, Claridge's in London, the Bristol and the Plaza-Athenée in Paris. The bar, called Les Mariniers, is deep in old-club wood, brass, and leather. Off the main lobby, Le Tournebroche, into which I stumbled one night, is a marvelous creation of the French provinces—whole hams roasting in chains, waiters in white cook's coats, and bakers rolling out dough for bread served individually to each table.

Sleek, slender, and lofty as it is, Le Château Champlain is scarcely the highest of the new towers in Montreal. That title is awarded to the Stock Exchange Building, on yet another *place*, in this case the Place Victoria. It rises forty-seven stories high, but like everything else in the new Montreal, it has not lost sight of the subterranean life. A stairwell, hung as if it were a giant stalactite with a handsome Murano chandelier, leads to its shops and to a theater. One can, far beneath the rigors of Montreal's winter, have a haircut, or stop by on the way home to buy hot bread.

When the tunneling is all finished it will be possible to walk from Ste. Catherine to Notre-Dame without ever having to come up for a breath of frost-laden air—a two-mile promenade. While there may be those who will take underground promenades and never come up until it is spring, no one will need to walk to work when there is the subway. Montreal's Métro, which opened last fall, is a gem. Its trains are a handsome powder blue and they run for 15.5 miles on rubber tires. Each of the twenty-seven stations is being completed and decorated by a different company, but each commissioned firm must coordinate with a city-appointed art director.

The object is to create a subway that will be a work of art, each station a gallery of its own. It doesn't mean that the Montreal Métro has entirely skirted the scourge of the billboards. Indeed, there are exhortations to the French-speaking population which arrest one with slogans as, "*On ne dit pas hot dog, on dit Hygrade.*" But the supplications are contained and inoffensive. In its cleanliness, in its sense of order, its shiny colorful trains, and its spotless stations, the Métro has absolutely nothing in common with New York's subway except that they both run underground. Nor in its effort to lighten tunnel life with art will it likely fall into the trap of gross heroics that mark Moscow's subway.

The Métro will lead, to be sure, to Montreal's new cultural center, a three-theater complex in the Place des Arts. Like Lincoln Center, the Place des Arts has underground parking, in this case for 800 cars. It is altogether possible, Canadian friends explained to me with considerable satisfaction, to leave one's heated garage without a coat, drive to the theater in a comfortably heated car, and park underground—no overcoat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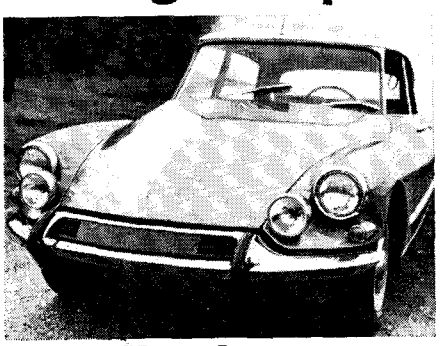

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needed at all, an innovation that might make winter tolerable after all.

Many of the cultural events which the participating nations will send to Montreal during the run of the fair will be played in the Place des Arts. Wilfrid Pelletier Hall is a 3,000-seat theater for the main attractions. The two newer small theaters hold 1,300 and 800 viewers, all of whom will be enchanted, I would think, to find a soft seat after a hard day at the fair.

Quite a bit has been said about finding lodgings in Montreal during Expo, and rooms have become, it is widely whispered, the fair's biggest problem. The city has worked hard to increase its available rentable rooms, managing to raise the count from 27,230 hotel rooms in 1964 to 30,000 at post time. Half of the 30,000, it had better be said right away, are in the metropolitan area, the rest anywhere from 50 to 75 miles away. In this regard, it might be noted that the Laurentian resorts are only an hour's highway drive from the fairgrounds. They were, at last look, about 60 per cent reserved, but places like Chalet Cochand and others were still asking for reservations. As one might expect, hotels within twenty minutes of the fairgrounds are sold out for July and August, but there are about 3,000 rooms in prefab temporary motels built by private enterprise, about 15,000 beds in colleges, dormitories, and schools, and another 15,000 camp sites for those who would follow in the trail of Cartier and Champlain. Perhaps most attractive of all are the 25,000 rooms in private homes—all of them inspected, classified, and priced—almost any of which will give the tenant an opportunity to ask the proprietor things like *"ee-aa-till unh bonh ress-taw-ranh too preh?"*, and other queries designed to break down international barriers and bring peace.

The allegations of price gouging were perhaps well founded at one time, but the Quebec legislature stepped in with a price-control law recently. The cost of rooms is being returned to a level which allows an increase of 15 to 20 per cent over 1965 tariffs. Thus a hotel or motel room will run from $12 to $40 a day, with most of the low-cost rooms for June, July, and August already gone. An apartment will cost from $15 to $40, but the larger ones can hold up to six adults, bringing the per capita cost down to a workable figure. Rooms in private homes range from $6 to $10 single, and from $8 to $14 double. A bunk can be rented for about $2.50.

Not a little of Montreal's rooming problem was generated by the hotels themselves. For the six months' period of the fair, when conceivably every room would have been spoken for anyway, the hotels booked no fewer than 225 conventions, sewing up rooms for 75,000 people. In the minds of the computerized balance-sheet products that are streaming out of hotel schools now, it is more profitable to take a conventioner than a plain fairgoer. The conventioners live, eat, and drink at the hotel, but the fairgoer spends his money on Ferris wheels and comes home only to sleep. Expo may be trying to elevate man's sense of purpose to lofty heights, but the noble aims are going to be lost on the new breed of innkeeper.

—Horace Sutton.

WIT TWISTER #7

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing ————
Until their ———— run over!
Tonight, we'll ———— upon this ————;
Tomorrow, ———— for Dover!

(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

Her lover's ———— sounds distant, dim,
Through thunder's ———— and swirling gloom.
Her ————, crazed face stares o'er the brim,
Till with a ———— she seeks her doom.

(*Answer on page 77*)

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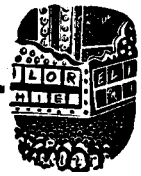

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

. . . And Selected Short Subjects

A COUPLE of months ago, New York's cavernous Philharmonic Hall played host to a precedent-shattering program of international short films arranged for the occasion, and for subsequent distribution throughout the country, by a firm called Janus Films. Like most movie distributors, Janus is concerned primarily with features, such as the films of Ingmar Bergman, whose popularity they did much to establish almost a decade ago. The money has always been in features. Shorts—even quality shorts — command shockingly low prices from the theaters, a situation aggravated by the instant availability of hundreds of old cartoons and travelogues which the major studios are willing to all but give away. Since shorts rarely are responsible for luring customers to the box office, theater owners are notoriously reluctant to pay them either the attention or the rentals they deserve. As a result, some of the most creative and provocative film-making of our time receives a minimum of exposure—and far more often through hard-to-locate 16mm prints than in the theaters.

The Janus program, titled *New Cinema*, has been created to counteract this. Designed to be exhibited in university and college auditoriums, and in art centers, it consists at present of two series, each about two hours long, that include cartoons, documentaries, art films, and samplings of *cinéma vérité* and other experimental forms. Drawn in the main from the prize-winners at various international festivals, they present early works by such now-familiar names as Roman Polanski, Vittorio de Seta, Richard Lester, François Truffaut, and Jean-Luc Godard; and such now-familiar titles as Truffaut's *Les Mistons* (re-edited and updated by Truffaut himself), Lester's *Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film* (which once served to introduce Peter Sellers to American audiences via Ed Sullivan's TV show), and *The Most*, a *cinéma vérité* documentary on the life and times of *Playboy*'s Hugh Hefner. Each program is a rich and varied package, a cross section of the growing edge of film-making around the world. (For information, address Janus Films, 24 West 58th Street, N.Y., N.Y.)

Another group of films has been assembled by the National Student Association (2115 "S" Street Northwest, Washington, D.C.) from the prize-winners of its two student film competitions, the first held at UCLA in 1965, the second at Lincoln Center (and later at UCLA as well) in 1966. Once again, the range is extraordinary—some funny, some poignant, all of them sharply contemporary in both their attitudes and their techniques. And once again, as with Janus, the intention is to bypass the theaters and make these shorts available to those audiences which are likely to appreciate them the most, the students in colleges and universities across the country. Recently, USC's Cinema Department (University Park, Los Angeles, California) has also fallen into the trend toward packaging and has assembled for public distribution three forty-five-minute programs of student-made shorts that have come from its numerous workshop classes.

But while such groupings have been designed to make it infinitely easier for a program director to locate and book short subjects of quality, their scatter-shot approach often negates the real value of these films (and, it might be noted, are often far more costly than if the shorts were booked individually). For those who have home projectors, or who run film programs for civic groups, the 16mm field offers an incredible variety of pictures that can be shown for instruction, as the basis for discussion, or for pure enjoyment.

One of the leaders in this field is Contemporary Films (267 West 25th Street, New York, N.Y.), whose catalogue includes, in addition to numerous features, such recent shorts as *The War Game*, *A Time for Burning*, and a delightful animated film based on Gogol's *The Nose*. Equally prominent is Brandon Films (221 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y.), with an international collection of shorts and features that reaches back to the days of the silent movies. The mainstay of all this, of course, is the Museum of Modern Art Film Library (11 West 53rd Street, New York, N.Y.), but its distribution is limited to those educational organizations that show films on a nonprofit basis.

With attention being focussed increasingly on the work of the so-called underground film-makers, two sources are virtually indispensable: The Film-Makers' Cooperative (414 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y.), which tends to favor such East Coast operatives as Ed Emshwiller, the Kuchar brothers, Stan Vanderbeek, and Andy Warhol; and the Creative Film Society (14558 Valerio Street, Van Nuys, Calif.), which leans toward such West Coasters as Kenneth Anger, Bruce Conner, Robert Nelson, and Ben Van Meter.

For too long, the theaters have chosen to treat short films as a poor relation. Today, all over the country, schools, colleges, clubs, museums, and private individuals are discovering the riches that can be mined from this field. The only problem—and one which the eagerly anticipated American Film Institute might well address itself to—is to locate the sources. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Welcome, sports fans, to the third annual Westchester lawn mower derby."

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TUDOR AND THE ROYAL BALLET

By SELMA JEANNE COHEN

WHEN Antony Tudor's *Shadowplay* was premiered by the Royal Ballet in London in January, one critic called it a "triumphant return for its choreographer." The work, which had its American premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 2, is the first that Tudor has done for an English company since 1938. It is the first he has ever done for the Royal Ballet.

Naturally, speculation has flourished for years about why so distinguished a British artist had never been asked to choreograph for Britain's leading company. An acknowledged master and innovator, Tudor has inspired a whole stream of choreographers, and most important dramatic ballets of the past three decades have shown marks of the "Tudor influence." The great Tudor ballets began with *Lilac Garden* in 1936, and since then his major works have been staged by American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet in this country, as well as by the National Ballet of Canada, the Royal Swedish Ballet, and the Komaki Ballet of Tokyo, among others abroad. His ballets have been danced in Britain by American companies; but never by Britain's Royal Ballet.

Commenting on the belated invitation that produced *Shadowplay*, Sir Frederick Ashton, director of the Royal Ballet, states that Tudor had been too long overlooked by the company. It was an omission that he felt should be redressed. As to why the omission had been allowed to persist for so many years, he cannot say. "I was not director of the company then," he remarks. (He succeeded the Royal Ballet's founder, Dame Ninette de Valois, in the post in 1963.)

The original reasons for Tudor's neglect by the Royal Ballet are not hard to grasp. Part of the apparent difficulty now stems from our forgetting, in the light of its subsequent brilliance, how fledgling a project ballet was in England in the 1930s. The Royal, then the Sadler's Wells Ballet, was a young company with only meager resources. When de Valois felt ready to invite a second choreographer to join her staff, she looked quite naturally to someone who could provide the kind of ballets her repertory needed. Since her own work tended toward the dramatic, she chose a man whose tastes tended toward the classical and abstract. Antony Tudor was not such a man. Frederick Ashton was.

We may also forget that Tudor was far from established then. His ballets had been performed by companies like the Ballet Rambert, which were even smaller than Sadler's Wells. They were danced in small theaters to enthusiastic but small audiences. Most of the press had been devastating. The subtle poignancy of the separated lovers of *Lilac Garden*, the bitter comment on the sleazy clipjoint of *Judgment of Paris*, the starkly poetic mourning of *Dark Elegies*—these have long been recognized masterpieces. Yet when they were created, few recognized the sweeping revolution that Tudor was bringing about in ballet.

THOUGH the United States is proud of giving Tudor the opportunity that England denied him, we must not forget that the American opportunity was presented first to Ashton, who, in 1939, declined the offer made him by Ballet Theatre to become one of its permanent choreographers. Tudor was then recommended by Agnes de Mille. It is, we can say, to the credit of the Americans that they took the risk of inviting as their second choice a yet unproved young man.

The Tudor works that were shown to New York by Ballet Theatre in 1940 and 1941 did not meet with unanimous critical acclaim. It was only on April 8, 1942, with the premiere of *Pillar of Fire*, that his stature was acknowledged. "A tremendous achievement," John Martin wrote in *The New York Times* the day after the performance, and by the end of the season he was calling Tudor "the most important figure in the contemporary ballet."

Now the public saw that Tudor had taken the form of classical ballet and put it to such expressive uses as no one before him had dared attempt. Ballet—a medium used for fairy tales or for sheer virtuoso performing—was here used to depict, not the glorified princess of some glittering mythical kingdom, but an ordinary woman in any town, anywhere; not the yearning daydreams of romantic love, but the desperation of sexual frustration. Movingly, poetically, the feelings of real people were conveyed.

SERIOUSNESS in dance was not new to American audiences. They had seen it in the modern dance for more than a decade. But psychological characterization within classical ballet was something else again. Tudor had turned

—*Michael Stannard.*

Dowell (left), Merle Park aloft—" 'Reviews . . . told me what the ballet was about.' "

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dance technicians into actors who expressed in movement the heights and depths of human experience. Here were no decorative automatons, but individuals who had problems and passions and who suffered in their pursuit of happiness.

In 1942, however, the Sadler's Wells Ballet would hardly consider inviting Tudor back to war-torn England. The next year Tudor choreographed two more major works, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Dim Lustre*. Then, in 1945, came another masterpiece, *Undertow*, never a popular success but justly admired by those who could see the compassion beyond its distastefully cruel exposures of sentimental religion, rape, and murder.

Undertow, however, was followed by a series of ballets that met with little acclaim from either the critics or the public. In 1950 Tudor left Ballet Theatre to choreograph for the New York City Ballet, where his work fared no better. Always, the craftsmanship was admirable, the musicality impeccable, and there were beautiful moments of inspiration. Yet the artistry was no longer sustained; all the fire seemed to have gone.

AFTER 1950 Tudor undertook demanding teaching assignments at the Metropolitan Opera and at the Juilliard School of Music. The new works he did in succeeding years he preferred to call, not "choreography," but "dance arrangements." Most of them were unpretentious and thematically slight.

At this stage in his career, a new ballet by Antony Tudor must have looked like a poor risk. But could he not have been asked to restage one of his proved classics for the Royal Ballet? It was said that Margot Fonteyn wanted to dance *Pillar of Fire*, and that Tudor wanted to do it for her. He was not asked.

MEANWHILE, Tudor had worked several seasons with the Royal Swedish Ballet. Each time, new works were mentioned, but somehow they never materialized, and he settled for restaging old ones. Then, in September 1963, *Echoing of Trumpets* was premiered in Stockholm. Here, for the first time in years, Tudor grappled with a theme of high seriousness and proved that he was still a master.

Inspired by the Nazi destruction of the Czech village of Lidice, the ballet is filled with dramatic tensions—helpless women caught in a web of violence, the lovers' moment of tenderness terminated by senseless destruction. Wisely, the Metropolitan Opera Ballet asked for *Echoing of Trumpets*, and produced it here last year to general approval. Apparently Tudor had embarked on a new period of creativity.

The Royal Ballet must have heard the good news from Stockholm in 1963, but the administration moved with deliberate speed. Then, in June 1966, Tudor was asked to create a ballet for the company.

Shortly before this, the choreographer had read about a practically unknown French composer, Charles Koechlin. Tudor was curious and he was intrigued by what the reviewer called the fascinating tonalities and colors of the music. When he heard the recording, he found the composition was not too serious; it had a tongue-in-cheek quality that he liked. Koechlin's *Les Bandar-Log* provided the major part of the score for *Shadowplay*. But Tudor needed additional music, and little of the composer's work had been published. In the Fleischer Collection of the Free Library of Philadelphia he found a treasure of Koechlin manuscripts, and from them he selected—unheard—passages from *La Course de Printemps*. John Lanchbery, the company's principal conductor, arranged the inserts, which Tudor had chosen with remarkable sensitivity.

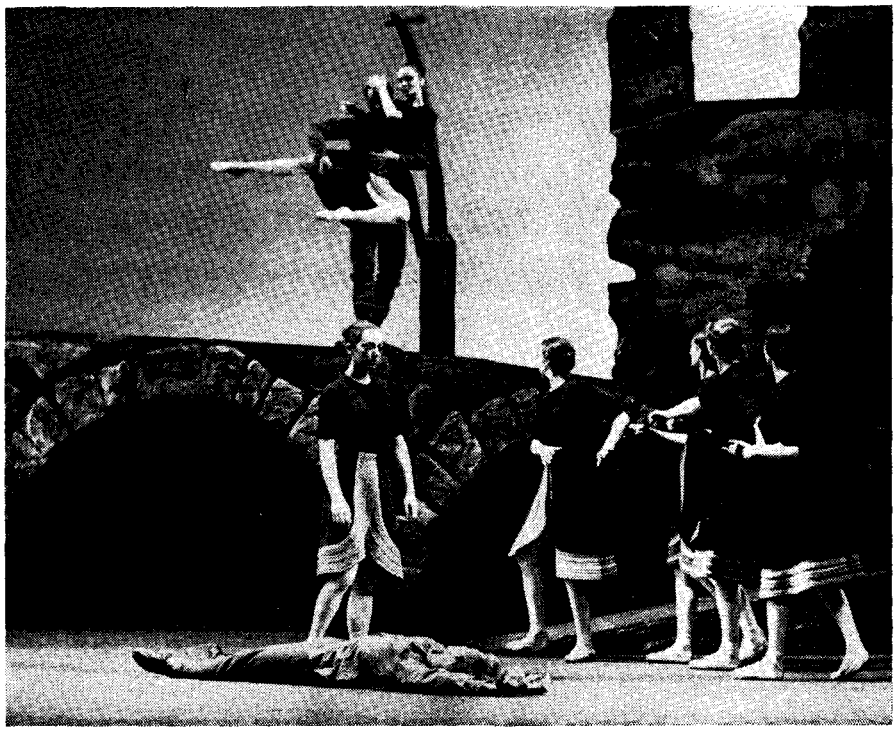
That the music was based on Kipling's *Jungle Book* meant little to the choreographer. He did read the classic, but found it of little use—too many animals. The Oriental implications, however, were another matter. Tudor had used Oriental music as early as 1933 for a ballet titled *Atalanta of the East*. And he had encountered Chinese philosophy when he used the poems of Li Po (as set by Mahler in *Das Lied von der Erde*) for *Shadow of the Wind* in 1948. Both ballets had been failures, but Antony Tudor never lost his interest in Eastern thought.

WHEN he began to choreograph *Shadowplay*, Tudor did not really know the dancers of the Royal Ballet. He picked Anthony Dowell for the boy protagonist because he was young and had a willowy quality of movement. He chose Merle Park for the leading woman because he heard she was marvelous in *allegro*. As he suspected, she turned out to be marvelous in *adagio*, too.

The ballet's title is ambiguous. It can refer to Javanese puppets, to the shapes that the play of hands can make on a wall, the designs of shadows on the ground, or our shadows that never leave us.

"The reviews of *Shadowplay*," says Tudor, "told me what the ballet was about." The theme is growing up, or man's progression to a state of Nirvana beyond the distractions and irritations of the world. The young boy is beset by the menaces of the jungle (the world) and its creatures of the trees and of the air. He is confronted by a male figure (the Lord of the Jungle or his earthly self). He is successively charmed and threatened by the Celestial (a chaste goddess or a seductress). In the end he achieves peace (manhood) through an act of will (or the sexual act). Tudor agrees with any of the alternatives.

What he likes best is the letter a woman wrote to the company, saying that she didn't understand the ballet, but she couldn't get it out of her mind.



—*Louis Mélancon.*

***Echoing of Trumpets* on the Old Met stage—"a theme of high seriousness. . . ."**

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *Hollywood, Basie's Way*. Basie, piano; with 16-piece band. Command stereo, RS 912, $5.79; mono, R 912, $4.79.	Hollywood does not fare as well as Broadway did on Command R 905, the recording at times spreading the band too wide and too deep. In place of Roy Eldridge and Lockjaw Davis are Harry Edison and Billy Mitchell, but if they impress less it is mainly because they are not given comparable opportunities. Of the selections, "Hurry Sundown Blues" is the most appropriate vehicle for this band, and here Chico O'Farrill's arrangement, the ensembles, and the solos make a very enjoyable whole.
Illinois Jacquet, Budd Johnson, James Moody, and Sandy Mosse: *The Mood to Be Wooed*. Jacquet, Johnson, Mosse, tenor saxophone; Moody, alto and tenor saxophones; with strings and rhythm. Cadet stereo, LPS 784, $4.79; mono, LP-784, $4.79.	The proposition that saxophones plus strings together produce seductive sounds is not proved here, largely because of the recording. For example, in the case of "Love, I've Found You" by Budd Johnson (by far the best performer), the saxophone is too prominent and the thin strings too distant. A disconcertingly top-heavy effect is the result, and it is exaggerated here and on other tracks by the addition of echo. According to the liner, the melodies in this anthology were chosen partly because they had resisted "the ravages of obsolescence in our swiftly rushing culture." The performances seem unlikely to do so.
Jay McShann: *McShann's Piano*. McShann, piano and celeste; Charles Norris, guitar; Ralph Hamilton, Fender bass; Paul Gunther and Jesse Price, drums. Capitol stereo, ST 2645, $4.79; mono, T 2645, $3.79.	Recorded by Dave Dexter, who was responsible for McShann's first records, this is a timely release. It presents one of the fast-vanishing breed of blues pianists in fine form. Now that Pete Johnson has gone, there are few who play the blues with such authenticity of touch and accent. McShann plays them here—fast, medium, and slow—without any of the loud, self-conscious mannerisms that have denoted the "funky" pianist of recent years. He swings—easily, unfailingly. He sings on a couple for good measure, and plays celeste on "Blues for an Old Cat," a performance that is moving in its simplicity. Among the old favorites are "Vine Street Boogie" (as compelling as ever), "Confessin' the Blues," and "Moten Swing" (with an admiring nod in Erroll Garner's direction).
Chico O'Farrill: *Nine Flags*. O'Farrill, arranger and leader; with groups of seven, ten, and fifteen musicians. Impulse stereo, AS-9135, $5.98; mono, A-9135, $4.98.	Faced with distilling the "distinctive colors and rhythms" of Brazil, Hong Kong, and seven European countries, O'Farrill has come up with some subtle and intriguing results. None is obvious, but Nat Hentoff's notes are helpfully explanatory. The "slow elegance" of England comes with muted, Basie-like brass; the green of Ireland with Clark Terry's trumpet humor and young Larry Coryell's blues guitar; and "venturesome" Sweden with Seldon Powell's tenor saxophone expressing avant-garde "freedom." Clark Terry and George Duvivier (bass) are the only common elements in the three different groups used, but the performances are almost uniformly excellent.
Tony Parenti: *Ragtime Jubilee*. Parenti, clarinet; Larry Conger, trumpet; Charlie Bornemann, trombone; Knocky Parker, piano; Dr. Edmond Souchon, banjo; Don Franz, tuba; Pops Campbell, drums. Jazzology stereo, J-21, $5.98; mono, J-21, $4.98.	The program consists of ragtime compositions written between 1899 and 1916 by such men as J. Russel Robinson, Scott Joplin, and Joseph Lamb. Like Parenti's previous efforts in this area, it is valuable in giving an idea of the influence of ragtime on pre-jazz bands. The fragrant but intricate melodic lines, originally conceived for piano, are ably translated on clarinet by Parenti, while Parker's solos demonstrate both affection and familiarity. The brass instruments emphasize the march characteristics of ragtime, and all the interpretations proceed at the proper, comfortable tempo, even "Whirlwind Rag."
Joe Pass: *Simplicity*. Pass, guitar; with unidentified piano or organ, vibraphone, bass, and drums. World Pacific stereo, WPS-21865, $5.79; mono, WP-1865, $4.79.	Tempos and emotion are equally restrained in this quietly romantic set, where the *bossa nova* influence often surfaces. The cool melancholy of Pass's guitar has its charm, but it is a relief when the temperature rises a little and the musicians swing out on "Nobody Else But Me." For a contrast, one may turn to two albums by Django Reinhardt now available singly on Capitol T-10457 and T-10458. Previously issued as a two-record set, the first contains a dozen tracks by the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, the second an assortment made with his own groups and such visiting Americans as Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, and Dicky Wells.
John Patton: *Let 'Em Roll*. Patton, organ; with trio. Blue Note stereo, BLP 84239, $5.79; mono, BLP 4239, $4.79. Richard "Groove" Holmes: *Spicy*. Holmes, organ; with quartet. Prestige 7493, stereo and mono, $4.79. Johnny "Hammond" Smith: *Love Potion #9*. Smith, organ; with quartet. Prestige 7482, stereo and mono, $4.79.	There are signs that the organ craze may be abating. The two Prestige sets, with their conga drums and choice of material, were obviously made with one eye on the pop market. Given the big commercial success of Holmes's "Misty," this is understandable, but he and Smith still have ample space in which to display their jazz skills. Smith uses trumpet and tenor saxophone to some advantage on five out of eight tracks, and Holmes introduces a new guitarist named Joe Jones. Patton's set, however, is the most rewarding because of less inhibiting material and the stimulus of Grant Green's exciting guitar. Bobby Hutcherson adds color on vibraphone, but his playing is stiff in comparison with that of the free-swinging Grant and Patton.
Roberta Peck: *Extraordinary*. Roberta Peck, vocal; Clark Terry or Buck Clayton, trumpet; Willie Ruff, French horn; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone and flute; Pat Rebillot, piano; George Benson, guitar; Reed Wasson, Richard Davis, or Aaron Bell, bass; Jimmy Lovelace, drums. Columbia stereo, CS 9458, $4.79; mono, CL 2658, $3.79.	Besides ease, control, and a genuinely pretty voice, Roberta Peck has the ability to grasp the total potential of a song's music and lyrics. This is most evident on torch songs, which are obviously her forte. She communicates mature emotion on "Body and Soul," "Willow, Weep for Me," and "More Than You Know," but is less convincing on "Makin' Whoopee" and "I'm Beginning to See the Light." In recording the album, John Hammond adopted the same principle of spontaneity that originally served him so well with Billie Holiday, and he allowed the musicians a very welcome degree of prominence. Buck Clayton particularly distinguishes himself on "Body and Soul" and "The More I See You."
Chick Webb: *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Webb, drums; with bands of ten and twelve musicians; Taft Jordan, trumpet; with septet; Teddy Wilson, piano; with septet; and Ella Fitzgerald, vocal. Columbia CL 2639, mono only, $3.79.	The great Chick Webb and his band were never well represented on records, but this album contains some of their better performances, including their theme, "Let's Get Together," and the first version of the famous "Stompin' at the Savoy." These derive from the period when Edgar Sampson was the band's chief arranger and alto saxophone soloist. A highly talented musician, he left Webb at a time when that leader's star was in the ascendancy, thanks to the addition of Ella Fitzgerald. Commercial success for a time obscured the extent of this artistic loss. Besides Sampson, the most impressive soloist heard here is Sandy Williams, one of the best trombonists of the Thirties. Webb is not prominently recorded (and is not heard on five tracks by small units featuring members of his band), but his remarkable beat—so propulsive even with brushes—keeps coming through. Timme Rosenkrantz's notes admirably evoke time and place. —Stanley Dance.

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Third Stream with a Difference

THE NEW RELEASE *The October Suite* (Impulse stereo, AS-9136; mono, A-9136) is an interesting recording, a generally very good one, and it may even be an important one. When one considers some of the odds against its success, it becomes an altogether remarkable one. It is an improvisational suite in six parts performed by a jazz trio, with Steve Kuhn on piano, Ron Carter on bass, and Marty Morell on drums. On three of the pieces, this trio is augmented by a string quartet; on three others by a woodwind quartet. The composer is Gary McFarland.

The idiom is somewhat nostalgic and romanticized Satie, which, in jazz terms, means (roughly) later Bill Evans and beyond that, Steve Kuhn himself. McFarland's scores are little more than sketches, but the decision to keep the sketches was a wise one, I think, and they are very effective. Some of the writing in "Childhood Dreams," for example, has a kind of precarious but uncompromising beauty that any overwriting might easily have destroyed.

In a similar undertaking, many young musicians might have come up with a kind of static, skillful, perhaps sentimental, look-folks-I-went-to-music-school pretentiousness. And considering some of the music in McFarland's recent past, he might have come up with a kind of capable, out-of-Henry Mancini, Hollywood commercialism.

The piece falls roughly into what Gunther Schuller has called the "third stream" of contemporary music, music that seeks to combine improvisation, played by jazzmen, with classical forms, played by classicists. The most successful pieces in that idiom so far have been Schuller's own, I think ("Conversation" on Atlantic S-1345/1345, for example), and they have succeeded because they have let each musical idiom have its own say, go its own way, and have ended on a respectful agreement to disagree.

Here McFarland and Kuhn have not depended on the inherent tensions between the idioms but have brought in their strings and their woodwinds as an effective complement to Kuhn's delicate, thoughtful, jazz-oriented improvising. There is no attempt made to get the classicist to swing. For his part, Kuhn has modified his own idiom when the moment called for it. What results are cohesive performances.

(Getting strings to swing is, of course, a thankless and almost impossible task in any case, but I might note in passing that nowadays American string and woodwind players understand the jazz idiom remarkably well; if one doubts this, let him hear the stodgy accompaniments on the recent Zoot Sims LP, *Waiting Game* (Impulse AS-9131/A-9131, recorded in England).

A pivotal factor in the success of *The October Suite* is the playing of Ron Carter, who is skillful, sensitive, imaginative, and a brick throughout. No, I'm not entirely satisfied. I think that the section called "St. Tropez Shuttle" is perhaps a bit static and I could wish for a stronger theme on "Remember When." On the other hand, I have an active prejudice against such programmatic titles (and against program music in general), so don't trust me 100 per cent here.

I do not know what it is that on recent occasion has turned an artist of Mahalia Jackson's great natural power and conviction into a stilted and inhibited performer. Perhaps it is all those appearances on big-time TV as the "special guest star" of some pop singer or other. More than likely it has something to do with her undertaking such potentially sanctimonious ditties as "I'll Never Walk Alone" or "I Believe." And it has to do with some overloaded accompaniments she has been getting. (What does *she* need with a jazz drummer?)

In any case, one does encounter the somewhat inhibited singer on Miss Jackson's new Columbia release, *Garden of Prayer* (Columbia stereo, CS 9346; mono, CL 2546), in selections like the album's title piece, "Garden of Prayer," or "My Desire," or "The Old Rugged Cross." "I'll Never Turn Back" and "City Called Heaven," however, are worthy of her best talents. Still, they do not entirely *represent* her best talent. For her best talents one must hear Columbia CS 8071/CL 1244, which Miss Jackson recorded at the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival. Or one must turn to those reissues of her old Apollo recordings, currently on a variety of oddly named labels, which fill the bargain bins in metropolitan record shops. If you do not know that Mahalia Jackson, you are—well, you are culturally deprived indeed.

An LP called *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (Capitol ST 2663/T 2663) finds the Cannonball Adderley Quintet "live" at a Chicago night spot called, with ultimate frugality, "The Club." It's pretty much the same old soul-funk, grits-and-greens Cannonball story, with lots of carefully recorded shouting and handclapping from the audience, and a constant splattering of blue notes of all varieties. But, under the surface, this seems to me the grimmest and most calculating music I have heard in a long time.

—*ABC Paramount.*

Gary McFarland (left) with Steve Kuhn — "a kind of precarious but uncompromising beauty. . . ."

I am somewhat late in giving notice to a Vintage reissue called *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* (LPV-533) which combines four record dates of small-group Duke Ellington music; eight titles led by alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges and eight by cornetist Rex Stewart. All titles, by the way, have exemplary work by the germinal bassist Jimmy Blanton. Stewart's contributions include an interestingly designed and well-played blues called "Mobile Bay" and a notably spirited ensemble performance of "Subtle Slough" (the piece which later became "Just Squeeze Me").

Hodges's best work, for me, is on the blues "That's the Blues, Old Man," the medium tempo "Good Queen Bess," and the ballad "Passion Flower." These recordings come from 1940-41 and they provide a kind of contrapuntal comment on the Ellington big band at a time of some of its greatest achievements. I find it highly annoying that the selections are not programed chronologically, particularly for the Hodges titles where there is an important change of trumpeters, Ray Nance for Cootie Williams, on four titles.

Note: A few years back, the 20th Century-Fox label issued a remarkable pair of LPs of pianist Art Tatum playing informally at a party. The selections are now to be reissued on the company's cut-price label and the first volume has appeared (Movietone stereo, MS 72021; mono, M 71021). Essential music, and it was a bargain to begin with. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 72, plea, peal, pale, leap.

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Letters

Continued from page 27

interested in receiving examples of such misunderstandings that *SR* readers have encountered.

Readers are cordially invited to write to: International Committee for Breaking the Language Barrier, 268 West 12th Street, New York 10014.

Soichi Kato,
Executive Director,
International Committee for
Breaking the Language Barrier.
New York, N.Y.

When I read N.C.'s editorial, I thought of Milton's *Il Penseroso* where in connection with the "divinest Melancholy" (black bile) Milton's conception is of the goddess

Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnons* sister might beseem. . . .

Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn [black lawn],
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Here are noble connotations of black. In my English class we thought of other attractive black things—black evening gowns, men's black evening clothes, black horses, birds of black plumage, etc. If *Il Penseroso* is still taught in school, it can bring forceful ideas of different conceptions of words.

As Hamlet says, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Even in such a simple way the English class can sense the purpose of helping make "the world a neighborhood."

Elizabeth Conklin.
Bloomfield, N.J.

What She Has Learned

After reading "The Dangerous Lure of Parrotland" by Salvador de Madariaga [*SR*, Apr. 22], I cannot begin to express my deep appreciation for your excellent what i have learned series by some of the most imaginative and understanding men of our day. The only better thing is more.

Margi Zabor.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lucidity in Travel Books

Paul Friedlander's article, "Michelin, Baedeker, or Bust" [*SR*, Apr. 22], on the type of travel guides being written today, deserves huzzahs. Mr. Friedlander's ideas and inimitable way of writing form a delightful oasis in the desert of cynicism and cuteness which surrounds us today.

A. Peppin.
San Francisco, Calif.

Monkeyhood

Goodman Ace in his column, "Turning Mother On" [top of my head, Apr. 22], comments that "all these new discoveries seem to be making a rhesus monkey out of motherhood." It seems to me *everybody* is making "a monkey out of motherhood." What the sociologists and psychologists haven't done in that direction, husbands and fathers have. For example:

1) If a mother stays at home and takes care of her children she is lazy and does nothing but push buttons all day in her perfectly mechanized home. If she works outside the home she is ambitious and self-seeking, caring nothing for her family.

2) If she attends such organizations as PTA, she is a social climber interested in furthering her career as a clubwoman; if she doesn't, she is stupid, not interested in community affairs, and doesn't care for her children for whose benefit the PTA presumably exists.

3) If she loves and protects her children, she is overprotective, possessive, and in great danger of becoming a "Mom." If she doesn't, she is unnatural, and has no motherly instincts.

A better way for these scientists to spend the time they waste trying to do away with the mother instinct would be for them to implant some of their little radio gadgets in the brains of the politicians, labor union leaders, the Vietcong, etc., and see if they couldn't accomplish something constructive in the way of changing the "natural" cupidity of some of *them*.

(Mrs.) Margaret Kelly.
Farmington, N.M.

Reprint Salisbury?

Harrison Salisbury's splendid article, "Is There a Way Out of the Vietnam War?" [*SR*, Apr. 8], should be made available in reprints. The issue of political settlement versus escalating war involves so many dangerous implications, not only for the United States and Vietnam but for the entire world, that this article should be very widely read.

Georges M. Weber.
Carmel, Calif.

Editor's note: *Mr. Salisbury's article is included in his new book, "Behind the Lines—Hanoi," published by Harper & Row.*

Who Was "Memorable"?

If Robert Bendiner thinks that "the memorable names connected with the WPA Writers Project can be counted on the fingers" ["When Culture Came to Main Street," *SR*, Apr. 1], he will have to use other people's fingers as well as his own.

In my capacity as National Coordinating Editor of the WPA Writers Project, 1937-39, I observed a number of memorable writers other than those listed by him and by Curtis D. MacDougall and Anthony Netboy [letters to the editor, Apr. 29]. Among those that readily came to mind: Kenneth Rexroth, Harold Rosenberg, Lionel Abel, Nathan Asch, Miriam Allen De Ford, Gorham Munson. . . .

Jerre Mangione,
Associate Professor
of English
University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorial

Continued from page 26

munist Chinese? All the arguments advanced by the General for pressing toward military victory—privately as well as publicly—are even more rigorously espoused by the Communist Chinese on the other side of the war. The Chinese Communists believe that the longer the war in Vietnam continues, the greater the strain will be on the United States, internally and externally, and the greater the chance that other Vietnam-type situations can erupt throughout the world, bleeding the United States.

The General talks about the threat of world Communism. If the General can look beyond Vietnam, surely he must see that Vietnam is having a unifying effect on the Communist world, making it stronger, not weaker. Few factors affecting the security of the United States are of greater significance than the ideological split between the Soviet Union and Communist China. But the kind of policy the General advocates is doing far more to narrow the split inside the Communist world than anything the Communist statesmen have been able to do by themselves.

There is no indication in anything General Westmoreland has said that he recognizes any danger to the United States, or to the human race, in a course of action that would involve the American people in a war against China—a land war that could chew up millions of lives, a war that could touch off a needless nuclear holocaust. It is because of this real and present danger that President Johnson has repeatedly declared in the past that the United States has limited objectives in Vietnam and intends to pursue them by limited means. But the General has made statements against that policy that have the effect of raising the question whether he is making decisions in the field that can commit U.S. policy to a contrary course.

The fundamental issue is not between General Westmoreland and those who are opposed to the war in Vietnam. The fundamental issue is between General Westmoreland and those who have accepted the President's stated aims in Vietnam. The President has said he is opposed to unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam. Most Americans will agree. He has said he feels the best way the war can end is through a negotiated settlement. Most Americans will agree. Does General Westmoreland agree?

Finally, the issue has to do with what is being said and what is being done. If the announced policy of the United States is no longer the real policy, then what is happening in Washington is of even greater consequence than what has been happening in Vietnam. —N.C.

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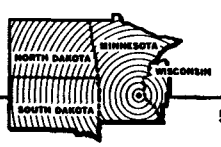

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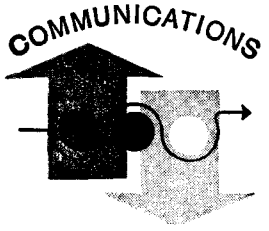
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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How Much Do They Really Understand?

OUR PALS at the Associated Press have sent on to us another of their fascinating studies of words, their use and misuse, and of the general question of semantics in the handling of wire copy. Answers to questions in a readability survey of AP news stories—a study carried out by forty-seven newspapers represented in the Associated Press Managing Editors Association—involved 425 men and women, aged twenty-one to thirty, all of whom had attended college. Coast-to-coast geography ensured a good cross section for this survey of American understanding of a group of words common in World War II but no longer in such constant use by wire services as they once were.

Ten words were chosen and a choice of definitions given—two wrong and one right—to each of the 204 men and 221 women involved in the readability survey. The AP's list was: "Dunkirk," "blitz," "Gestapo," "snafu," "Munich," "Stuka," "blackout," "GI," "gobbledygook," and "concentration camp." The important point to remember in the AP's report of the answers is that World War II ended more than twenty years ago and that most of the men and women in the twenty-one to thirty-year group were then young children, and a few had not yet been born. Here is how the survey came out, as reported to APMEA members for study.

Ninety-nine per cent of the women and 98 per cent of the men correctly identified "GI" as a slang term for a U.S. soldier (GI being an abbreviation for "Government Issue"). The same percentages—virtually everyone in the survey—knew what a "concentration camp" was. However, two of the men identified "GI" as an American industrial firm and two of the women thought "GI" a Vietnamese general.

All but 4 per cent of both men and women correctly identified "blackout," though six men and eight women thought it had to do with a musical production. Eighty-nine per cent of the women and 95 per cent of the men identified "blitz" as a fast-moving aerial and tank attack. Six women and two men thought it was a bad thunderstorm and fourteen respondents identified it as a German professor. All but 5 per cent correctly defined "Gestapo" as the Nazi secret police, though a few thought the term meant an Italian general or a river in Italy.

Eighty-six per cent of the men and 90 per cent of the women knew that "gobbledygook" was a confused statement, though ten men and two women identified it to mean a fast eater, and twenty-six respondents said it was a Korean turkey. However, fewer than half of the women and only 61 per cent of the men correctly associated "Munich" with appeasement. Forty-two men and women thought it was a brand of beer and 112, a German politician.

"Dunkirk" understandably caused less trouble than "Stuka." Eighty-five per cent of the men and 80 per cent of the women identified "Dunkirk" as a British evacuation port and retreat, while fifty-two in the survey thought it was a town in New England and six referred to the name as being that of a British nobleman. But though 70 per cent of the men knew that a "Stuka" was a German dive bomber, only 54 per cent of the women could identify it;

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eighty-five respondents thought it was a town in Austria and forty-six, a Russian diplomat. The remaining word, "snafu," was easy for four-fifths of the men and two-thirds of the women, yet fifty who took the word test thought it was a town in India and forty-one said it was a Chinese politician.

The question quickly arises on reading the AP survey: How much does the average reader of a modern newspaper really understand? How much does the average listener to a radio or TV broadcast actually absorb of the day's headlines? The answer may well be, alas, a lot less than the professional journalist believes. Clichés of one generation gradually fade, as the foregoing statistics prove beyond doubt, and new clichés take their place. The most difficult thing for a wire-service writer or editor to remember, then, is that some of the older words don't mean much to a new generation, particularly one less and less literate and more and more dependent on sound instead of sight for news.

Another telling point, perhaps the most important one, is that those questioned in the AP survey were all college trained. They were not sixth-grade dropouts or illiterate laborers unused to the daily reading habit, but people for whom the printed word has long been as much a part of their routine as brushing their teeth or driving their automobiles. If these men and women don't know precisely what news words mean, what on earth are we communicating to the great mass of lesser-educated who get most of their information haphazardly by ear? The answer has to be frightening.

The most powerful man in the United States is not the President, the Secretary of State, a member of Congress, a Senator, a Governor, the chairman of the board of AT&T, or the head of Harvard University. The most powerful person in the United States is the key man on the general desk of AP or UPI, by whatever name at whatever hour in the twenty-four. For most rip-and-read radio broadcasters (which is to say virtually all the small stations in this country) depend utterly on the competence and integrity of the wire services and their news tickers, and only the very best of our 1,754 daily papers have available to them anything but wire service copy from out of town. The responsibility is an awful one, though less frightening when one realizes that Sam Blackman, the skilled and competent news boss of AP, is not the exception but the rule, a person of utter integrity and objectivity, and that there are many Sam Blackmans in the wire services. Truth is their religion and an informed democracy their goal, whether they would admit it or not. The nation could not function long without them.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Covering Court Opinions

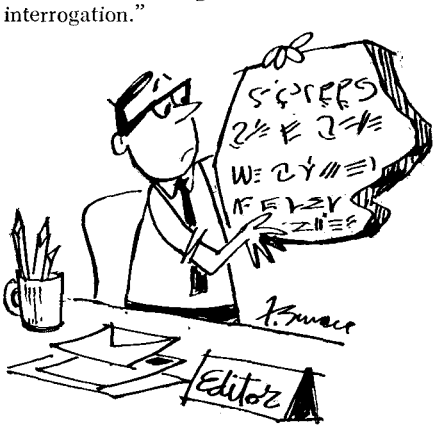
GILBERT CRANBERG's remarks about the helpfulness of the law professor's memoranda distributed to the press on pending Supreme Court opinions were most welcome ["What Did the Supreme Court Say?" *SR*, Apr. 8]. The praise points up a paradox: The service currently financed by the American Association of Law Schools is falling victim to its own success, and funding for the future is a critical problem.

In a questionnaire distributed by the Supreme Court Decisions Committee of the AALS, which sponsors the service, 90 per cent of the media recipients found the service valuable but only 50 per cent indicated any willingness to pay for it. It is my hope that representative media groups have a sufficient sense of social responsibility to be willing to assume part of the rising costs of this service.

JEROME A. BARRON, Chairman,
Supreme Court Decisions Committee,
AALS,
Associate Professor of Law,
George Washington University
National Law Center.
Washington, D.C.

GILBERT CRANBERG is not alone in his concern about how the "free and responsible press" is inadequately covering or misreading certain far-reaching decisions of the high court. On rulings such as *Gideon* and *Miranda* the press has tuned the public in on the voices of stuck-pig reaction, and faced away from the pattern of subtle abuses and miscarriages of justice which form the background of these decisions. And the public simply does not get enough of the actual texts of important decisions to understand how carefully the Justices are reading the Constitution and fulfilling their responsibility.

To quote from an address by Associate Justice Abe Fortas: "In *Escobedo* and *Miranda*, we have explored the midnight darkness of the events that occur after a man is deprived of his liberty, when generally friendless and usually hopeless he must bear the enormous weight of accusation and interrogation."



It is obvious that a little group of willful men among the membership of the American Bar Association, the lower levels of the American judiciary, and the press in general are out of tune with the basic spirit that made this nation possible and great.

HENRY F. WINSLOW, SR.
New York, N.Y.

I GREATLY APPRECIATE Gilbert Cranberg's article. Through the years I have been alternatively incensed, amused, alarmed, and disgusted by the tempest-in-teapot, mountain-out-of-molehill pronouncements and judgments by segments of the press and by national figures, who seem to be playing only the old semantic joke-game, "What Is Life?" The situation would remain at that sophomoronic level, were it not for the types of issues involved.

Mr. Cranberg mentioned a case in point: the 1962 public school prayer ruling, which is still misrepresented, especially by Senator Dirksen. Congress as a whole may have ". . . lost its appetite for a Constitutional amendment to undo the Court ruling"; but how easily desire can return when subjected to the temptations and aromas of Congressional compromise. Our Constitution needs a prayer amendment like our government needs a Cabinet-level Department of Religion; and who knows, one might lead to the other.

W. L. RHODES.
Kansas City, Mo.

Advertising and College Grads

THANK YOU for presenting the Fifteenth Annual Advertising Awards [*SR*, Apr. 8]. As a college sophomore, however, I feel that William Patterson revealed in that same issue a biased attitude toward college students' attitudes about business. The statement in his article, "To Understand or Not to Understand," that "it is essential that . . . our college students, the critics and skeptics of business . . . should bridge the understanding gap and thus properly appreciate the extraordinary talents, resources, and dedication that business and advertising leaders bring to the service of our common public interest through public interest advertising," is most unfair and unfounded.

What about the "questioning mind" of today's youth? What about today's business with its machines and computers? Will a young person be able to fit in or will he be replaced by a computer? Could it be that today's business world appears too complex, while a professional lawyer or doctor or teacher is in greater demand and, with a growing population, does not appear to be as vulnerable to being forced out as easily as one might be replaced in the business world? Or has anyone thought of going to the college student for his reasons for favoring or rejecting the business career? It appears that the student has been asked

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only where he wants to go in life, not why he wants to go there.

RUSSELL D. RENIKER.

Kansas City, Kan.

YOUR Fifteenth Annual Advertising Awards were particularly interesting to me in that I had selected one of the award-winners—Seagram's WHEN CAN I START TO DRINK, DAD?—last June as a teaching aid in my English composition class. I wrote to the Seagram Distillers Company for reprints of the ad but was told that the laws of my state do not permit sending that kind of advertisement in the mail.

GREG DUNNING,
Graduate Teaching Assistant,
Kansas State University.

Manhattan, Kan.

Quality TV and Bluenoses

IN REGARD TO R.L.T.'s communications editorial, "Closing the TV Quality Gap" [*SR*, Apr. 8], I have a warning. The bluenoses in this state, if a report from our Capitol is factual, already threaten censorship of NET programs. Operating under a Presidential Commission, one can picture a series of brainwashing programs which, in one week, would result in our suffering from bad breath, upset stomachs, and headaches. I advise that the Carnegie Commission reconsider and recommend that NET operators police their own system.

LOUIS D'ARMAND.

Clearwater, Fla.

IF ALL the members of the FCC think like Lee Loevinger, as quoted in R.L.T.'s editorial, we need not wonder long what is really wrong with TV. Is it really snobbishness when intellectuals are critical? Only the ignorant would attempt to get caviar from a goose! But I know many who enjoy *pâté de foie gras*.

RUTH WILLIAMS.

Coopersburg, Pa.

I WAS SURPRISED and somewhat dismayed to read Mr. Tobin's enthusiastic endorsement of Public Television.

It's very true that there are many people whose taste requires some more sophisticated entertainment than our current TV fare. And it's also true, in general, that they are among the more affluent members of society. But there is no particular reason why the government should feel impelled to lure them back to the television set.

And if we did agree that they should be persuaded to watch more television (instead of reading books, listening to music, or participating in some other such un-American activity), why do we need a government subsidy? We don't ask the federal government to back our off-Broadway shows or city symphonies or opera. So why television? Pay TV has been discussed and there are a lot of competent people ready to try it. But so far, no one has allowed them to get started.

There's no reason why I shouldn't pay to see the shows I like. And when I pay my quarters, I take care of the one concern showed by Mr. Tobin. There's no government interference. No politics. And the programing is good or I don't buy.

Government subsidies in the general interest are fine. And government subsidies for those who can't take care of themselves are necessary. But government subsidies to cater to the tastes of an admittedly small percentage of the people—and the percentage best able to pay its own way—are ridiculous. I hope the millions of taxpayers who enjoy their evenings of criminals and cowboys and comics have the good sense to object to this expenditure of their tax dollars.

MARY HEINRICHS,
Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Intelligence from St. Louis

AS AN EMPLOYEE of *The Sporting News*, I would like to point out a glaring error in LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR [Apr. 8]. R.L.T. states that the intentional bases on balls issued by pitchers "ought not to be consigned to the dark dungeon of the league files." Intentional bases on balls issued by *every* pitcher in organized baseball (the two major leagues and nineteen minor leagues) are reported annually in the *Official Baseball Guide* published by *The Sporting News*.

JOHN DUXBURY,
Sports Historian and Statistician.

St. Louis, Mo.

In Favor of Lazarus

I WANT YOU to know how enthusiastically we view George Lazarus's column, MADISON AVENUE [*SR*, March 11]. While I certainly can't speak definitively about the contribution this column makes to your magazine, I do know that it contributes significantly to the professionalization and acceptance of the marketing craft. We seem to get more comments about items in this article than we do from almost any other syndicated source.

DAVID K. HARDIN, President,
Market Facts, Inc.

Chicago, Ill.

The Second Sex

WHENEVER I read articles about job opportunities, the image of a horse with blinders always appears before me. For these articles are always addressed to the men in the job market, never the women, despite the fact that women today comprise almost half the job market.

I am specifically referring to John Tebbel's succession of optimistic articles regarding journalism opportunities. This is one of the most caste-conscious of professions, and only recently I read that a prominent news magazine is now preparing to drop many of its women reporters. I only wish that when articles in your magazine point out job opportunities, they would also include women, who also are breadwinners today.

DONNA BARNHILL.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Sacre bleu! It's a new thing. A young fellow comes to the door, sticks his foot in, and before you know it we've bought a full set of Diderot's Encyclopaedia!"

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"CONTACTS" FOR SALE

By WILLIAM SHELTON

FOR $50 you can spend an hour with a renowned scientist. The price for talking privately with a pair of space pilots is $100, but if the spacemen have recently been in orbit and have performed something special—such as "walking" in space—the price has gone as high as $25,000. For $8.50 you can obtain a photograph of an Olympic champion, a politician, or a promising artist, and if you wish to take movies of a ballet, this can be arranged for a suggested price of $2,000 per performance minute. Or would you like to look inside a sacrosanct hall of government? Do you need access to extremely busy people in distant and difficult-to-reach places? What about rental car, plane, and hotel reservations?

These and other services can now be obtained in the Soviet Union—provided you are a press representative and provided you make your check payable in U.S. dollars to Novosti Press Agency, account number 0652029, Bank for Foreign Trade, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

As the newest and most Americanized of Russian press agencies, Novosti (pronounced Nó-vos-ti) said yes—always for a price (a 1966 total of $185,000 from Stateside journalists)—to some two dozen visiting American journalists last year alone. The *National Geographic*'s photographer-writer, Dean Conger, on his sixth visit to the Soviet Union, had his path smoothed by Novosti all the way to Yakutsk in Eastern Russia. His resulting forty-nine-page story on Siberia appeared last March. Peter Young of *Life*, with a delighted Novosti escort, was boisterously wined and dined in several mountain villages of southern Russia while searching out the surprising number of Georgians who have lived well beyond a hundred years. Young's photographer, Valery Shustov, was one of two Russians whom Novosti sent to *Life* for a special six-week course in photography. Novosti also helped *Newsweek*'s Robert J. Korengold visit a collective farm; provided to Kansas City *Star* feature editor Dwight Pennington, for $40 each, two articles on Russia's community theater; and, on twenty-four-hour notice, furnished CBS with a movie and sound crew to record an interview with Soviet moon expert, Dr. Alexandre Lebedinsky. After quickly dubbing in the English translation, the agency rushed the tapes to Moscow's airport.

"We have a saying," a Novosti editor explained, "that because we live in the East we live closer to the sun than you do. Don't worry. It'll get there in time." The Lebedinsky tapes, as a matter of fact, raced the sun to Hollywood, where they arrived just before a CBS special on the moon went on the air.

In 1963 NBC joined the ranks of *Time* and the Washington *Post* in being temporarily expelled from the U.S.S.R., in this case for two programs the Soviet Foreign Ministry felt had been uncomplimentary to Nikita Khrushchev; now, thanks in part to Novosti's growing influence and perhaps to the Russian penchant for deicide, NBC is back in Moscow. Recently, the efficient head of Novosti's TV department, Georgi Bolshakov, who on his previous assignment in Washington had earned such a reputation for cooperation that President Kennedy once referred to him as "our New Frontier Russian," unhesitatingly helped NBC prepare three specials. One, on Leningrad, was shown this spring; an elaborate one on Siberia is scheduled for July 20; and Bolshakov is now assembling and screening raw footage for a third, *The Battle of Stalingrad*, for NBC producer Lucy Jarvis, whose credits include an award-winning one-hour special on the Kremlin.

Other American media which have recently paid for Novosti's manifest and varied services include such diverse customers as *Mining World*, the Houston *Chronicle*, *Space World*, Black Star photographic agency, World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, and *The New York Times*.

What is Novosti? Is the influence it peddles a legitimate vendible for members of the Western fourth estate? Is it run primarily by professional journalists interested in improving East-West communications? Or by skillful propagandists who manage to elicit substantial fees at the same time they help export a largely affirmative picture of Soviet life?

These questions occur to most of the expanding cadre of American journalists who go to the new Soviet press agency for help. Last June, when I found myself knocking on Novosti's door in Moscow's Pushkin Square, I was confronted with the same questions, and had arrived with mixed reports on Novosti's unique qualifications. "A bunch of dollar-mad pirates who are out to skin you with extremely fuzzy billing," a news-magazine correspondent called them. "Excellent," said a network producer. "They know how to break down the barriers; they know what the score is. They are worth every *kopek*."

MY mission, like that of most Western journalists, could not be consummated, I had been told in Washington, without going through Novosti. For a magazine article, I needed to fly to the "science city" near Novosibirsk, which the Soviet government had not yet opened to foreign visitors. For research for a book on the Soviet space program, I needed to go to Kaluga, the home of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, the Russian "father of rocketry." And I wanted interviews with bioastronautics experts, aerospace scientists, and cosmonauts.

When it became apparent that my request to fly to Novosibirsk with a Novosti photographer and interpreter—if granted at all—would take a week or more to process, I asked Novosti's chairman of the board, Boris Burkov, if I could spend the time touring his facilities and interviewing his department heads. To my surprise, Burkov, who looks and acts like any harassed, tousle-headed, chain-smoking American editor, called a meeting of his six key people and announced that during the next three days I was to be received in and briefed on all departments. After a perfunctory exchange of our tie pins, Burkov said, through an interpreter, "We have never developed such a thing as a free-lance writer in Soviet journalism. You're the first one we've seen over here. So welcome to your tour. Ask any questions you like."

Novosti, I learned, set up shop five years ago, with fees, including Tolstoi

William Shelton is a former correspondent for *Time* and former editorial director of news for the World Book Encyclopedia Science Service. He now is a free-lance writer based in Houston. Trident will publish his new book, *Russian Space Exploration: the First Decade*, this fall.

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and Pushkin book royalties, from four Soviet journalistic unions and literary and other societies. It was housed not far from the modern Tass office building in a white, four-story structure in which the pianist Rachmaninoff composed before he expatriated himself to Switzerland and Paris. Novosti's original mandate had the high-sounding purpose of the "Diffusion of Truthful Information for the Benefit of Peace and International Understanding." But from the beginning it was, in large part, propagandistic or informational – depending on your point of view—in somewhat the same way that the United States Information Agency is. It differed from Tass chiefly in that it was set up not to voice government opinion (that is Tass's job) but to voice "public opinion," as Deputy Chairman Georgi Fediashin, puts it. "We are not a government agency," Fediashin explains emphatically.

Novosti's 500 Moscow staff members —augmented by well over a thousand full- and part-time correspondents, photographers, stringers, and ambassadorial staff members all over the world—now publish six newspapers and thirty-two journals. These include, in addition to the new and controversial magazine *Sputnik*, the *Soviet Weekly* in London; *Soviet News* in Norway; *Science and Technology*, in four languages; the bulletin *International Information*, in Russian; and 60,000 copies of the plush, colorful, and excellently edited magazine, *Soviet Life*, which is distributed in the United States in exchange for the USIA distribution in Russia of 60,000 copies of the equally handsome magazine, *Amerika*. Novosti also publishes hundreds of books, including massive encyclopedias, such innocuous titles as the Japanese-language *Soviet Circus Clowns*, and the Spanish-language *Sports in the U.S.S.R.*, plus such tough-talking treatises as *Crime Against Peace* and *Neo-Colonialism, The Bitterest Enemy of the People*.

Internally, Novosti provides largely feature copy and art (Tass is the wire service with the spot news) to 607 Soviet newspapers. Externally, through its North American, Asian, European, Latin American, and African divisions, it contributes to 5,959 newspapers in 105 countries. To help feed its worldwide market, it has standing agreements with some eighty-eight major agencies, including the Associated Press, United Press International, and the huge International Publishing House in Milan. It also has agreements with several magazines, such as *Paris Match* in France, *Stern* in Germany and *Epoca* in Italy. A major U.S. photographic agency is presently negotiating to represent Novosti in North America.

Currently running Novosti is a fifteen-member "Council of Sponsors," which includes leaders of journalistic and literary guilds, and one of the cosmonauts, who also supervises the considerable material Novosti publishes on space. Most editors are experienced journalists as well as trained propagandists and polemicists, but some come from backgrounds as remote from journalism as the bar and the ballet. Chairman Burkov, at fifty-eight, has thirty years' experience in journalism and is the former assistant to the chief editor of Russia's leading newspaper, the old Bolshevik-founded *Pravda*, from which Tass gets much of the material it distributes. Deputy Fediashin is a jurist by education but spent many years as a Tass expert on Africa. The brilliant editor-in-chief of *Soviet Life*, Yuri Fantalov, still shows up for work in the same type of black sweater he wore when he reported as a student of the Moscow School of Choreography and as a dancer in the Stanislavsky Theater. He is in charge of twelve editors, many with Stateside experience.

The quartet of Russians which Americans most often deal with is known for its ability—a quality as highly prized in Moscow as in Washington—for cutting through red tape and getting the job done, especially if a commanding number of oval portraits of Andrew Jackson is involved. The deputy editor of the American Section, docile-looking Nikolai Zhiveinov, has written books critical of the "capitalist press," but one thing he has learned from that press is the high value it places on the Gemini of speed and exclusivity. He tries hard to oblige and bills accordingly.

Georgi Bolshakov's TV Section deals in some of the most legal and tender portraits Novosti collects. Since the elec-

(*Continued on page* 89)

INTERVIEWS FOR SALE

Should Reporters Buy News?

By BILL SURFACE

MY FIRST assignment from a national magazine was to write an article on how Ernie Banks of the Chicago Cubs lived and viewed his life as a Negro athlete in the era of the civil rights movement. Money, not modesty, made him an unwilling subject. Though Banks had just made sports news by being voted the National League's most valuable player and was being paid about $60,000 a year, he yielded an interview only begrudgingly and then repeatedly interrupted it to: 1) ask, "Are you sure now that I don't get any money for this story?" and 2) excuse himself to make and take phone calls which, I was later told, were to Frank Scott, an agent for athletes, who was trying to persuade my editor that $200 or more would draw "better" answers from Banks.

It was an appropriate baptism, I soon learned, as a full-time magazine writer, that so many baseball players look upon interviewers as business opportunities that some clubs' managements have quietly ordered their players not to demand $25 or $50 in return for telling a reporter that they hope to hit a lot of home runs. But, more recently, it also has become a fact that journalists need not write entirely about baseball players or Russians to be prepared to pay (or refuse to pay) individuals for being interviewed. These demands are not subtle tactics to discourage requests for interviews, as practiced by such diverse individuals as Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu and Elvis Presley. A growing number of people, ranging from politicians to psychologists, want to make money by selling what qualifies as news.

This trend was made obvious to me while doing research on an idea for an article about the expense of getting elected to political offices. I noticed that the logical source of information was a U.S. Senator who had decried the growing possibility that only multimillionaires could afford to seek Presidential nominations. Upon phoning the Senator's executive secretary, I was told that the Senator "felt strongly" about the subject and therefore I should discuss it with him. But, before leading me into the Senator's office, the secretary interjected: "About the money. How much can the Senator get from this?" Surprised, I replied that most magazines seldom pay a person for being interviewed unless the material appears under the interviewee's by-line. She said that the Senator preferred that the article appear under his by-line. But after hearing my estimate of what certain magazines might pay the Senator, the secretary paused and said that she would have to call me. That was the last I heard from her. About four months later, I did see the same article, under the Senator's by-line, in a magazine

Bill Surface is a former reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He now is a free-lance writer based in New York. His book *Inside Internal Revenue* was published this spring.

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which, an editor said, paid a "higher-than-usual fee."

Selling news appears to be both common and nonpartisan. Not long afterward, while writing about Congressional ethics, I contacted another member of Congress (of different party affiliation) who had campaigned so vigorously for Congressional reform that he almost appeared to be a specialist on the subject. Apparently he thought so, too. "You've come to the right person," he said, hearing of my assignment and request for an interview.

He did not turn out to be the right man even though he stated, quite strongly, that Congressmen should give up their part-time jobs because of possible conflicts of interests, because such jobs may keep members away from Washington, and because they may hamper Congress's overall efficiency. But he also suggested that the article's format be either a "question-and-answer-type story" or "one of those as-told-to stories," then added, "I can't do this for anything like $200 and get everybody mad at me." Since he then stipulated that none of the material could be used in a third-person (nonpaying) article, I was compelled to write the story under the Congressman's by-line or drop it for lack of new material. I dropped the project after the Congressman refused an offer of $500, except for what he called a "very watered-down story"—a demand seemingly indicating that Congressional reform was not as urgent for a $500 fee as it might have been if he had been paid $2,000.

Some men who hold or have held public positions apparently are not content with courtesy fees and expect substantial funds for elaborating upon news that they often have made. For example, a recently retired policeman who developed a reputation (while on a public payroll) as the nation's only expert in a certain field of crime eagerly agreed to answer my questions for a brief question-and-answer article; when three days elapsed after my first contact with him, he telephoned to repeat his interest in this "vital subject." Later he was just as eager about his "fee." When told that he would receive a minimum of $750, a not-inconsiderate amount for an afternoon's work, he shouted "no thanks" and literally slammed down the telephone.

I am not the only one encountering more—and higher—demands for interviewing fees; major news organizations obviously are being forced to quietly pay for "exclusive" interviews or have it appear that they have missed a news event. This was vividly evident last fall when Albert Speer and Baldur Von Schirach, two of the last three major imprisoned Nazi war criminals, were released after twenty years in Berlin's Spandau prison. Predictably, *The New York Times* carried the news on page 1 and NBC-TV's *Huntley-Brinkley Report* had an interview with Von Schirach.

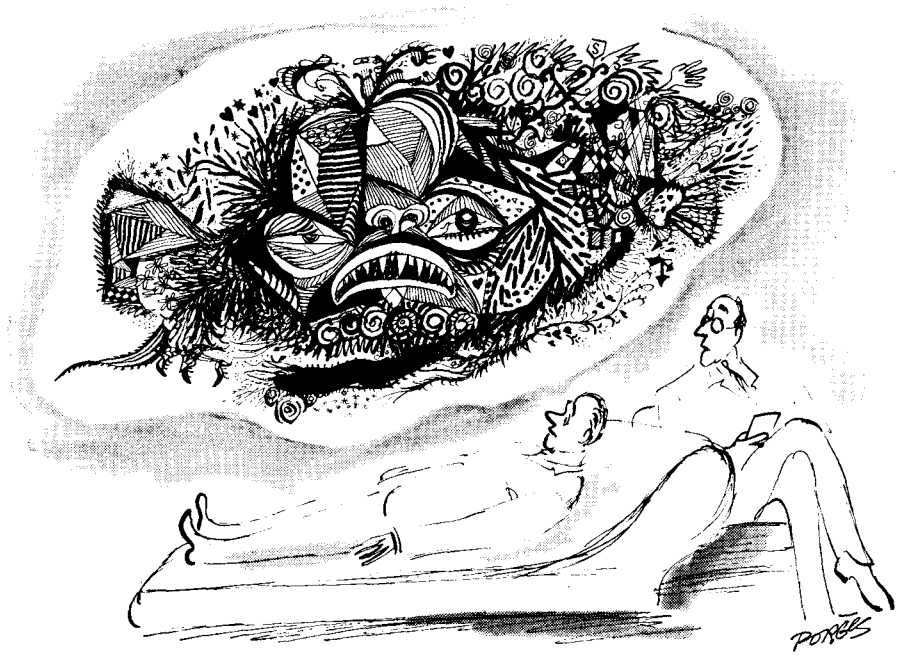
What viewers were not told is that NBC had to pay $4,000 to Von Schirach for being interviewed. When CBS hinted that it had declined an offer from Von Schirach's agent for a paid interview, someone saw fit to imply that CBS had just paid to interview Gerda Munsinger, the East German playgirl involved in Canada's so-called "sex-and-security" scandal—an accusation that CBS denies. (A CBS executive told me that Gen. Dwight Eisenhower apparently is the only individual it has paid to interview—for lengthy sessions connected with a documentary.)

Plainly, journalists and news media must face the question: Should they pay for news? Equally important, they should ponder that, if they do pay, are they obtaining legitimate news or possibly subsidizing someone to manufacture news or make artificial statements? Such a situation arose when CBS-TV's Latin American correspondent was told that, for a worthwhile fee, the network could receive either exclusive film coverage or have its own cameraman accompany a "rebel army" during an invasion of Haiti.

Evidently CBS was interested; it immediately broadcast a report that it had "learned" that Haiti was about to be invaded. The network also is said to have bid about $30,000 for the film rights to the invasion. Wisely, CBS had second thoughts after sensing that it was not buying coverage of a genuine invasion but financing a group that *for* $30,000 would "invade" a virtually unpatrolled Haitian beach, ostensibly slip into a jungle for a long guerrilla war, then reboard a boat and return to Florida. When photo rights could not be sold, there was no invasion.

IF news media will pay for "exclusive stories," they can often buy almost any kind of material, particularly from criminal lawyers who are selling more and more "facts" to be presented as objective news stories. Consider a type of incident that occurs frequently to magazines, ranging from *Argosy* to the *Saturday Evening Post*, that publish articles on adventure and crime. A convicted rapist-murderer so passionately maintained his innocence until he was executed that some responsible publications questioned his guilt. "Yet this man's lawyer voluntarily offered us the man's posthumous confession for $1,000," says Milt Machlin, executive editor of *Argosy*. "The offer came a few days before the man was executed. We declined."

How many journalists decline offers to buy news? We don't know. We do know that news media not only need ground rules on paying for interviews; they should have the fortitude to follow the rules even at the expense of losing an "exclusive" story. Such policy need not, of course, interfere with buying memoirs, nor exclude payment to someone for lengthy collaboration on a project, or to someone—not a public official—who has suffered a difficult experience from which a reporter's organization might stand to profit should the experience be dramatized. If a public figure demands payment for being interviewed, the potential purchaser might consider whether the views are then really worth presenting to the public at all.



"Describe your dream fully."

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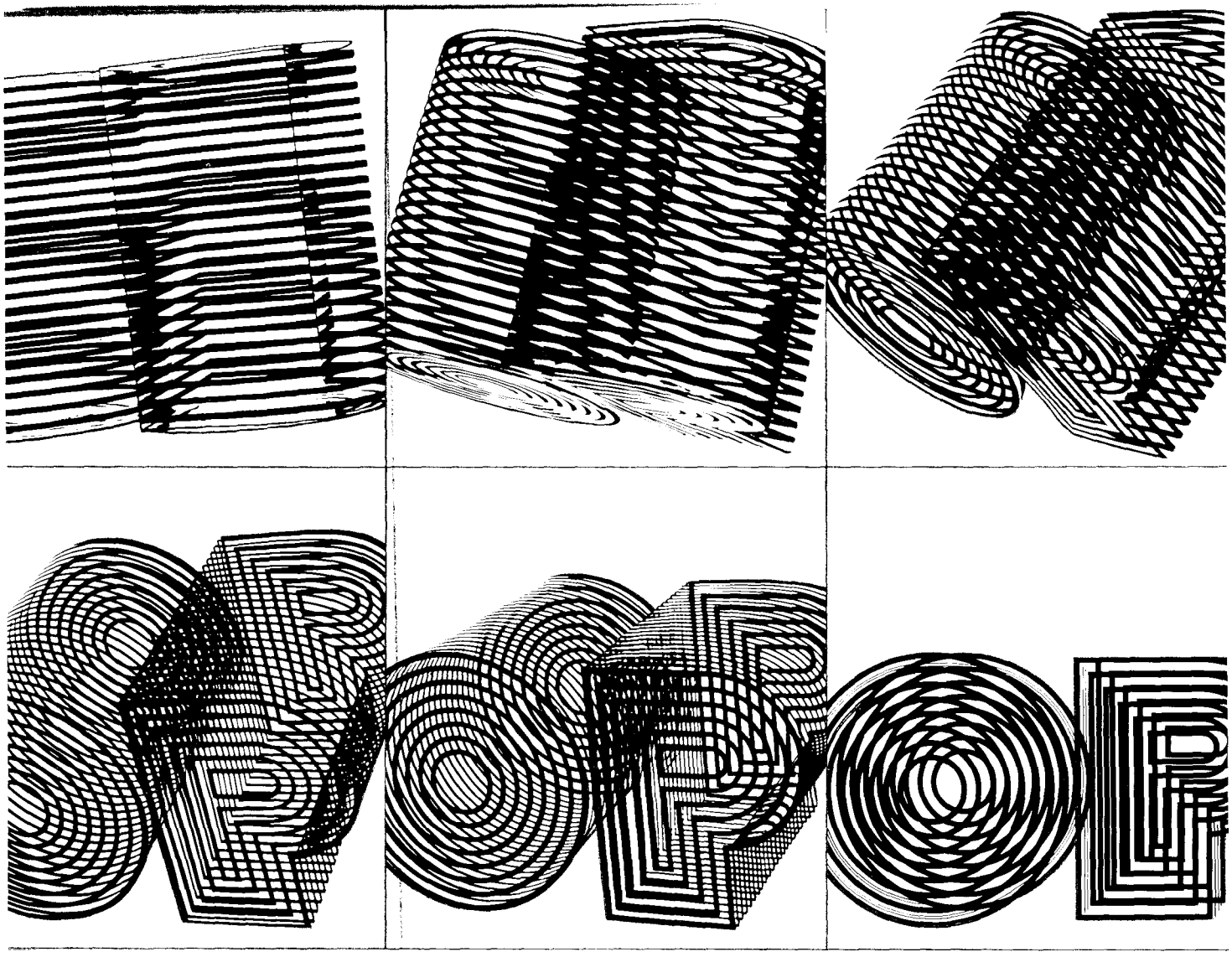

What's Op?

Op, or optical, art is one of today's "in" forms of creative expression. Along with pop, happenings and psychedelic painting. They're what's happening in a nation-wide cultural explosion that is now causing once four-square foundations to rock...at times literally.

As focal points for entertainment and information in five major cultural centers, the CBS Owned television stations are "with it," of course. To wit, this Spring they are presenting "Eye on Art," a series of five hour-long color specials reviewing progress and problems in art in their communities. Produced by the stations for consecutive-week showing on all five, "Eye on Art" is a significant survey of cultural trends in some of the nation's oldest, most important patron cities. (Consult local listings for program times and dates.)

The five CBS Owned stations have long maintained a solid record for being up on (or ahead of) the latest, and keeping their audiences up there with them. For example, "Repertoire Workshop," an on-air showcase for newcomers in the performing arts, is a joint project in its fifth season. Another series, the Community Affairs Program Exchange, is in its ninth season. And so on.

This predominant interest in what interests people is one thing which makes our stations so interesting. One reason so many people find it so hard to turn us off. Which is precisely the reason we have always succeeded in turning hip advertisers on. Like our audiences, they know what's up!

CBS Television Stations

CBS OWNED WCBS-TV NEW YORK,
KNXT LOS ANGELES, WBBM-TV CHICAGO,
WCAU-TV PHILADELPHIA, KMOX-TV ST. LOUIS

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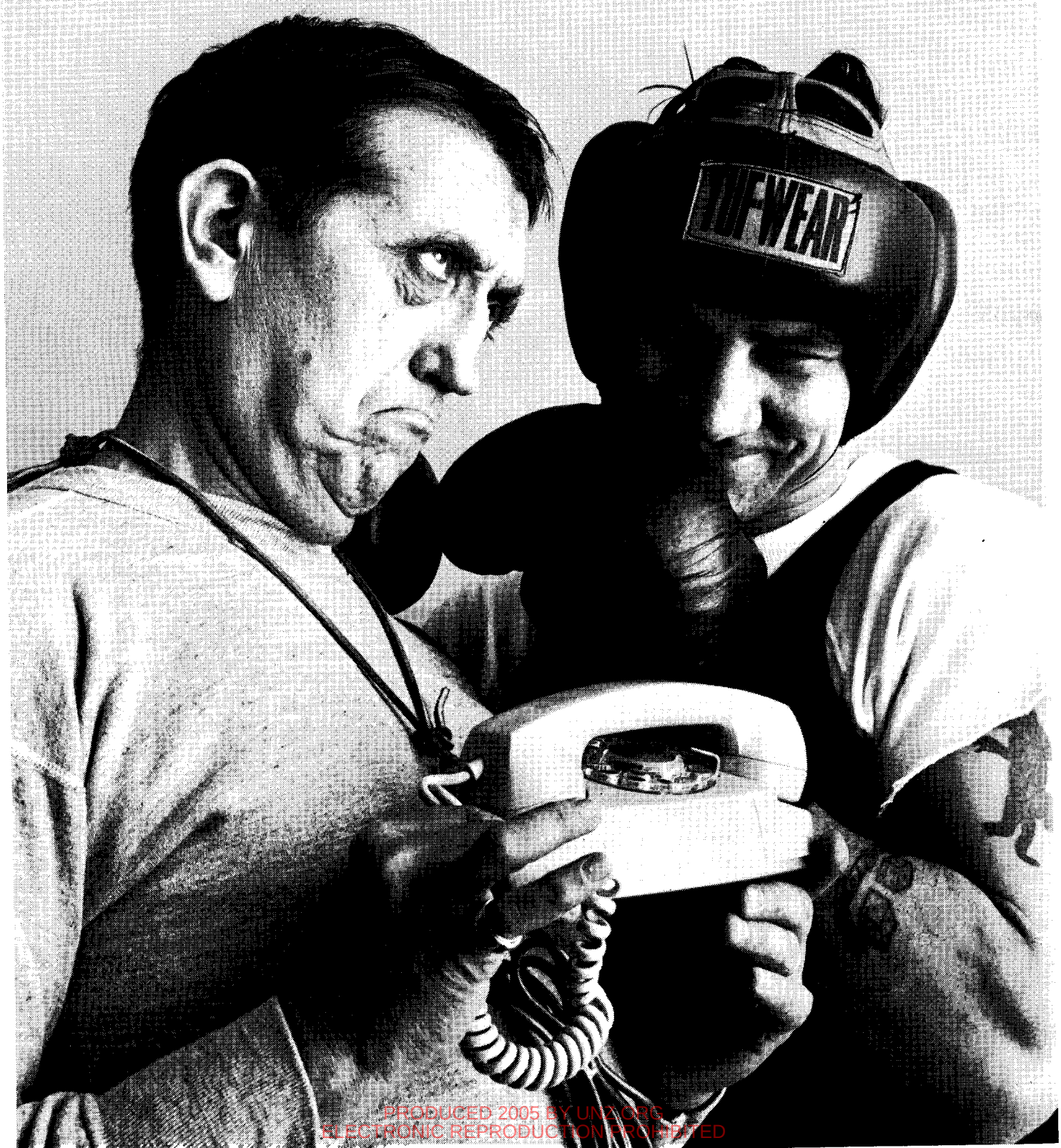
We invented the solar battery but brought you the wrong phone

It even amazes us how we can botch up the easy jobs while doing the hard ones so well. But it also distresses us. Installing the right phone in the right place is as important to us as developing the first solar battery, the first transistor, or the first communications satellite. So as good as our service is most of the time, we'll keep working to make it perfect every time. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies



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Continued from page 85

tronic journalists started zooming in on Russia in the late Khrushchev era, they have become Novosti's best-paying hard-currency customers. When he was in the Washington Tass bureau, Bolshakov learned a great deal more about American television than the first names of producers, and now prides himself on his ability to speak the lingo, to maintain discretion on plans of highly competitive networks, and to deliver a requested place to put the camera. Novosti's profitable dime store is run by Alexandre Porozhniakov, head of the Photographic Section. From his bank of 170,000 negatives in which more than forty Novosti photographers make regular deposits, he sells requested prints on every subject from Ukrainian miners to ballerinas.

Blue-eyed Yevgeny Ruzhnikov, or "Gene," as he is known to most Americans, is Novosti's Grover Whalen. Although his exact title is amorphous, Ruzhnikov is the initial and often continuous contact man. His whole working style—including jokes in idiomatic English, invariable cheerfulness, strict punctuality, and American-type impatience with shoddy performance—makes him the ideal diplomat and trouble shooter from Novosti's point of view.

All of these men have one thing in common that is uniquely Russian. If it should happen—and it has happened under their predecessors—that a foreign journalist, especially an American, should decide, in the privacy of his home sanctuary, to convert whatever access Novosti has managed to sell him into an exposé-type blast, their heads could figuratively fall overnight. An American, backed up and made bold by big-budget journalism, risks, at the most, expulsion of himself and his corporation.

NOVOSTI's rate structure is based on internal as well as national compulsions. Deputy Fediashin points out frankly that Novosti rates are geared to the ability to pay. "We accept the rates of each country," is the way he puts it. In effect, the United States pays by far the highest rates, and there are many examples of Novosti's sometimes grandiose conception of what the market will bear. Novosti has often been known to settle for about half what it originally requested, but negotiation is especially serious business with them.

The British pay about half of what the Americans pay, even though their requests often penetrate deeper into Soviet affairs. The most privileged Western country, of course, is France, especially since de Gaulle's visit last summer, which flooded Novosibirsk with a planeload of French journalists. *Paris Match* and *Réalités* are now frequent Novosti clients. West European countries pay about one-fourth the U.S. price, and all others are billed at one-tenth or less. African nations such as Nigeria, which wanted coverage of its students in the Soviet Union, are often billed at the token rate of $5, or, sometimes, not at all.

Novosti's financial growing pains strike a familiar note in capitalist countries. The rubles that staked Novosti's debut in 1961 are apparently in the form of a loan with the stipulation that Novosti, like AP or UPI, must pay its own way. Says a former Moscow correspondent, "Each quarter they have a sort of mortgage payment to make, and their last-minute scrambling to meet it was often completely transparent. That was a good time to negotiate, although I couldn't avoid a certain sympathy for their problem. It was not only a familiar American dilemma; you also had to admire those boys for sticking their necks out and attempting something that, in the Soviet Union, was revolutionary."

The situation now is not quite so traumatic. Novosti has successfully survived considerable opposition within Russia—including that of *Pravda* and *Tass* traditionalists—and its two legal advisors tell them it is almost solvent. "In fact," a Novosti representative says, "we could pay back our sponsors now, but they don't ask for it. They want us to expand."

Any expansion would undoubtedly be in all areas, but especially in Georgi Bolshakov's three-year-old TV domain. Bolshakov, currently chaperoning about fifteen foreign TV teams a year (and juggling a score of others through correspondence), is now able to earmark about a third of his total production to the initiative of his own staff. (American networks are fighting him about his insistence on using Novosti crews, which they consider not yet up to network standards, but, more important, they resent this additional intrusion of Novosti control.) Bolshakov is expanding his Japanese base, is working with educational TV at the University of Moscow, and is looking ahead to the new Russian-French communications satellite, which has already relayed excellent color TV 4,000 miles.

Porozhniakov's frenetically busy photo lab has something of a Russian monopoly on color and is shifting rapidly to Ektachrome, anticipating a booming business in the reproduction of the works of Soviet artists, which now include some from long-banned abstractionists. Deputy Fediashin says Novosti will rapidly increase its representatives in all countries, especially in South America and Africa.

Some, but not all, of Novosti's future status depends on the continued willingness of well-heeled U.S. media to buy interviews, stories, photographs, films, and the Soviet agency's improving talent for running interference. Partly because of the nature of the Soviet Union, that talent can seem priceless. Not long ago, for example, a network producer flew to Russia and attempted to work through one of the more established government bureaus, The State Committee for Radio and TV. "It was a nightmare," he reports. "They were hopeless amateurs and susceptible to every little gust of wind in the cold war. Novosti, on the other hand, has a professional approach. They are young and full of enthusiasm. It was too late to switch. When the State Committee project hit bottom, I just packed my bags for home." Novosti deals occasionally hit bottom also, but fewer and fewer Americans now pack up for home, mission unaccomplished.

IN my own case, despite the closed status of Novosibirsk and President de Gaulle's impending visit, Novosti finally came through. My two $50-a-day Novosti escorts—a photographer with a Nikon F, and an interpreter-arranger—waved me onto an Aeroflot prop jet even ahead of Russian women with babies, who usually get to board first to get the seats which have baby baskets hanging above them. Four and a half hours later, in Siberia, another Novosti man, a legless veteran named Nikolai Kalinin, drove his yellow Volga car right out to the airplane to meet us. For five days, I worked an efficient schedule of interviews with the top scientist at *Akademgorodok* (science city) I had asked to see. The magazine that assigned the article was billed for $750. Back in the Moscow area, Novosti's "Gene" Ruzhnikov lined up as many space experts as I could pay for. For $125 he drove me to Kaluga, where a prearranged delegation included the grandson of Russia's "father of rocketry."

As impressive as such treatment may sometimes seem, a nagging thought accompanies such pleasant sojourns. That is the question of whether I, or any journalist, should participate in undertakings which, if practiced at home, we would be the first to criticize. Chairman Burkov stated an unassailable thesis: "The more we know about each other, the better understanding we have." But the fact remains that a purchasable commodity is not necessarily understanding. For one thing, the seller alone has the power of veto.

The other question, that of subtle censorship or possible undue influence, is somewhat moot. If a journalist can get snowed, he can get snowed in Washington or Kansas City as easily as he can in the Soviet Union. A Moscow veteran puts it this way: "When a pleasant Novosti guy emphasizes one thing, I naturally look at another, but I do the same thing at home. If you can't tell the spooks from the trees, you don't belong in this business."

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OH, FOR A GOOD AARDVARK STAMPEDE

By JOHN O'REILLY

WHATEVER happened to the humorous, well-written, lengthy news feature story that used to enhance the pages of our newspapers? It delighted subscribers. It brought a closer relationship between the readers on the one hand and the reporters and the paper on the other. Perhaps more important in the long run, its execution was a powerful tool for fashioning writers. It provided an area in which fledgling writers could leave the strict confines of the hard news story and spread their wings.

I'm not talking about the long articles by so-called special writers nor the more or less searching essays concocted by columnists which are the current mode. Nor am I referring to those trumped-up efforts, usually on a special page of features, such as SCRUB WOMAN TAKES UP ART—complete with a sample of her painting proving she should stick to her scrubbing—or, perhaps, MOTHER OF FIVE JOINS CIRCUS, or even, SOCIALITE DRIVES TAXICAB.

The type of story I have in mind ran from 800 to 1,500 words and was found in the straight news section of the paper. Readers became accustomed to searching for these news features because they knew they would be rewarded with a story that not only was fun to read but often delineated some aspect of local life not touched upon in the hard news of the day. I know that skulduggery and mayhem make news, but it seems to me that there is also an obligation on the part of the newspaper to portray the citizens in their less violent moments.

I was first awakened to the possibilities of the news feature in the very long ago when I was a cub reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*. I admired examples of it in the paper, but then missed my first chance to write such a story myself. I was assigned to cover an Independent Artists' exhibit at which there was a lot of avant-garde material, including some things fashioned of wire and broken crockery. It didn't impress me a bit. With the cocksure wisdom of the cub reporter, I informed the city desk that the story was not worth much. I wrote three paragraphs and considered myself generous.

The next morning, while reading *The New York Times*, I came upon a beautiful, adroitly written story of the Independent Artists' exhibit. Rich in detail and subtle humor, it brought out aspects of the exhibit which had eluded my youthful scrutiny. My mortification was complete. I recalled meeting at the exhibit an intent, studious fellow who pored over each object at length and made voluminous notes. He had said he was from the *Times*, which was not noted for its features. The by-line on the story was that of Alva Johnston, one of the great reporters of our time.

I was even more deeply involved in another example of the art of news feature writing. I had been sent out to a Long Island community to investigate strange goings-on in the volunteer fire department. The chief and some of his jovial henchmen, among other questionable practices, had stolen the fire engine for a joyride to Coney Island on a Saturday night. The more I delved into the story, the more excited I became. But I stayed with it too long. I found I couldn't get a train back to Manhattan in time to make the first edition with the story. On phoning the city desk I was told, "Hold on. I'll give you a rewrite man."

THIS meant I couldn't even write the story myself. Disappointed but true to my trade, I poured out all the fine details I had worked so hard to get. The rewrite man showed no enthusiasm. In fact, I had to pause now and then to make sure he was still on the line. Finally, he asked me a couple of minor questions and hung up. I left the phone booth in a low state of mind. When I arrived in Manhattan, I picked up a first edition and there was a rich, delicately written, funny story running more than a column. As I read it I realized I couldn't have done as well. The rewrite man was Robert B. Peck, then recognized as the best in New York.

Incidentally, volunteer fire departments constituted a good source of stories. Something was always happening among those gallant guardians of the public safety, as in the case of two rival companies who slugged it out in a jurisdictional fight while the house burned down, or the time when the faint, wheezy firehouse whistle was found to be caused by the tapping of its source of power to operate beer pumps in the cellar.

IN those days the *Herald Tribune* held a preeminent position for being well written. Good writing, along with thorough coverage, was not only expected of the reporter but enforced. If a reporter turned in a story, feature or otherwise, which was not up to writing standards he was told to do it over again, or it was given to a rewrite man.

The late Stanley Walker, city editor during that period, was a harsh taskmaster, ruling over grammar and style with a firmness that belied his otherwise genial nature. A young reporter who had just turned in what he thought was a prose poem would be advised by a copy boy, "Mr. Walker wants to see you." As the reporter would approach the desk Walker would give him a quick but withering glance and say nastily, "We don't use the term 'burglarize' on this paper," and turn away. The reporter, laid low by the searing comment, would slink away in the throes of dejection and, likely as not, head for the emporium next door to seek solace in the flowing bowl while pondering the depths of his inadequacies. Conversely, when Walker left his desk and, approaching a reporter, said tersely, "Nice story this morning," the youthful aspirant to literary fame would be so puffed up by the accolade that, likely as not, he would head for the nearby emporium and have a slug just to curb his exuberance.

Walker was such a stickler for good usage that he rewrote the *Herald Tribune's* Style Book, bringing it up to date and incorporating his own ideas

John O'Reilly was for many years a feature writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

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on how the language should be wielded in a newspaper. My recollection of his example of a straightforward, one-sentence lead goes like this: "Representative Samuel J. Smith, Republican, of Queens, speaking yesterday at a mass meeting in Bryant Park, charged that Mayor James J. Walker had permitted the New York Aquarium, at the Battery, to become a breeding place for man-eating sharks."

Stanley also had the copyreaders keep a list of misspellings in the stories by members of the staff. When compiled at the end of the month it was a source of mortification to many. It was noted that those who insisted upon using the biggest words usually headed the list, which was called "Misspellers."

An alert city editor in tune with his town should have no trouble in finding sources of good news features. The commencement exercises at the Barber College were always good for a news treatise. Frank Hoey, the gentle shepherd of Central Park, could not conduct his spring sheep-shearing without finding a reporter from the *Tribune* intent on the bucolic scene. Beverly Smith was noted for opuses on such rare characters as Professor Meyer, the rocking-chair champion of prewar Russia. Joel Sayre once covered a dance in Harlem and wrote a story that was a masterpiece with all the rhythm of Harlem running through it.

L. L. Engelking, another great city editor at the *Tribune*, sent a reporter uptown to worm his way into the Collier brothers' mansion and write a story which attracted nationwide attention. The term "Collier brothers" has become a synonym for untidiness.

The "symposium" was another source of fun, lively reading, and contrasting opinions. We used to whip up a symposium whenever a good pretext appeared. When some savant would come out with a statement refuting some age-old idea or superstition, a group of reporters would be assigned to phone likely or unlikely persons for their comments. Their opinions were printed in denial or support of the new thesis.

A noted physician, for example, once made the statement that whiskey was not good for snakebite. A squad of reporters was soon on the telephone seeking the reactions of qualified experts (mostly noted tipplers). The result was a sprightly symposium in which the good doctor was roundly denounced for his heresy, with some of the interviewees advising that a snake should always be carried in the pocket for emergencies. Another symposium resulted when some deep thinker advised that all the snakes in the nation's zoos be destroyed lest floods liberate them on an unsuspecting populace. We had a lot of fun with that one.

In great features about people a chain reaction is set up. The enthusiasm of the subject is absorbed by the reporter, who, in turn, passes this enthusiasm on to the reader.

A prime example of this chain reaction occurred when the late Sanderson Vanderbilt met Irving Kassoy, an owl expert. Kassoy, a small, bespectacled amateur ornithologist, was the guardian angel and historian of the handful of barn owls that lived in the Bronx. He had studied the birds for years. He had passed more than 200 nights alone in the attic of a deserted mansion, where, in eerie solitude, he watched his owl family through a one-way glass he had fashioned. To get the story Sandy made a nocturnal journey to the Bronx with Kassoy. All during the trip on the subway, on the way to the mansion, and up into the attic Kassoy poured out owl lore and the history of his owls in minute detail. Sandy became fascinated, soaking in every fact, hanging on each word that the owl man uttered. When he wrote the feature his absorption with the owl man was reflected in a story studded with rich details of Kassoy's life with the owls.

IT was a great newspaper feature, but Sandy was not satisfied. He had learned far more than he had been able to write in the available newspaper space. Amplifying the story, he sold it to *The New Yorker*. As a magazine article the tale of the owl man was even more successful than it had been in the newspaper, especially for Sandy. It led to his being hired by *The New Yorker*, where he wrote and edited stories the rest of his life.

Sometimes, as we have seen, a fine news feature comes from the typewriter of a rewrite man, although they are usually pressed for time and engaged in making presentable the more urgent news of the day. When a rewrite man does handle a feature he is apt to embellish a bit. This is a fine art. Any embellishment that wanders too far from the truth, or is patently a concocted gag, falls flat. The reader doesn't mind laughing with the writer but it infuriates him to feel that he is being duped.

Bob Peck, who handled my volunteer firemen so beautifully, used to embellish with the delicate touch of a master. For example, just before some Italian laborers made a gold strike in a Hoboken sewer excavation they had been sitting on the edge of the trench eating sandwiches. I doubt very much that the district man reported to Bob that they had been eating onion sandwiches but when it appeared in the paper it seemed right and proper that onion sandwiches were the kind they had been eating. They added flavor to the story but were not strong enough to repel the reader.

A similar technique, I suspect, was used in a very funny story in the San Francisco *Chronicle* concerning the escape of a herd of buffalo from the city zoo. The ponderous beasts were racing all over town with the police in wild pursuit and causing many bizarre incidents. The writer took a staccato approach to the story, piling one incident upon another until the reader felt it was a circus unequaled in West Coast annals. For some length the story was told in a series of quotes from participants in the impromptu rodeo—quotes which, I feel, were enhanced by the writer as he warmed to his job.

THE story, for instance, quoted a woman who telephoned the police as saying, "Officer, there's a humpbacked cow on my back porch." Another frantic housewife, also on the phone to the police, reportedly said, "Sergeant, a lot of small change just ran through my garden." (The buffalo nickel was still in vogue then.) And, according to the story, motorman John Smith was driving along in his trolley when he suddenly found the right of way disputed by a large buffalo bull. "Motorman Smith was quick on the draw," the story said, "so he withdrew and let the bull have the streetcar."

Many more incidents and quotes have slipped from memory, but I do remember that reading the story made the day for me. By the use of adroit techniques the writer had taken what might have been a standard zoo-escape story and turned it into a piece of delightful reading.

Once in a great while feature-story writers have the material for good pieces served up to them in multicourse helpings. One of the most generous servings of feature stories in U.S. history was the last joint reunion of the Blue and the Gray which took place at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1938. Here, assembled in one encampment, were enough feature stories to keep a reporter busy the rest of his life—1,800 men, their average age ninety-four, representing all parts of the country. To get a good story all a reporter had to do was go up to one of the 1,800 tents and say,

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"General, I'd like to talk to you for a spell." (We called them all "General.") There was no need for embellishment.

Reporters descended upon the encampment until they threatened to outnumber the veterans. (There's that embellishment again.) What a bonanza! Newsmen left no story unturned, including the account of the 104-year-old veteran who slipped away from his attendant and was picked up on the streets of Gettysburg at 2 a.m., drunk and filling the night with rebel yells. The spry centenarian ended the reunion in the hospital with a hangover.

But seldom was the raw material for feature stories served up so conveniently. Most often it was a case of hunting for it diligently, and normally the quarry was scarce. A few stories originated through the wire services: A paragraph item on the wire hinted of greater possibilities and a reporter would be assigned to it. Reporters and district men on the *Tribune* were kept on the alert for the type of story sought. (A German plumber in Chinatown kept us posted on the Orientals; a Bowery habitué occasionally brought us a tip.)

A tipster once informed us that a man in a big hat had ridden in from Texas on a bull and was relaxing in a stable on Cherry Street. It was inspiring when the man, after describing his four-months' journey aboard his bull, was asked about plans. "I haven't any," he said slowly. "You see I've done what I always wanted to do." How many of us are able to say the same?

What are the guidelines for a good feature story?

Nobody could list them all. Almost all of the successful stories, however, deal with people—and, above all, these people must be portrayed for the reader as vividly as possible. A straight news story can get away with only the name, age, address, and occupation of the subject, but if the reader is to warm to a person in a feature story he has to know more about him. The writing in a feature story may be a bit richer than newswriting but never flowery nor patronizing.

Quotes are the backbone of many a story. An ear for quotes is one of the reporter's most valuable assets; once a character has been established, good quotes are frosting on the cake. Descriptive detail is very important. I don't mean endless detail; even a few small but pointed details help the reader. And news feature stories are usually humorous to some degree.

How do you write a humorous story? I think the answer to this question is the same as the one Red Smith gave when asked how you write a sports column.

"It's easy," he said. "First you put a piece of paper in the typewriter. Then you turn it out with little drops of blood."

"READER'S DIGEST" GOES TO COLLEGE

By JOHN TEBBEL

THOSE WHO may have thought there were no more worlds for *Reader's Digest* to conquer—it already has an international readership of more than 100 million, double that of any other periodical or newspaper—were alarmed or pleased, as the case might be, to hear recently that it is planning to invade the nation's college campuses next fall with a new magazine supplement, *Campus Courier*.

Designed to be carried in college newspapers, *Campus Courier* will appear once every two weeks during the school year, or sixteen issues per year. It will be a forty-page (on the average) slick-paper magazine, with half of its editorial matter based on selections from the *Digest*. In format it will be twice the size of the parent magazine, and will be printed all the way through in multicolor. Its coeditors are former collegians: Roy Herbert, Princeton '51, was editorial co-chairman of the *Daily Princetonian*, and for thirteen years has been on the *Digest*'s staff; Reynolds Dodson, a Northwestern graduate with an M.A. from the University of California at Berkeley, has been with the *Digest* for four years. Senior adviser is veteran *Digest* senior editor C. W. Ferguson, an SMU man (he also holds a Litt.D. from the university), whose eight books include *Naked To Mine Enemies*, which some critics have called the definitive biography of Cardinal Wolsey.

The dummy this team produced last month, dated April 3, had thirty-four pages inside its striking color cover of a surfrider sliding down a giant wave. Its heavyweight advertisers among the full-page patrons included Ford Motor Company, Coca-Cola, McGregor, Colgate, Clairol, National Biscuit Company (Cream of Wheat), Bristol-Myers, Pan American Airways, Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc., (Angel Face), Du Pont (Dacron), RCA Victor, Bulova, and Kodak.

Editorially, the magazine led with an article by Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, from the *Atlantic*, "The Legacy My Father Left To Me." It was followed by Eugene (*Ninth Wave*) Burdick's exposition of surfboarding, "They Ride The Big Surf." Others were Ronald Schiller's article on the scientific manhunt, "Help Wanted: Engineers and Scientists"; a Q. and A. interview with Margaret Mead, from *U.S. News & World Report*, titled "Student Marriage: Good or Bad?"; Max Eastman's account of Herman Melville's life, "The Man Who Wrote Moby Dick"; and an article about vocabulary-building, by Blake Clark, "Words Can Work Wonders For You."

Is this the kind of fare today's college students want? A few anti-Establishment editors think not. Those on the Columbia *Spectator*, representing collegians to whom the *Digest* is middle-class anathema, attempted to rouse a campus revolt, which achieved more publicity than success. Harvard declined the *Courier* politely because the *Crimson* traditionally shuns foreign influences of any kind. The magazine was never offered to Yale. Dartmouth and Brown signed up. Like many campus publications at this time of year, when new editors and new board members are being named, Princeton and Cornell had to defer decisions, but it seemed probable they would sign.

There were a half-dozen other holdouts across the country, notably the University of Michigan's prestigious *Michigan Daily*, which has a new anti-Establishment editor who has already been a center of controversy. But in nearby East Lansing, Michigan State's *News*, the largest college publication in the country, was second to sign up, along with the Columbia, Missouri, *Missourian*, which ranks among the top three or four student newspapers. By mid-April, twenty-one college newspapers with a combined circulation of 225,000 had signed. That is nearly half of the *Courier*'s modest initial aim (and advertising rate base) of 500,000, which would represent about 12 per cent of total college newspaper circulation in America.

One thing the *Digest* will not have to contend with in its new venture is competition. The college market has been almost completely neglected, except for the "educational editions" which large corporations like Time, Inc. (and the *Digest* itself), have been publishing for some time. Supplements have come and gone; none has been successful. Meanwhile, campuses have become a prime market for virtually everything, and the *Digest* appears to be moving in with a highly professional product.

To its New Left critics in college

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newspaper offices who assert that the *Courier*, and, of course, the *Digest*, don't deal with subjects which interest contemporary students, the new magazine's editors have some solid market research statistics to offer in rebuttal, notably that 71 per cent of college students read the *Digest* either regularly or occasionally—more than read either *Playboy* or *Time*, when the "regularly" and "occasionally" figures are combined. Only *Life* tops the *Digest* in this category, as it does in the "read regularly" column, where it is also No. 1, followed by *Playboy*, *Time*, and the *Digest*. There is only a short statistical gap, however, between *Life* (33.2 per cent) and the *Digest* (23.4 per cent).

The socially conscious New Left editors can hardly find much comfort in these statistics. They appear to confirm the opinion of other observers that the extent of campus discontent has been greatly exaggerated, at least as far as social issues are concerned, and that the tastes of today's college population on the whole reflect those of the middle-class and upper-middle-class homes from which they come.

While the *Courier* is something new, the *Digest* is no stranger on campus. Its educational edition is twenty years old, and is widely used as an instructional aid in elementary and high schools, as well as in some college classes. Two years ago the *Digest* moved actively into the college press field by acquiring the National Educational Advertising Service, thus becoming the representative of almost all college newspapers for the sale of advertising to national clients. Under its experienced management, it increased billings for this kind of business by nearly 50 per cent during the past two years.

As a result of that enterprise, the *Digest* was able to establish much closer relationships with the publishers of college papers, and especially with the Associated Collegiate Press, their national clearing house in Minneapolis. Professor Fred Kildow of the University of Minnesota, who built this organization and is now its director emeritus, has been advising the *Courier* from the beginning, and the ACP is a continuing consultant.

The ACP, in fact, worked in advance with the *Digest* to dispel an obvious worry on the part of college papers that the *Courier* would deprive them of national advertising. The dissenting editors were still citing this last month as a reason for not taking the *Courier*, but the new magazine's entrepreneurs argue that since it caters exclusively to four-color advertisers, the net result will be that both the papers and the *Courier* will benefit, through the virtual monopoly which National Educational Advertising Services enjoys as national advertising representative for 925 college papers.

There are other prospective benefits. Not only is the exploitation of a rich advertising market and a potentially large readership in the offing, but the *Digest* cannot help benefiting in a public relations sense from whatever success the *Courier* achieves.

"But is it useful?" the *Digest*'s cofounder, DeWitt Wallace, used to inquire when a staff member introduced a new idea. No one is entirely certain at this stage that the *Courier* will be useful on the campus in anything but a commercial way, although its editors are naturally confident that it will be.

No one, in fact, has been completely satisfied with the usefulness of any campus publication for some time. The last solid magazine to dominate the college field was *College Humor*, born in the rah-rah era of the Twenties, when nearly every campus of any consequence had its own humor magazine. *College Humor* was a clip-and-paste symposium of these campus publications, interlaced with fiction in the spirit of the era—F. Scott Fitzgerald, Katharine Brush, and others. When the Big Party was over, *College Humor* quietly disappeared in the gloom of the Thirties. A good many of the campus humor magazines vanished, too, and the plummeting economy was not the only reason. Humor itself was changing; the old formulas no longer fitted.

In the far more serious postwar college world, campus publications have not done particularly well, for the most part. There has been no successful general college magazine published for campus readers. Those generated by students have tended to be either literary, satirical, or both, and often they are vehicles of protest against administrations or the Establishment.

Campus newspapers are similarly fragmented. In the Twenties they were almost universally parochial and collegiate. Most of them are still in that category, but others are serious professional productions which rival or surpass many of those produced by private enterprise. On some campuses they have become fraternity rackets; on others they are platforms for minority-dissent groups. Most enjoy an autonomy and freedom, at least in the large schools, which was virtually unknown in the Twenties and Thirties.

THE advent of television and the paperback has changed the reading habits of today's students imperceptibly over the last twenty years, and much of the college press is still trying to find its way in the radically different new world which the undergraduates will soon enter. *Campus Courier* may be a symbol of that new world, much as it may pain the protesters to contemplate it. It will bring a polished, mass circulation professionalism into what has always been a determinedly amateur, limited-circulation field. In doing so, the *Courier* will be competing with the "outside" reading which is already taking up the students' time.

Has *Reader's Digest*, which has guessed correctly more often than any other magazine enterprise in history, estimated accurately this time in creating a noncampus product for a whole generation of college students, a generation which is not sure where it's going? The answer to this question may tell us something more than the success or failure of another venture in mass market merchandising. Tune in next year.

APRIL 3, 1967

Campus
Courier

They Ride the Big Surf—Page 16

Student Marriage:
Good or Bad?

An interview with DR. MARGARET MEAD *in U. S. News & World Report*

Curator of ethnology at American Museum of Natural History, distinguished authority on marriage and family life

Q: Dr. Mead, are student marriages increasing?

A: This is a pronounced trend in the United States. In most colleges, and especially in the big state universities and nonresidential colleges in cities, student marriages are becoming more and more frequent. In professional schools such as law and medicine, where 25 years ago hardly any students were married, marriages today are commonplace.

Q: What seems to account for this trend?

A: For the last 25 years we've had a great deal of agitation along the lines that adolescents are sexually mature, and then a society which denies young people a sex life until late in their 20's or into their 30's is going against nature. This has been one factor.

Another is that everybody is doing things younger today. We have only to look at what our young men are expected to do in war to realize that we're putting a tremendous strain on them. This pressing down on young people is not confined to marriage.

Q: Besides the emphasis on youth and sex, does anything else encourage these early marriages?

A: A third factor, I think, is that war and the fear of war have caused parents to say, 'We want you to have fun now. Enjoy life while you can. The future is uncertain.'

That sort of pressure drives young people into 'marrying' at happiness. I do a lot of lecturing at colleges, and it's striking the way students feel that if you aren't married and don't have your career and a house by the time you're 25, somehow you're never going to get those things.

Q: Who actually pushes most for the marriages—the girls, the boys or the parents?

A: Everybody is pushing to a degree. I think it's fair to say the girl pushes more than the boy. One reason is that boys are irresponsible until they have really attached themselves to a girl as a 'steady,' or until they're engaged. They're explosive and experimental. The girls have to spend their time keeping the boys in order, which is wearing. They want to get a boy they can trust pinned down so they don't have to work so hard to keep him in order.

Now the boy, on the other hand, the minute he is pledged to a girl, will take responsibility for her, and his parents realize that he won't be roaming about like a wolf. At the same time, the girl's parents realize that the minute the girl has a boy pinned down she's safer. So both sets of parents get back of the marriage and push it, and if necessary underwrite it.

I think the boys would still rather stay out of it if they could.

Q: What do you think about the comment by a dean of students at a large U. S. college that college years are man-hunting and girl-hunting years?

A: That is true in this country now. It isn't what those years have been in the history of civilization.

Q: What has happened? Is it coo-

Cover and inside page from *Campus Courier* — "polished, mass circulation professionalism."

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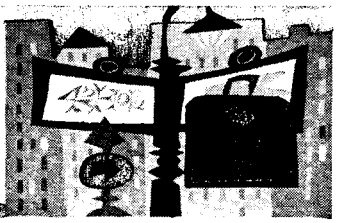
Madison Avenue



Agency Love—On The Rocks?

WHEN is a marriage like a marriage but is not performed in church? Answer: when a company appoints its advertising agency. Probably no other relationship, including the time-honored world-wide custom of marriage, involves so much emotion, growing up together, budgeting, and even procreation.

The client-agency relationship is peculiar if not unique in American business. There is nothing else like it anywhere. A company's advertising is a very visible product, one which can be praised and criticized publicly. With this exposure, a great deal of attention (many agency leaders say too much) is paid to advertising. There is, indeed, as much trauma in a divorce as in a marriage in the agency business. But, because of this relationship, there is no other business like advertising, which annually experiences a preposterous number of changes between a client and a service firm. More than 20 per cent of advertisers made a change in 1966, according to an estimate by the *Standard Directory of Advertising Agencies.*

Over the years, in many ways, the advertising profession has matured commensurate with the growth of the industry, which is now at a new annual high of close to $17 billion in billings. But, in the understanding of each other's roles, both the client and the agency have a great deal to learn.

With the business climate in the fiercely competitive state it is today, there is the probability that the annual rate of termination of agency-client relationships will increase. There are already signs of this in the advertising community. It has become quite fashionable, for example, for agencies to take the initiative and publicly resign accounts. In the past year, some agencies have announced in the advertising trade publications and newspapers that they have resigned the account, without telling the client first.

Why do agencies resign accounts? The answer is they very seldom do—barring a traumatic relationship or a financial loss. A resignation reduces the onus of a dismissal and the loss of face in the trade that goes with being fired. "If the agency continues to lose accounts, its other clients, who are satisfied, might begin to wonder about the shop," observed one agency vice president. "Historically, clients desert a sinking ship. They want to be with a winner."

The severing of affiliations is normal in any business relationship. But in the advertising business the agreement to terminate is usually a hackneyed announcement that there has been a "disagreement in marketing or advertising strategy." Though this is never spelled out, it could involve a personality clash, unreasonable demands of the client, failure of the agency to produce, or the unprofitability of the account. There can even be disagreement on timing of the announcement when the partners agree to separate.

Two years ago, for example, Geyer, Morey, Ballard announced its resignation of the auto account of American Motors Corporation, which had been a client for thirty years. The release came out early on a Friday afternoon. It carried an embargo for release the following Monday, a move obviously timed for ad trade publication papers publishing that day. Within fifteen minutes after the arrival of the agency's release, American Motors put out its story of the termination on the public relations wire service. It was designated for immediate release, and the whole story moved immediately.

To an outsider, the seemingly endless shuffling of accounts reveals advertising as an unstable business. At times, it can be chaotic, particularly when an agency loses its "bread-and-butter" big billing account. This loss can and does eliminate a certain number of jobs, especially of those working on the account. Often, if an agency is large enough, it can absorb personnel affected by the account's departure. They might even be retained in anticipation of new business, either in the same product category or in another area.

Though agencies hardly like to publicize the fact, they have resigned accounts to pick up clients with bigger advertising budgets in the same field. This probably happens more with smaller agencies than the bigger shops. Among the bigger agencies, the best example of this was when McCann-Erickson resigned Chrysler to go after the Buick account—which it got.

John P. Warwick, president of Warwick & Legler, recently spoke on this side of the coin. He told *The New York Times*: "Why should a client who is satisfied with the job the agency is doing live with a fear that the agency will dump him if another client offers them a bigger plum?" The New York agency official even suggested that there might be something in a contract to prevent an agency from resigning under these circumstances.

Though his argument has merit, this isn't likely to ever happen unless the two major ad trade groups, the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Association of National Advertisers, unite behind such an idea. Even so, there are many agencies that don't belong to the 4A, and the ANA membership is somewhat limited.

Warwick also thought it would be good to have contracts require that the client not "entertain speculative presentations as long as the agency is doing a good job." This, too, is a sound proposal. But how do you define a good job? The speculative pitch has been around a long time and it won't be dropped as an agency practice, though there are some agencies that will not gamble and invest on presentations.

Advertising men look on the speculative pitch as a deterrent to enhancing the stature of the business. But they also view it as a key new business tool. An account with substantial billing can become unprofitable if the client demands too much in extra services, for which the agency is not compensated or only partially paid. Such services may include market research, publicity, merchandising, and pre-testing commercials.

"You can talk all you want about creativity," observed Chicago advertising man Edward H. Weiss, head of the agency bearing his name. "But making money is the name of the game today."

To Weiss, there is a paradox in the agency-client relationship. On one hand, the client can press an agency to provide costly services, leading to a financial loss for the agency on the account. At the same time, the client can lose respect for an agency that does not produce a profit. Costs of staffing an account with the necessary personnel, especially those on the creative side, can be far out of line. With a shortage of advertising talent, it appears that there is more pirating of staff today than ever before, and the loss of key people can prove disruptive to any relationship.

"It used to be that a résumé of a top professional would show that he had been on the job with his company the last five or ten years," said one agency president. "I rarely see a résumé these days where a fellow hasn't had a different job every three years or less."

Turnover of top executives can be fatal. When a key executive on the account leaves the agency, the agency is

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vulnerable either to the man or his new agency. Unfortunately, for the status of the industry, it is still beset by the stigma of the "hip pocket" man. He is the executive who may take the account with him to the agency making the best offer. And he is not a rare bird.

Whether they like it or not, many agencies have been forced to give up accounts or turn down a client because its business competed with that of another client. To persuade advertisers to be more open-minded on the subject, the 4A recently issued a set of guidelines under which a conflict would exist only if the agency represented products in direct competition. Under the 4A proposal, the agency would be free to handle any noncompetitive products, even if the clients had conflicts in different lines.

The association issued the guidelines, a pamphlet called "The Ideal Agency-Account Policy on Account Conflict," because the trend toward mergers and new product proliferation seems to be increasing account conflicts. This tends to limit agencies' growth and limit the number of agencies available to clients, the association says.

Realistically, though all the association rules may sound and look fine, the client is the one who decides whether products or companies conflict. If it isn't a product conflict, the pressure for success on new products can also force a rupture; the stakes can be so enormous for a client that poor agency performance can lead to a loss of the account. The introduction of new products is the second biggest drain on profits, ranking behind only the demands for extra services, agency leaders say. If successful, a new product can prove a boon with increased billings for an agency. But the odds are high, with only one or two out of ten new products making the grade.

With competition intensifying, companies will be relying more and more on new products to maintain a sales edge. Seven of ten companies predict they will be even more dependent on new products five years from now, according to a survey of members by the National Industrial Conference Board. Among those surveyed, 20 per cent of the average company's current sales came from products that it introduced in the past five years. One executive in the NICB survey, speaking frankly, said: "The problem will be, 'make our products obsolete before someone else or something else does.'"

The same problem faces the agency, which will be hard pressed to turn out advertising to differentiate these new products from similar entries in the same category. Increasingly, it will not take much to spur a client to take a second look at his agency if he is the least bit dissatisfied. Operating in this type of business climate, an agency has to be good consistently. There is little margin for error.

Those agencies with a creative flair appear to have a big opportunity with new products. Look at what Wells, Rich, Greene — an agency formed thirteen months ago—has accomplished. One of its clients, Philip Morris, Inc., gives the agency major credit for the sales spurt of its Benson and Hedges 100s, a new extra-length cigarette. This brand is said to be the leader in its category, but with more and more extra-long cigarettes coming on the market, things could be different a year from now.

LEST it be felt that the agency is the scapegoat for failure of a new or old product, resulting in the loss of an account, the client also must share the blame. In many companies, the chief executive officer neglects his firm's advertising until he picks up his weekly magazine, daily newspaper, or looks at his favorite TV program. He may defend this abdication of responsibility by a show of false modesty—saying that he is not competent in the field and prefers to leave the responsibility to the "professionals." "But," says advertising man Weiss, "this alleged modesty disappears if he is displeased with the campaign and he immediately orders changes. It's amazing how fast we become an 'expert' when presented with something we don't like."

In many cases the client's own sales, marketing, and even production facilities may be inadequate. The more sophisticated marketers, such as General Motors Corporation and Procter & Gamble, understand that there are factors much more important than advertising. P & G does some shifting of advertising assignments, but often it is done within the framework of its eleven existing agencies, thus reducing any major disruptive influence an account transfer might have.

Many an agency has been dismissed because the company didn't understand the capabilities and limitations of advertising. Superb advertising doesn't work for a mediocre product.

An account supervisor for a New York agency ruefully notes: "When the company is having problems, particularly in sales, how easy it is to cop out and fire the agency. More than a few advertisers take the attitude—'Let's get rid of the agency; that will solve all our problems. . . .'"

Did you ever hear of an advertising manager, a marketing vice president, or a director of sales who fired himself for an internal problem?

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

This single-lens reflex is no single-lens reflex

Fact is, it accepts twenty-odd lenses—all Nikkors, and all of them interchangeable—same as the Nikon F.

To this assurance of picture quality, the new Nikkormat FT adds the certainty of exposure accuracy. It has a built-in meter system which measures the brightness of the subject through the lens, and couples it to the lens and shutter settings.

You have to try real hard to get a bad picture with a Nikkormat FT. Price is $269.50 with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. The Model FS, without meter system, is $199.50. See your Nikon dealer or write Nikon Inc. Garden City, N.Y. 11533. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd. Montreal, P.Q.)

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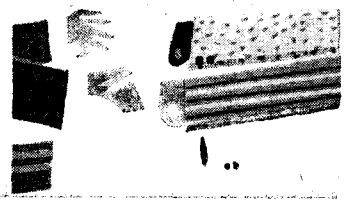
Public Relations



The Case of Con Edison

THE Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc., is a classic case of what happens when chief executives ignore the overriding power of public opinion. In business for 141 years, the supplier of electricity, gas, and steam to more than 3,000,000 customers in New York City and Westchester County, the largest electric and gas utility in the country, Con Edison today is suffering from such hammer blows of public antagonism that it is seriously handicapped in its operations, its expansion, and its ability to prepare for the future.

Con Edison, no matter what it does, is bound to have its legions of critics. It is a monopoly. It is big. It pollutes the air and is centered in the largest city in the country. It is a natural scapegoat for those who must vent the antagonisms which rise from the frustrating, abrasive pattern of today's urban living. To cap all this, the company failed to provide electricity for hours on November 9, 1965, seriously distressing millions of New Yorkers to whom the blackout was a day of misery long to be remembered.

But other public utilities are monopolies, are big, supply large cities, pollute the air, and seek rate increases so that they can expand to provide fuller service. Why, then, is Con Edison being so strongly criticized and why do readers of *Fortune* nod in agreement when it carries a devastating article with the title, "Con Edison: The Company You Love to Hate"? And why do newspaper editors in New York judge that they have a popular issue when they berate the company?

A basic failure at Con Edison is that top management has paid little heed to one of its major obligations—public relations. By its very nature a public utility has problems in its relations with the public, making it imperative that it constantly be alert to the public's thinking, its moods, its insistence that it be well served. The basic public relations of a public utility rests on its service. Without efficient service, at reasonable rates, no public utility can have public acceptance, and without public acceptance it is in the deepest kind of trouble.

A public utility must continuously fill its reservoir of goodwill against the day when there is even a minor failure of service. Since the customer cannot take his trade to a competitor, the public relations difficulties of public utilities are even more severe than those of industries which are not monopolies. It is obvious, then, that the public relations function, properly carried out, is of supreme importance to every public utility, and wise management knows this very well indeed.

Con Edison has had a public relations department since 1942. The department was organized late, compared with American Telephone & Telegraph Company, but this hasn't caused the present difficulties. Nor do Con Edison's headaches grow out of its failure to seek good advice. From 1948 until shortly before his death in 1960, Arthur Page was public relations counsel to the company, and there was no individual better equipped to do this job. He had proved himself a pioneer of modern corporate public relations as vice president of A T & T, where, for some twenty years, he built the basic public relations structure on which the world's largest public utility still functions.

Today's public relations department at Con Edison has a staff of forty-four professionals, with certainly as much competence as those in electrical public utilities which are not suffering attack. Under a vice president, the public-relations operations include most of the programs large corporations have, ranging from public information to community relations, from special projects to institutional advertising, from plant tours to programs of employee information.

But no matter how competent a public relations department may be, it cannot do the job that the chief executives must do. For years Con Edison's chief managers have spent little time and less thought on the need for gaining public approval. This was particularly true from 1957 to 1966 when the chief executive [now retired], a fine engineer, just didn't concern himself much with his company's relations with the public. He did not work to provide the kind of mattress of public support which a utility must have when rates are discussed, streets are dug up, pollution problems are headlined, or the lights do not go on with the push of a button. When the chief executive ignores public opinion, it is reflected all down the line and must have its adverse effects on the ability of the company's public relations department to perform most effectively.

Con Edison's trustees, deeply worried, finally decided to go outside the company for a new chief executive. A few weeks ago Charles F. Luce, Under Secretary of the Department of Interior, was chosen to do the job. He will not take over until this summer after he completes his assignments for Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

One of the reasons Mr. Luce was picked, as the trustees made clear to him, was the expectation that he would attain the public support for Con Edison that is essential to its profitable survival. As a government official, and the former administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration, Luce fully appreciates the power of public opinion. In fact, it is often the public official, sensitive to the impact of national opinion, who is more keenly aware of the need for good public relations than is the head of a private organization.

When Luce takes over at Con Edison, there will be the usual honeymoon for a new chief in a new job. But it will not last long and Luce knows it. If he is able to convince his customers in New York and Westchester that Con Edison is working in their interest he will be a successful chief executive. Fortunately, he is aware that the road ahead is long and that there are no shortcuts to a changed climate of opinion.

What happened at Con Edison has a meaning far beyond the public utilities. There is a warning here for all institutions operating in clear view of the public. It is, quite simply, that the relations of an institution to the public are much too important to leave to a public relations department alone.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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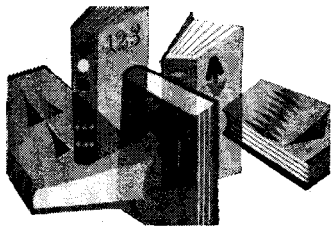
Books
in Communications



The Asian News Void

TO ANYONE who has visited Asia, the vacuums in American press coverage of the region are instantly evident and persistently troubling. And, one soon learns, Asian media's portrayal of American affairs is seldom more admirable—and frequently less so. Why? John Hohenberg, professor of journalism at Columbia University, was commissioned by the Council on Foreign Relations to study the question in this country and abroad. Hohenberg traveled 12,000 miles, visited seven Asian countries, and talked with journalists, public officials, educators, and others. His report now has been published under the title *Between Two Worlds: Policy, Press, and Public Opinion in Asian-American Relations* (Praeger, $8.95).

Based mainly on the tumultuous period since World War II, it is a sobering document. Consider, for example, some of the foremost Asian developments in this period: the Communist revolution in China, the Korean war, the India-Pakistan clash, the Indonesian purge, and the Indochina upheaval (now the Vietnam conflict). How much did Americans know about them as they were developing? How much do we understand about them now? Appallingly little, Hohenberg concludes, and he makes a strong case for the proposition that we never really have had the opportunity; the press, for various reasons, has failed.

Sometimes this failure has been heavily due to governmental obstruction—Asian and American. As Hohenberg points out, "The exchange of news is a political act." Thus in Vietnam, as he records, the Diem Government for a time expelled reporters who reported too candidly; American Embassy staff members abetted this intimidation; and U.S. military authorities further tried to conceal and distort facts—with the result that even Washington officials were deceived by a flood of filtered falsehoods. Editors also are at fault, says Hohenberg—some, such as those involved in the "office rewrite" incident which prompted the resignation of *Time*'s Southeast Asia bureau chief, because of intentional slanting of news; others, because of a fixation on "formula" stories.

Hohenberg documents counterpart attitudes among Asian media, and the thinness of the line of correspondents stationed in this country by Asian media and in Asian nations by American media. At the same time, in absorbing vignettes of prominent correspondents assigned to these beats, Hohenberg demonstrates that there is no lack of energy and dedication on the part of many of them. The job simply is too enormous for the chosen few; the lag in editors' and readers' appreciation of the richness and romance of Asian culture is too great; primary reflexes of editors, publishers, and broadcasters—and government agencies—are too completely conditioned.

Korea, for instance, though once a front-page subject as a battleground, seldom is publicized today; yet a political, social, and economic evolution of lasting import is occurring there. And despite India's ancient culture, diverse population, spreading urbanization, and active arts, who consistently reports on anything but its problems?

Hohenberg spends little time on detailed proposals for change – a major shortcoming of his book—but he does suggest several general areas for exploration, including more Nieman-type professional fellowships for reporters; press institutes; and Asian-affairs regional briefings for editors. He wisely warns, however, that the time for change may be short: "The frontiers of press freedom in Asia are shrinking fast," and the vortex into which the United States may fall is deepening. If journalistic professionalism is not sufficient motivation for improvement, survival should be.

Other Books Worth Noting: *It's All News to Me* (Meredith Press, $6.95), a lively anecdotal memoir by columnist Bob Considine; *The Whole Truth* (New American Library, $5.95), a novel about journalists in Europe, by former *New York Times* European correspondent Robert Daley; *The Mirror: A Political History* (London House & Maxwell, $4.95), the story of the London *Mirror*, by Maurice Edelman; *Public Relations Handbook* (Prentice-Hall, $15), third edition of a now-classic anthology edited by PR veteran Philip Lesley; *The Inter-American Press Association: Its Fight for Freedom of the Press, 1926-60* (University of Texas Press, $5), by Mary A. Gardner; and *How I Got That Story* (Dutton, $5.95), an anthology—most of it, alas, sketchily written and superficial – by members of the Overseas Press Club.

—ALFRED BALK.

To My Nephew Headed Everywhere

By Jeannette Nichols

THERE are roads
but some find the sky easiest
and steps and tunnels

if you grow tired leaping
cut notches in the wind
try sleeping sideways

avoid drinking the water anywhere
melons, peaches, slow-lapped dew from grass blades
will do the same job

bring only what you can wear
carry no worries
wet your finger and hold it up for which way love comes.

I'll not be there
nor will you remember me
nor anyone near you now learning to save ourselves only.

There are roads
and islands of air
and no one here or there can guarantee light passage.

Wave from the window
of your life
goodbye, goodbye.

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CARMEL, N.Y.—Furnished bungalow, suitable couple 2 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Wooded area. Swimming. Long season. 212-LE 2-1476, weekends 914 CA 5-2315.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, new cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field, trout, bass fishing, deer, bear, grouse and turkey hunting. Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Resort Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clinton M. Hester, Shoreham Building, Washington, D.C. 202-347-2836; 703-522-1451.

TANGIER, MOROCCO. Ideal summer climate. Newly modernized villa, fabulous view, lovely terraced garden, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, garage. References required. Write Vanderick, 6 rue Cook, Tangier.

CONNECTICUT—Modern rustic cabin for two. Brook. 1 acre. Long season. Box B-666.

TREMEZZO, LAKE COMO, ITALY, house available September 1st. Call Stefan Schnabel, 203-866-1871.

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tech-built house. Deep well. $300 month. SR Box B-341.

LAKE MICHIGAN HOME, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sandy beach. $1,000. Box B-162.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom family cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands, and sea. July, $265 per month. References required. Box S-711.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in lovely mountain country. Swimming on premises. $125 week, $100 succeeding. Brochure. Robert Hall, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

FT. LAUDERDALE—Furnished, 6 rooms, 2 baths, air conditioned, waterfront, near beaches. August 9th through September 4th, $300. SR Box B-728.

MAINE ISLAND. Charming house, panoramic ocean view, privacy, fireplace, modern conveniences, sleeps 4. August. Box B-776.

NORTH STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT—Cottage, 3 rooms, bath, enclosed porch. Completely furnished, maintenance, quiet, pond-swimming. 3 months, $600. SR Box B-782.

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT—New triple A-frame, 40 mile view, spacious decks, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, ultra kitchen. Secluded, but near swimming, golf, theater. $125 weekly. SR Box B-635.

MAINE ISLAND HOUSE viewing sunset over Camden Hills State Park across 5 miles Penobscot Bay. Over 40 acres, ½ mile bayfront. Beautiful, quiet woods; raspberries, blackberries, deer. 9 rooms furnished. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Fully electrified, latest appliances, Jeep. $1,900 season. $900 month. Box B-740.

PUTNEY, VERMONT. Connecticut River farmhouse, 100 acres, private swimming pool, boat landing. Own eggs, vegetables. August, $1,800. SR Box B-759.

TANGLEWOOD AREA—4 bedrooms, Colonial home, completely equipped. 50 acres. Swimming, July. 212-CH 3-1452.

SOUTH LONDONDERRY, VERMONT—Cape Cod, extra living room, church and mountain view, insulated ceiling. Suitable concert pianist. $300 month. SR Box B-765.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS. Beautiful large home on own ocean beach. Private. July, $1,800. SR Box B-757.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE, beautiful view, nearby lake. $250 monthly. Box B-778.

POUGHQUAG, N.Y. Fully equipped barn for single person. Sun Deck, quiet surroundings. 914-724-5137.

VICTORIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and barn. Near lakes, golf, tennis. $185 month. Nordin, Maplewood, Maine. 513-886-3880.

RIVERDALE, NYC—3 bedroom house, beautifully furnished, 20 minutes midtown. July 1st-August 25th, $600. SR Box B-749.

PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE. Oceanfront A-frame. Secluded, fully equipped. $450 July. John Kreuter, New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-5587.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming, secluded, ocean-side studio-cottage. $1,800 season or monthly. SR Box B-761.

VERMONT CHALET—Stratton area. New family house. $700 season. SR Box B-793.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

PROFESSOR AND WIFE would rent August 1st-September 20th attractive 2 or 3 bedroom, heated, conveniences, scenic. Cape Ann, White Mountains, other low ragweed pollen area. Couple only, quiet. Box B-736.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—Riverside Park area—3½ spacious rooms. Elevator, doorman, air-conditioned. July 7th-September 15th or part. $200 month. Call 212-864-4654.

FULLY FURNISHED 2 bedroom apartment Seminary block, Chelsea (NYC) available June 1st through Labor Day or later. $250 month. 212-924-7435.

SAN FRANCISCO—4 room balcony apartment, Russian Hill, garden bay view, roof garden, $195 monthly. Available June, July, August, September. SR Box B-792.

CORNELL—2 bedroom, air conditioned, kitchen, dining room, walk to campus. Summer sublet. Box B-795.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN apartment, professional couple, college daughter. Individuality, space. Starting August. To $300. Box B-727.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

TWO LAKEFRONT PROPERTIES—one with camp, other peninsula. Also other property. Earl Larrabee, West Danville, Vermont 05873.

BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY—185 wooded acres at 2,700 ft. elevation with secluded summer home. Abundant water, flora, fauna. $17,800. E. Pendleton, Rt. 4, Box 502, Roanoke, Virginia. 703-774-1283.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Small, successful established Lodge, central to skiing, recreation. Prime condition. Furnishings included. Ideal for couple. Reasonable. Schmalzl, 98 Main Street, Ludlow, Vermont 05149.

CAMP FOR SALE

CHILDREN'S CAMP, Newfound Lake, Bristol, New Hampshire, $44,000. Contact Bement School, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

CAMPS

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 42nd year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

MOUNTAIN-RIVER CAMPING. Boys 9-14. Three weeks' learning: camping skills, swimming, tenting, hiking; forest-life conservation and nature study; simplicity and self-reliance. August 9th to 30th. Apply: Director, Mountain-River Camping, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventure, boys 13-17. 21st summer. Separate western travel program girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports, international staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, noncompetitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 12498. 914-679-6936.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. THE ADVISORY SERVICE, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun and knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science for academically talented. Private lake, cabins. Wilderness survival, creative indigenous crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Professional staff. A.C.A. Phone Nashville 766-2494. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

HAPPY HOLLOW: small, unique, cultural, creative. Teacher supervised program in the Catskills. $475. Box 239, New City, N.Y. 914-EL 2-2861.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the HUMANITIES. Co-educational-integrated; ages 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama, and MATHEMATICS in HUMAN CULTURE. Work projects; recreation. June 25th-August 6th. B.S. deFrees, Director. North Rumford, Maine 04278.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

CAMP STAR ACRES for girls and boys 5-16. Six weeks of satisfaction. For details contact Mr. and Mrs. John Handley, Box 344, Conway, N.H. 03818. Tel: 603-447-2863.

EXPLORE CALIFORNIA SIERRAS—Ponderosa Lodge Boys' Camp offers unique, challenging experience in camping. Mammoth Lakes ideal base for pack trips to Yosemite, Mt. Whitney, John Muir Trail. Fishing, Water Skiing, Sailing, Photography, etc. Two 4 week sessions. Write: 11256 Homedale Street, Los Angeles, California 90049.

DAY CAMP IN THE BERKSHIRES. Near Tanglewood and Arts Festivals. Coed, 3-14. Excellent reputation. Transportation provided. Brochure. Butternut Day Camp, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

(Continued on page 102)

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(Continued from page 101)

VACATIONS

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Late May through October. Folder.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COUNTRY—100 miles from NYC. Restful, charming, swimming, animals, international cuisine. Maximum 12 persons. Hidden Valley Farm, East Greenville, Pennsylvania 18041. Tel. 215-679-9764.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hotels Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

TWO BAREFOOT REJUVENATING WEEKS with CLUB MEDITERRANEE in Tahiti $585 inclusive from West Coast. Details Box 69, North Hollywood 91603.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

AMERICA'S FINEST Parent-Child Resort—Green Acres Hotel features complete and separate facilities for adults and children. 40 counselors, individual nursemaids for tots, resident physician. Smart entertainment, art lessons, indoor and outdoor pools, family-size suites. Informal. NYC: 212-WA 4-0830. Write Green Acres, Loch Sheldrake, N.Y.

HOLIDAY HILL—Quiet comfort—Beautiful setting—Excellent food—Midpoint EXPO '67. Brochure, Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

NEW WRINKLE? No. Walker's Wrinkle, Brooklin, Maine, provides vacationers with comfortable rooms, excellent meals.

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—casual island living for your vacation. Write Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

PEACE-REJUVENATION. Beautiful hill country. Intimate, charming "Pension." NO TV. Near Cooperstown. Hill House, Worcester, N.Y.

BOATING, BATHING, FISHING—41 years of authentic boarding house vacations. Ring, Northwood, N.H.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

ROAD'S END—Modern housekeeping cottages, Lake Pleasant 2, N.Y. 12108. Phone: 6303. Amidst Adirondack Forest Preserve, on lake, excellent fishing, boating, canoeing. Sandy beach, sun deck, main lodge for recreation.

VACATIONS

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Charming, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 20th. Box 431M, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

THE YODLER. Stowe, Vermont. Heated pool, golf, tennis, summer theater.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Inn by the beach. Family atmosphere with 3 meals. Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

ROBINWOOD INN. Jackson, N.H. Small, friendly and informal. Pool, horses.

INCREASE AWARENESS. GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dept. 3, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

ENJOY SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS on our scenic 250 acre estate. Swimming pool with sun deck, snack bar. Informal entertainment. $14.50-$28.00 day includes excellent meals. Family rates. AAA. Folder. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, Dept. 46, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield, Massachusetts 01360. Visit us enroute to EXPO '67.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

ENJOY THE SPRING NOW at historic Mimosa Inn, Tryon, N.C., Box 1120. Brochure.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Heated saltwater pool. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

WOODBOUND INN and Lake Cottages. Informal resort living. June discount rates. KLH music. Handcrafts. Par-3 golf. $80-$101 weekly includes meals. Booklet. Box 21, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

SERENE OUTER ISLAND. small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-June to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE is yours in casual Driftwood Inn. Poolside dining, bells, wrought iron, oceanfront balconies. In lush Vero Beach, good golf, fishing. Write The Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Or call 305-562-5920.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

INIMITABLE, INFORMAL . . . and INTIME. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Jamaica. Just 20 rooms create more of a private house party ambience than a resort. Unhurried, unorganized, unspoiled . . . Private white sand beach, horses, patio bar, intriguing Jamaican fare. Surprisingly moderate rates. Mini-brochure on request. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Long Bay, Jamaica.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Motel-Golf Club. On the EXPO '67 route! Reasonable rates. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$100 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER. Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Housekeeping cottages. Seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Folder C, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

BERKSHIRES: Garden Gables Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. Quiet, restful. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Breakfast. Convenient to restaurants. Folder.

REST AND RELAXATION. Vacation resort with meals, on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H. 03894.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

WHALER'S INN. Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

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VACATIONS

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $13.50-$17.50 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $7.50 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn on ocean. Informal. Modern. American, Modified, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Open June 17th. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

VACATION IN NAPLES, FLORIDA at the Neptune Apartments . . . just two blocks from beach, shopping. Write for vacation package which includes dining in elegant restaurants, visits to attractions, fishing and golf. Harvey Ford, Neptune Apartments, Box 1556-S, 651 3rd Street South, Naples, Florida 33940.

VACATION FUN, no extra costs at Sunset Hill House, a family resort. Free golf on sporty private course. Tennis, swimming, nightly entertainment. Magnificent scenery . . . and food! See the sights, hike the trails, fish, or just relax. Reservations—Sugar Hill 4, N.H.

EMPATHY GARDENS—10 acre eastern Pennsylvania summer retreat, 2 acre lake, quiet, picturesque mountain setting. Furnished cottages. Brochure. Box 254A, R.D. #1, Fleetwood, Pennsylvania 19522.

MAINE, CASCO BAY. Privacy. 160 acres woods, paths, beaches. Brochure-Map. Wriston, Small Point, Maine 04567. June-October.

FABULOUS ACAPULCO!! Fun in the sun! Exploring, Skin Diving, Archaeology, Nature, Spanish. Informal, luxurious HOTEL-CAMP "MAYAB." Run by naturalist, Morris Silverman. $70 weekly includes everything; superb food. Adults, children. Apartado 328, Acapulco, Mexico.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program for American college students. American credits. September-June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 West 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

UNUSUAL EUROPEAN CAMP. Switzerland, Italy. Coed. French daily. International. Sports. Cultural excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France. July 1st-August 12th. For information: 25 Rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . stops at international student holiday centers. College, high school and junior high groups. 10th year. Students Abroad, G. Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

EUROPE BY STUDENT SHIP. Join seaborne language classes, art lectures, international forums, guitar workshops, newspaper. Swimming in outdoor pool, dancing to ship's orchestra, movies, deck sports. Low rates; 10 chartered all-student sailings June through September. Write: Council on Student Travel, Dept. SR-13, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017.

SUMMER SCHOOL CAMPUSES: Students ages 15 to 19. Study Spanish in Mexico, Spain, South America, or French in Switzerland. Chaperoned. Summer Schools-International, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota 55057.

FRIENDS WORLD INSTITUTE invites high school students to join summer studytravel to: Mexico; Egypt-East Africa; or western United States and Hawaii. Write FWI, East Norwich, N.Y. 11732.

SUMMER COURSES IN ENGLISH at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Six-week session July 11th-August 24th. Courses in Archaeology, Biblical History and Religion, Government and Politics of Israel, Education and Sociology of Israel, Agnon in Modern Hebrew Literature, Modern Hebrew, Field Trips. One year college required. Write or call American Friends of the Hebrew University, 11 East 69th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. 212-YU 8-8400.

TRAVEL

STUDENTS ONLY—$190.40 Greece or $238.00 Turkey—26 days air/rail inclusive. $156.80 Russia or $198.00 Scandinavia—17 days air/rail inclusive. $25.20 England—5 days coach. IAST, 79 Buckingham Palace Road, London S.W. 1, England.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1727

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Milton's word for the sweetness in the "chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony" *(L'Allegro).*	5 12 60 114 85 28
B. Important edible roots.	137 190 97 147 37 89
C. Regard with admiration and deference (as being ancient and honorable.)	48 176 115 35 69 94 145 152
D. What most people wish that starving people of the world might do (2 wds.; *not listed phrase.*)	165 4 193 59 125 116 148 24 130
E. Among ancient Romans, a shorthand writer.	34 108 20 120 77 146
F. Having an invariable direction throughout its length.	175 31 75 43 53 105 135 182
G. Resisted effectually.	102 29 1 81 161 45 113 172
H. A severe melancholia common among military recruits.	95 128 41 186 30 155 110 3 96
I. *Given name of a recent* very popular stage personality made to serve professionally as both given and surname (1886-1966.)	47 168 117 180 149
J. Using more words than are necessary.	87 55 58 123 153 70 158 166 51
K. The swordfish.	156 82 56 27 194 179 72
L. *Fixed or approximate* relation between things or to another thing; occasionally, a share.	9 132 178 40 74
M. Humorous nonce wd., to make appear younger (unlisted.)	189 33 109 134 160 163 18 93
N. Transport.	61 38 169 167 151 13 187 32 62
O. The great toe.	119 122 162 133 139 36
P. *Official examination.*	80 144 54 84 177 126 112 22 174 192
Q. Of marriageable age (said of a girl.)	14 68 140 19 99 42
R. Gives pleasure or satisfaction.	150 26 143 185 65 129 88 106 173
S. Reared (2 wds.)	6 142 67 83 10 183 197 98 76
T. Strange; unfamiliar.	124 104 164 23 78 118 171
U. Printers as belonging to associations in U.S. and Canada.	16 136 154 8 66 111 90 121 57 188
V. Any of four Roman emperors in 4th-5th cents.	79 17 138 73 157 63 44
W. Should not (cont.)	15 103 159 127 64 107 100
X. Specifying the negative condition one hopes to preserve by using an umbrella (2 wds.)	46 191 181 52 71 21
Y. Path followed by energy.	131 50 25 195 91 196 39
Z. Customary way of describing the advance of one's age (3 wds.)	101 141 170 2 92 7 11 49 184 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 G	2 Z	3 H	4 D	5 A		6 S	7 Z		8 U	9 L	10 S	11 Z		12 A
13 N		14 Q	15 W	16 U		17 V		18 M	19 Q	20 E	21 X	22 P	23 T	24 D		25 Y	26 R
27 K	28 A	29 G	30 H	31 F	32 N	33 M	34 E		35 C	36 O	37 B	38 N	39 Y	40 L	41 H	42 Q	
43 F	44 V		45 G	46 X	47 I		48 C	49 Z	50 Y	51 J		52 X	53 F	54 P	55 J		56 K
57 U	58 J	59 D	60 A	61 N		62 N	63 V	64 W		65 R	66 U		67 S	68 Q	69 C		70 J
71 X	72 K	73 V	74 L	75 F		76 S	77 E	78 T	79 V		80 P	81 G		82 K	83 S	84 P	85 A
86 Z	87 J	88 R	89 B	90 U	91 Y		92 Z	93 M		94 C	95 H		96 H	97 B	98 S	99 Q	100 W
	101 Z	102 G	103 W	104 T	105 F		106 R	107 W	108 E	109 M	110 H	111 U		112 P	113 G		114 A
115 C	116 D	117 I		118 T	119 O	120 E	121 U		122 O		123 J	124 T	125 D	126 P	127 W		128 H
129 R		130 D	131 Y	132 L	133 O	134 M	135 F	136 U		137 B	138 V	139 O	140 Q	141 Z	142 S	143 R	144 P
145 C		146 E	147 B	148 D	149 I	150 R		151 N	152 C	153 J	154 U	155 H	156 K		157 V	158 J	159 W
160 M	161 G		162 O	163 M	164 T	165 D		166 J	167 N		168 I	169 N		170 Z	171 T	172 G	
173 R	174 P		175 F	176 C	177 P		178 L	179 K		180 I	181 X		182 F	183 S	184 Z	185 R	
186 H	187 N	188 U	189 M		190 B	191 X	192 P	193 D		194 K	195 Y		196 Y	197 S			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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